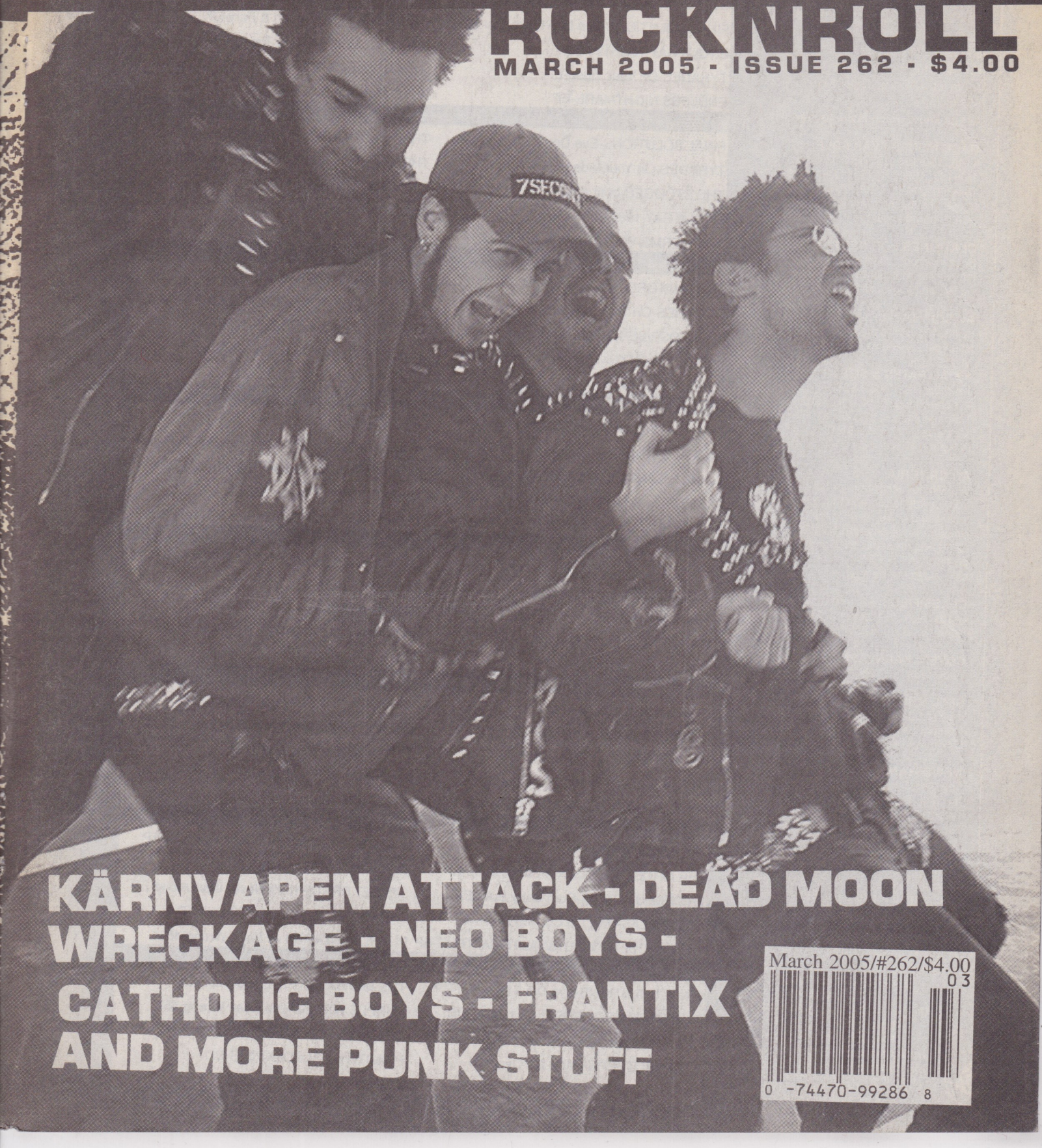
MAXIMUM ROCKNROLL

MARCH 2005 - ISSUE 262 - $4.00



KÄRNVAPEN ATTACK - DEAD MOON
WRECKAGE - NEO BOYS -
CATHOLIC BOYS - FRANTIX
AND MORE PUNK STUFF

March 2005/#262/$4.00
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MAXIMUMROCKNROLL

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Let us know which issue to start with!

BACK ISSUES AVAILABLE:
#148, 150-151, 153-154, 156 pts. 1 & 2, 159-163, 166, 170-172, 174-175, 179-181, 184-210, 214-227, 229-261 are as stated above in subscription info.
See page after next.

DEADLINES FOR NEXT ISSUE:
Scene Reports: continuously, with photos!
Interviews: continuously, with photos!
Ad Reservations: call to make sure.

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by the 15th of the month.
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1/6 page: (2.5" x 5") $30
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TOP 10

For what it's worth, here's some of the MRR crew's current Top 10 (or so) lists of stuff we've reviewed this month.

TIM BROOKS

- STREET BRATS-You'll Never Walk Alone-EP
- FINAL SOLUTIONS-Eye Don't Like You-EP
- ENOLA GAY-1982-1984-LP
- TYRADES-On Your Video-EP
- ENDLESS NIGHTMARE-EP
- ENDSTAND-Burning Bridges-LP
- YOUTH BRIGADE-Sound & Fury-LP
- SMALL WORLD-Seaside Town in the Rain-EP
- V/A-Anti War-CD
- RUTS-Stepping Bondage-LP

MITCH CARDWELL

- FINAL SOLUTIONS-Eye Don't Like You-EP
- TYRADES-On Your Video-EP
- THE STOOGES-both 45s
- ENOLA GAY-1982-1984-LP
- THE GERMS-What We Do Is Secret-LP
- THE PNEUMONIAS-Burn Baby Burn-EP
- THE BILL BONDSMEN-The Swinging Sounds-EP
- CATHOLIC BOYS-live
- CLOROX GIRLS-live
- BLACK DAHLIAS-live

ROB COONS

- DETONATORS-Live in Hope-EP
- TYRADES-On Your Video-EP
- DISCLOSE/BESTHOVEN-split EP
- NEGATIVE FX-Government War Plans-LP
- ENOLA GAY-1982-1984-LP
- YOUTH BRIGADE-Sound & Fury-LP
- MARTYDOD/SUNDAY MORNING EINSTEINS-EP
- DESTRUX-Enter the Thrash Kick-EP
- LIMPWRIST/WAR ALL THE TIME-live
- ORPHANS/SHEMPS-live

PAUL CUBRAN

- PURPLE WIZARD-I've Been Wrong-45
- TYRADES-On Your Video-EP
- JACK PALANCE BAND/ADDC/QUEER WULF-EP
- LES BELLAS-Hey, I'm Coming Down-45
- FINAL SOLUTIONS-Eye Don't Like You-EP
- CHALLENGER-LP
- THE BILL BONDSMEN-The Swinging Sounds-EP
- THE PNEUMONIAS-Burn Baby Burn-EP
- CLOROX GIRLS-live at Gilman
- Howler Monkeys / Iguanas-live in Costa Rica

JONATHAN FLOYD

- FINAL SOLUTIONS-Eye Don't Like You-EP
- TYRADES-On Your Video-EP
- CHALLENGER-LP
- ENDSTAND-Burning Bridges-LP
- MISERY INDEX-Dissent-LP
- JACK PALANCE BAND/ADDC/QUEER WULF-EP
- LIMPWRIST-live
- THE SHEMPS-live
- CHINESE TELEPHONES/TILTWHELL-live
- STARVATIONS-live

JEFF HEERMANN

- CINECYDE-Like a UFO-CD
- PRIMITIVE CALCULATORS-CD
- DAMNED-Stretcher Case Baby-45
- JOY DIVISION-Preston 28 February 1980-LP
- FINAL SOLUTIONS-Eye Don't Like You-EP
- MISUNDERSTOOD-Lost Acetates-CD
- CHIMNEY SWEEPS-Devil Girl
- TYRADES-On Your Video-EP
- CATHOLIC BOYS-live
- KILLER'S KISS-live

KENNY KAOS

- THE MIDLIFE CRISIS-EP
- THE GHOST OF ROCK-4 Songs 2002-EP
- THE PNEUMONIAS-Burn Baby Burn-EP
- LES BELLAS-Hey, I'm Coming Down-45
- HIGHSCHOOL DROPOUTS/SALRTYBARTFAST-EP
- FINAL SOLUTIONS-Eye Don't Like You-EP
- TYRADES-On Your Video-EP
- STREET BRATS-You'll Never Walk Alone-EP
- THE MIDWAYS/THE GLADS-split EP
- PURPLE WIZARD-I've Been Wrong-45

CAROLYN KEDDY

- FINAL SOLUTIONS-Eye Don't Like You-EP
- ALUMINUM KNOTEYE-Trunk Lunker-CD
- LES BELLAS-Hey, I'm Coming Down-45
- STEPBROTHERS-Baby, It's Over-CD
- TYRADES-EP / MISUNDERSTOOD-CD
- THE MIDWAYS/THE GLADS-split EP
- PURPLE WIZARD-I've Been Wrong-45
- THE PNEUMONIAS-Burn Baby Burn-EP
- PRIMITIVE CALCULATORS-CD
- LIMPWRIST-live

MAXIMUMROCKNROLL

TOP 10

Please send us records (2 copies of vinyl, if possible– one for MRR and one for reviewer), or CD-only releases. See records section for where to send tapes & CD-Rs.

RAY LUJAN

- STREET BRATS-You'll Never Walk Alone-EP
- THE TILES-CD / VAN DAMAGE-EP
- 1000 TRAVELS OF JAWAHARLAL-CD
- THE MIDLIFE CRISIS-EP
- BOOM BOOM KID-CD / BANG SUGAR BANG-CD
- THE KIDCRASH-CD / CIRCLE JERKS-DVD
- J CHURCH-Seishun Zankoku Monogatari-CD
- LES BELLAS-Hey, I'm Coming Down-45
- CHALLENGER-LP / FINAL SOLUTIONS-EP
- ADOLENSCENTS-live / AVENGERS-live

ALLAN MCNAUGHTON

- TYRADES-On Your Video-EP
- ROUTINEERS-CD
- 1000 TRAVELS OF JAWAHARLAL-CD
- CHALLENGER-LP
- FINAL SOLUTIONS-Eye Don't Like You-EP
- SMALL WORLD-Seaside Town in the Rain-EP
- STREET BRATS-You'll Never Walk Alone-EP
- PURPLE WIZARD-I've Been Wrong-45
- BILL BONDSMEN-The Swinging Sounds of-EP
- JACK PALANCE BAND/ADDC/QUEER WULF-EP

GOLNAR NIKPOUR

- ENDLESS NIGHTMARE-Gone-EP
- DISCLOSE/BESTHOVEN-split EP
- ENOLA GAY-1982-1984-LP
- NEGATIVE FX-Government War Plans-LP
- TYRADES-On Your Video-EP
- BILL BONDSMEN-The Swinging Sounds of-EP
- MARTYDOD/SUNDAY MORNING EINSTEINS-EP
- MISUNDERSTOOD-The Lost Acetates-CD
- UNCURBED-A Nightmare in Daylight-CD
- LIMPWRIST/CLOROX GIRLS/CATHOLIC BOYS-live

DONNA POOLE

- JACK PALANCE BAND/ADDC/QUEER WULF-EP
- TYRADES-On Your Video-EP
- DETONATORS-Live in Hope-EP
- BILL BONDSMEN-The Swinging Sounds of-EP
- STREET BRATS-You'll Never Walk Alone-EP
- FINAL SOLUTIONS-Eye Don't Like You-EP
- THE PNEUMONIAS-Burn Baby Burn-EP
- THE GHOST OF ROCK-4 Songs 2002-EP
- HIGHSCHOOL DROPOUTS/SALRTYBARTFAST-EP
- ALL YOU CAN EAT-live

WILL RISK

- WHISKEY SUNDAY-Maldecido-CD
- JACK PALANCE BAND/ADDC/QUEER WULF-EP
- OPERATION CLIFF CLAVIN-2xCD/DVD
- THE SIN MEN-The Sin Men Are Dead-LP
- MISERY INDEX-Dissent-LP
- NEGATIVE FX-Government War Plans-LP
- ENDSTAND-Burning Bridges-LP
- HOLY GHOST REVIVAL-live

BRUCE ROEHRS

- ANTISEEN-One Live Sonofabitch-CD
- CRIKEY CREW-Early Years 1990-2004-CD
- HELLSTOMPER-Fine...Forget It-CD
- MISERY INDEX-LP / STREET BRATS-EP
- MARTYDOD/SUNDAY MORNING EINSTEINS-EP
- WHISKEY SUNDAY-Maldecido-CD
- YOUTH BRIGADE-Sound & Fury-LP
- CONCRETE FACELIFT-Boiling Point-EP
- THE EARACHES-45 / THE STOOGES-1970-45
- DEATHTOLL-live

RYAN WELLS

- MIDNIGHT CIRCUS-CD / TYRADES-EP
- PRIMITIVE CALCULATORS-CD
- FINAL SOLUTIONS-Eye Don't Like You-EP
- MIDNIGHT TRAMP-Under the Moonlight-CD
- MISUNDERSTOOD-Lost Acetates-CD
- LES BELLAS-Hey, I'm Coming Down-45
- CHIMNEY SWEEPS-Devil Girl-CD
- THE GHOST OF ROCK-4 Songs 2002-EP

ZINE TOP TEN

- Blud #1
- Chinmusic #7
- Facial Disobedience #3/You've Come to Take My Toys Away#1-split zine
- A Fierce War in Miniature #2
- The Future Belongs to Ghosts #1
- Murder Can Be Fun #19
- Olly Olly Oxenfree #1
- Profane Existence #46
- Re/Fuse #3
- The Right Brigade #5

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#148/Sept '95. Soda Jerks, Toe Rag, Thorazine, Sacred Straight, Wizo, Opposition Party, Moody Jackson, Adversives, Opcion Crucial, Rebel, Rebel, Teen Idols, Walking Ruins.

#150/Nov '95. NY Loose, Snap-Her, Sick Boys, Splatterheads, Pipe, Pregnant Man, Final Conflict, Rawness, Stink, Goblins, Smellie Fingers.

#151/Dec '95. Lowdowns, My White Bread Mom, Queen B's, Electric Frankenstein, Turtlehead, Serpico, Trick Babys, In/Humanity, Stains, Varukers, Pist, Terrible Virtue.

#153/Feb '96. Snort, Hatchetface, Little Ugly Girls, ADZ, Oxymoron, NOTA, Stun Guns, Surfin' Turnips, Gutfiddle, Karen Monster, Dimestore Haloes.

#154/Mar '96. Motards, Subincision, Stisism, Donnas, Stallions, Count Backwards.

#156 pt 1/May '96. Public Toys, Crunch, Peter & The Test Tube Babies, Nails Of Hawaiian, Splash 4, Yawp!, Lifetime, Sickoids.

#156 pt 2/May '96. Australian Special: Beanflipper, Melancholy, Blitz Babiez, Crank, SubRosa, Mindsnare, TMT, H-Block, B-Sides, Fallout, Frenzal Rhomb, Lawnsmell, One Inch Punch, Chickenshit, No Deal.

#159/Aug '96. Smugglers, Tone Deaf Pig-Dogs, Too Many Records, Man Afraid, Blind Side, Vox Populi, Fun People, Fat, Drunk & Stupid, BrandNewUnit, Death Wish Kids.

#160/Sept '96. Automatics, Boycot, Toast, Morning Shakes, Mormons, John Q. Public, Sex Offenders, Ballgagger, Business, Apocalypse Babys, Good Riddance.

#161/Oct '96. Jet Bumpers, Steel Miners, Divisia, Lopo Drido, Red #9, Nothing Cool, Sink, Sires, Newtown Grunts.

#162/Nov '96. Phantom Surfers, Candy Snatchers, the Stain, National Guard, Torches To Rome, Restos Fosiles, Two Bo's Maniacs, Snuka, Redemtion 87, Torture Kitty.

#163/Dec '96. Last Sons of Krypton, Prostitutes, Wig Hat, Boys, Let It Rock, Enemy Soil, Vulcaneers, Half Empty, Zeros, Deadcats, Teen Idles.

#166/Mar '97. Walking Abortions, Hickey, '77 Spreads, Sanity Assassins, Cards In Spokes, Joey Tampon & The Toxic Shocks, Adjective Noun, Suicide King, Lenguas Armadas, Trauma, De Crew.

#170/July '97. Bristle, Mine, Tedio Boys, The 4 Cockroaches, Absconded, Meanwhile. Broken, (Young) Pioneers, Hoodrat.

#171/Aug '97. Violent Society, Strychnine, Idiots, Knuckle Heads, Race Traitor, Patrick Grindstaff, Misanthropists.

#172/Sept '97. Withdrawals, Judgement, No Motiv, Oppressed Logic, Truents, Left For Dead, Yellowskin, Weird Lovemakers, Smash Your Face, Flatus, Straight Faced, Klaxon, X-It.

#174/Nov '97. Stratford Mercenaries, Lickity Split, Bladder, Piss Shivers, Barnhills, In/Humanity, Education theme issue.

#175/Dec '97. One Man Army, Those Unknown, Boiling Man, Piao Chong, Exploding Crustaceans, Last Year's Youth, Heartdrops, Dirty Burds, Dimestore Haloes.

#179/April '98. Boy Sets Fire, Tres Kids, Idyls, Spat & The Guttersnipes, The Posers, Explosive Kate, Douche Flag.

#180/May '98. Reinforce, Discontent, TV Killers, Slack Action, Eyeliners, Mademoiselle, MK Ultraviolence, Haulin' Ass, 97a, Infiltrators, Jack Saints, Stray Bullets.

#181/June '98. Grapefruit, Druggies, DDI, Bonecrusher, Normals, All Bets Off, Stiletto Boys, Summerjack, Cell Block 5.

#184/Sept '98. Absentees, Devoid of Faith, UXA, Umlaut, Four Letter Word, Streetwalkin' Cheetahs, Ricanstruction, Libertine, Indecision, Snarkout Boys.

#185/Oct '98. Traitors, Wimpy Dicks, Armed & Hammered, Dylan McKays, NME, Tezacrifco, Worm, Roswells, Raxola, Beatnik Termites.

#186/Nov '98. Registrators, August Spies, Marilyn's Vitamins, Chinese Love Beads.

#187/Dec '98. Real Kids, Sawn Off, Cretins, Spider Cunts, Heroines, Third Party, No Class, Skabs.

#188/Jan '99. Stitches, Neighbors, Mansfields, Real Swinger, Marauders, Mark Bruback, Mars Moles, DOA.

#189/Feb '99. Monster X, Peter & the Test Tube Babies, Steam Pig, Maurauders, Yakuza, Dead Beat, Halfways, Hot Rod Honeys, DeRita Sisters.

#190/Mar '99. John Holstrom, Powerhouse, Brezhnev, Slappy, Black Pumpkin, Smartbomb ca, Wanda Chrome, Long Gones, Smogtown, Halfways, Tilt.

#191/April '99. Murder Suicide Pact, Kil Kare, Dudman, Super Hi-Fives, Better Than Elvis DJs, Pet Peeves, Loose Ends, Slingshot Episode.

#192/May '99. Los Crudos, Burning Kitchen, Henry Fiat's Open Sore, Polythene, Kangaroo Recs.

#193/June '99. Munster Recs, DS-13, Safety Pins, Pussycats, Piolines, False Alarm, Darlington, Bad Stain, Bodies, Houseboy, Mullets.

#194/July '99. Deathreat, Last Match, God Hates Computers, Fokkewolf, Flesh Eating Creeps, Aside, Hoppin' Mad, Kid Dynamite, Thee Outcasts.

#195/Aug '99. Moral Crux, RC5, Have Nots, Ill Tempered, Dysentery, Greg Higgins, Revlons, Larry & the Gonowheres..

#196/Sept '99. Hopscotch, Catharsis, Orchid, The Pricks, Grissle, Product X, Reaching Forward, Emerge, Third Degree, "Epicenter Zone '90-'99".

#197/Oct '99. Reducers SF, Lower Class Brats, Reactor 7, TheGodsHateKansas, Futuro Incierto, Showcase Showdown, Waifle, Flat Earth Recs.

#198/Nov '99. Hail Mary, Pressure Point, Bump 'N Uglies, The Victims, A//Political, Outlast

#199/Dec '99. Locust, Ratos de Porao, USV, Razlog Za, G-3, Swarm, WHN?, Mt. St. Helens, Black Cat Music, Enemy Soil.

#200/Jan '00. American Steel, Curse, Gee Vaucher, Hers Never Existed, Aaron Cometbus, Active distro, Toxic Narcotic, MRR catalogue #100-200.

#201/Feb '00. Beerzone, Towards An End, Daybreak, "Best Punk Singles of the '90s," the WTO riots in Seattle.

#202/March '00. KTMWQ, Real Estate Fraud, Strike Out, Broken Rekids, the Haggard, GC5, Gore Gore Girls, the Catheters.

#203/April '00. Spazz, Slang, *Slug & Lettuce* zine, *Suburban Voice* zine, As We Once Were, Red Angel Dragnet, Four Letter Words, Slampt Records, the Wednesdays, the Fuses.

#204/May '00. Cocksparrer, Talk Is Poison, Red Scare, Put Downs, Out Cold, Geraldine, Michael Knight, CBGaV, Pillage People.

#205/June '00. Punks With Kids special. Skudz, 50 Million, Legion, Wilbur Cobb, Coalition.

#206/July '00. Drunk, ESL, Ambition Mission, Lord High Fixers, Cripple Bastards, Dig Dug, Federation X, Amulet, Valentine Killers.

#207/Aug '00. Harum Scarum, Raw Power, Unseen, Pekinska Patka, Hudson Falcons, Dementia 13, Confine, Allergic to Whores.

#208/Sept '00. Le Shok, the Commies, the Chemo Kids, Day of Mourning, Affront, Diaspora, Whippersnapper, Hopeless/Sub City, Prank, Countdown to Oblivion

#209/Oct '00. Loose Lips, Godstomper, Peace of Mind, FYP, I Farm, Annalise, Cattle Decapitation, Riot/Clone.

#210/Nov '00. J Church, Profane Existence, Pezz, Pre-Teens, Templars, This Machine Kills, Subtonix, OB.

#214/Mar '01. Crispus Attucks, Fetish, Lifes Halt, Mr. Roboto, Dream Dates, Satan McNugget, Havoc, Briefs.

#215/April '01. No Means No, Vitamin X, Injections, Y, Dils, Last In Line, Don Austin, Deranged Records

#216/May '01. Propagandhi, Angelic Upstarts, Discordance Axis, Ruination, Photographer: Chris Boarts, Strap-Ons, Lynnards Innards

#217/June '01. Joey Ramone R.I.P., Tear It Up, Skitsystem, The Pattern, CrimethInc., Esperanza, The Chicago Blackout, Photographer: Ace

#218/July '01. Guyana Punchline, Les Sexareenos, The Devil Is Electric, Red Monkey, White Collar Crime, Forca Macabra, The Ataris, Suicide, The Mob

#219/Aug '01. "Fix It!" cycling article, Crucial Unit, Lost Sounds, Lombardies, Flowers in the Dustbin pt. 1, Casualties, Resinators, *P.U.N.K.*, Slaughter & the Dogs, Anti-Flag, Dontcares, S'Bitch.

#220/Sep '01. Latin American Issue. Aubuso Sonoro, Anti-Todo, Fuerza X, Apatia No, Manganzoids, Demencia, Sick Terror, Tocatta y Bulla, NTN, Argies, Reconcile, Anti-Korpus, Ruido De Odio, Los Pepiniyos, Rebelion Disidente, Brazil Scum , Kim Bae Photo Essay.

#221/Oct '01. Tales from the G8 Summit, Reflections, Soophie Nun Squad, Totalitär, True North, Wontons, Sin Dios, Bottles & Skulls, Scarred For Life, Flowers in the Dustbin pt. 2, Remains of the Day, Ritchie Whites, B'67.

#222/Nov '01. Dios Hastio, Tragedy, Four Letter Word, *Salad Days* author Charles Romalotti, Very Metal, Maurice's Little Bastards, the Rotters, MDC Brazilian tour diary, the Cravats, JR Ewing, Dutch scene report, extended news section, "Globalization Rhetoric & Reality,"

#223/Dec '01. "US Policy in the Middle East," "Revisiting 1948," Manifesto Jukebox, Good Riddance, Pokers, Viimenen Kolonna, Blueblooods, Vitamin X tour diary, Flakes, Pg. 99, the Mob, 7 Days of Samsara.

#224/Jan '02. "Legislation Since Sept. 11," Rendencion 9.11, Metro Youth, Severed Head of State, Piranhas, Paraf, Backstabbers, Inc, An Albatross, Citizen Fish Tour, SPAM Records, the Virus, Action Time.

#225/Feb '02. Lengua Armada, Breaker Breaker, 3 Yrs. Down, Scrotum Grinder, Turun Tauti, Flux Of Pink Indians, Holding On, Pauki, 86'd, See You In Hell, Red Light Sting, Nazis From Mars, Scare Tactic.

#226/Mar '02. Queer punk special issue. Vaseline, Quails, Skinjobs, Italian queer punk report, Vaginal Davis, Feelings on a Grid, Sissies, Scott Free, Dumba, Columns.

#227/Apr '02. Bellrays, Rhinos, Wasted, Kristofer Pasanen, Business, Assert, DS 13 tour report, Life Set Struggle, Iowaska, Zounds.

#229/June '02. Countdown To Putsch, The Awakening, Dave Hill Distribution, Holier Than Thou, Kill Devil Hills, Sound Of Failure, E.T.A., Nubs, Les Baton Rouge, New Disorder Records, Career Suicide, Swellbellys, The Sinyx.

#230/July '02. Bitchin', Redencion 911, Phantom Limbs, Secretions, Holy Molar, Sharp Knife, Mighty John Waynes, A Global Threat, Groovie Ghoulies, Reproach, Annie Anxiety.

#231/Aug '02. Epoxies, Puppy Vs. Dyslexia, Koro, Blocko, Amdi Petersen's Armé, Piss & Vinegar Zine, Schizophrenic Records, Toys That Kill, Give Us Barabbas, Dirt.

#232/Sept '02. "No Future" article, Lost, Fartz, Sell Outs, Razors Edge, Stakeout, Dillinger Four, All or Nothing HC, Fleshies, Bridge Nine Records, Akashic Books, Liberty.

#233/Oct '02. "All Ages" article, Scholastic Deth, Runnamucks, Sinners & Saints, Panic, Gasolheads, Jewws, Futures, Michael Landon's Commandos, Storm the Tower, Against Me!, Balance of Terror, Class Assassins, Spazm 151.

#234/Nov '02. Snobs, What Happens Next? Brazilian tour, The Oath, Radio 4, Feederz, Charm City Suicides, Selfish, Riot 99, End On End, Peawees, Born/Dead.

#235/Dec '02. Anti-war Special Issue. Anti-war guest columns. Anti-war scene reports. Articles: "Reading for Democracy," "War on Iraq?" "Unfinished American Revolution," Resource Guide, "US Involvement in Iraq,""Axis of Empire." Long Island DIY Scene, What Happens Next? Brazilian tour part 2, Smalltown, Kylesa, Crash & Burn.

#236/Jan '03. Mr. California & State Police, Iron Lung, Riff Randells, Chainsaw, *Artcore*, Latterman, Travis Cut, Phenomenauts, Pretty Little Flower, X-Cretas.

#237/Feb '03. Top Ten Records of 2002, "Music as a Weapon: Artists in Wartime," Dirt Bike Annie, Let It Burn, Stockyard Stoics, King Khan & Shrines, 625 Records, Feast Or Famine, Rudimentary Peni, Coachwhips, Self Defense.

#238/Mar '03. World Burns To Death, Chronics, Vilently Ill, Dystopia, Pilger, Exotic Fever, Brezhnev, R.A.M.B.O., Blown To Bits, Put To Shame, Deconditioned, This Bike Is A Pipe Bomb, Monsters.

#239/Apr '03. Romanian D-beat, Meconium Records, Amazombies, Abandoned Hearts Club, Mike V. & the Rats, Nicki Sicki, Bigamists, Bolivia article, Negatives, Kuolema, Defiance.

#240/May '03. I Quit, Apers, Headless Horsemen, Lesser of Two, Barse, Nightmare, Music Zine Roundtable, Exploding Hearts, Flesh Packs, Blacklist Brigade.

#241/June '03. Tyrades, Lumbergh, The Stand By Me, New Mexican Disaster Squad, Cut the Shit, Libertinagem, 17th Class, the Ends, He Who Corrupts, Deathbag, Cria Cuervos.

#242/July '03. Pensacola and San Francisco punk protest reports, John Wilkes Booze, Anfo, Bob Suren, Migra Violenta, Jackson 8, *Snakepit* zine, Krigshot, the Rites, Deadfall.

#243/Aug '03. "Media Alliance and the FCC," Striking Distance, Malcontents, Invisible City, Books Lie, Charm City Art Space, Hopeless Dregs of Humanity, I Shot Cyrus, Sunday Morning Einsteins, What the Kids Want, Onion Flavored Rings.

#244/Sept '03. None More Black, Deadline, Rai Ko Ris, Boxed In, Exploding Hearts, Raving Mojos, Blackout Terror, Morticia's Lovers, Thee Fine Lines, *Trust* zine.

#245/Oct '03. No Time Left, Riistetyt, Intense Youth, The Gimmies, Ass End Offend, Artimus Pyle, La Fraction, Kung Fu Rick, The Horror.

#246/Nov '03. Punk & Resistance in Israel, Letters from Palestine, No Choice, FM Knives, Bury the Living, Marked Men, The Dirty Burds, Provoked.

#247/Dec '03. DSB, The Boils, Popular Shapes, Phoenix Foundation, Bathtub Shitter, Meet the Virus, Cropknox, "Punk Babies on Tour" Article.

#248/Jan '04. Discharge, Superhelicopter, Jed Whitey, Black Friday '29, Find Him And Kill Him, The Lids, Impratical Cockpit, Face Up To It, History Of Maximum Rocknroll Radio.

#249/Feb '04. From Ashes Rise, Hagar the Womb, This Is My Fist, Skip Jensen, Gride, Katy Otto/Mike Taylor Dialogue, John Yates, Pointing Finger.

#250/Mar '04. Best Records of 2003, Miami FTAA protests, Clorox Girls, FIYA, "La Villita: Chicago Pilsen Scene," Terminus Victor, Restarts, Damage Done, Knights of New Crusade.

#251/April '04. The Fuse!, Väkivaltaa, Modern Machines, Microcosm, Migra Violenta Euro tour diary, Allegiance, Neurotic Swingers, Xavier Lepaige Photos, Le Scrawl,Vrah.

#252/May '04. Fucked Up, Firestarter, Inepsy, Laukaus, Great Clearing Off, Radio Reelers, Extreme Noise Records, 46 Short, The State, John The Baker, Free Verse, Chrystaei Branchaw photos.

#253/June '04. Sweet J.A.P., Gorilla Angreb, Vöetsek, Minority Blues Band, Scruvy Dogs, Molotov Cocktail, Kidnappers, Schifosi, King Ly Chee, YDI.

#254/July '04. No Hope For The Kids, Dropdead, Diskords, Breakfast, Asschapel, I Excuse, Strung Up, To Hell & Back, Four Eyes, Lamant, Gammits MW, Portland, Boston, Germany.

#255/Aug '04. "Punk's Not Dead, Reagan Is" Special Issue. Leatherface, Get It Away, The Hatepinks, Keen Monkey Work, New York City, South Dakota, Czech Republic, Philippines, Russia.

#256/Sep '04. The Observers, Witchhunt, Annihilation Time, Zann, Eskapo, FxPxO, Haymarket Riot, Fourth Rotor, Les Georges Lenigrad, Texas scene, Newfoundland, Indiana, England.

#257/Oct '04 Tne Election Issue, Jesse Townley, Matt Gonzalez, Rattus, Fighting Dogs, Hero Dishonest, Kickz, The Boss Martians, Reactionary Three, Slovakia, Australia, South Wales, South East Asia, and more!

#258/Nov '04. Career Suicide, Cathy Wilkerson of the Weather Underground, No Fucker, The Repos, Dominatrix, Ashtray, Deadstop, Midnight Creeps, Michale Graves, The Diffs, The Shemps, Abi Yo Yo's.

#259/Dec '04. Bad Business, Penelope Houston, Rambo, AI, Ass, I Attack, The Krunchies, A-Lines, Insurgence Records, The Hates, Accidents, Massgrav, The Critics, Merciless Game, SF Hotel Workers Strike, photos from Japan, SoCal & the Bay Area.

#260/Jan '05. Technocracy, The Total End, Only Crime, True North, Partisans, For The Worst, Dick Spikie, Straight to Hell, Black Cross, Action, Ergs, Rusty Nails, Queer Activism in London, Greg Shaw tribute, John Peel tribute, "Andrew "Stig" Sewell tribute, Beijing punk photos.

#261/Feb '05. Year End Top Tens, Riistetyt, Lost Cherrees, Complete Control, Cheap Sex, Gasoline Please, Beerzone, Greyskull, MOTO, Water Into Beer Fanzine, Swe-Punk scumpit, Japan punk photos, Bay Area punk photos, Texas, Russia, and Malaysia scene reports.

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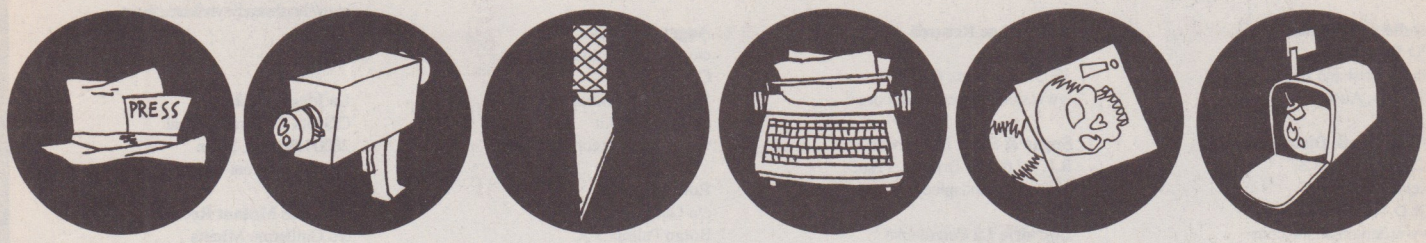

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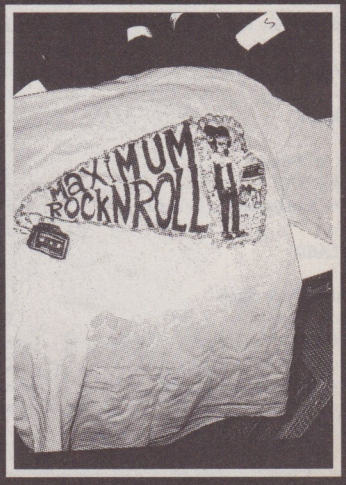

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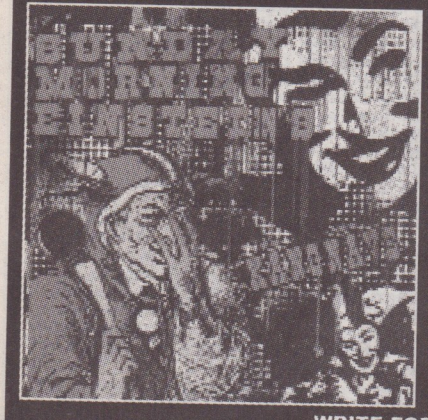

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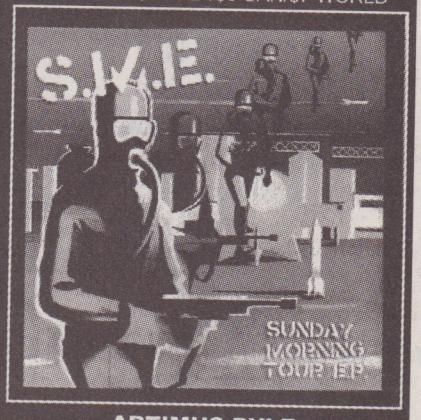

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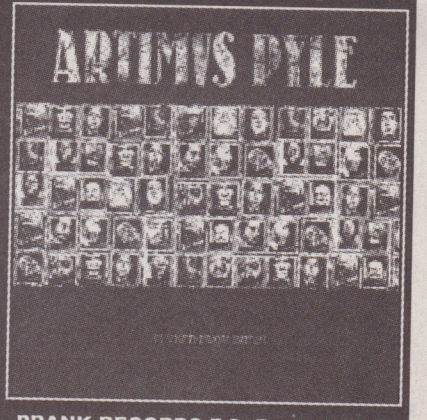

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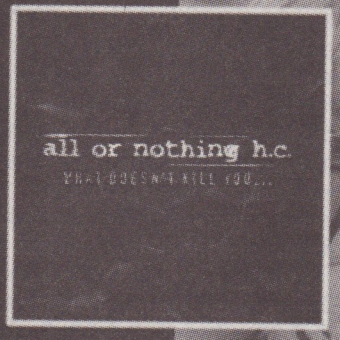

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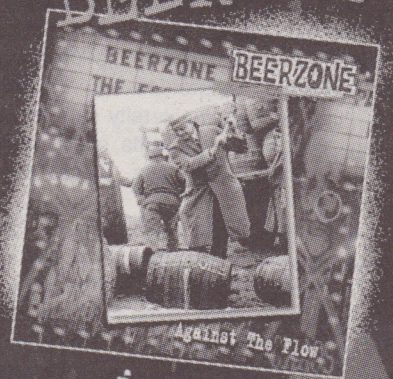

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MRR—
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Well, I'm offering the public my address—3004 Canal Street Apartment M, New Orleans Louisiana—if they wish to get in touch with us. Also, check us out on the internet at www.geocities.com/faeriesholdthethe

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Joseph

MRR—
They have shut us down! Spanish National Radio, in its fifth version, has decided to jump from the frequency 576 AM to (coincidence?) 99.0 FM, previously occupied by Radio Bronka. Suddenly, without advance notice, Radio 5 of the SNA used its blatant carte blanche over the radio frequencies of Catalonia by overpowering our broadcast by kilowatts. But they won't shut us up!

You can still listen to Radio Bronka on the internet.

Radio Bronka, a free radio station broadcasting in Barcelona for 18 years, was silenced on the morning of Dec. 21 by Spanish National Radio (SNA 5), a national station run by the media of confusion and defamation of reality.

Stations like Radio Bronka uncork this reality and speak out against complacency; its not so strange that some of the powers that encourage conformity would try to disarm this voice. We don't only try to inform—as if the task of the established (dis)order were to create and ours to analyze, describe, and complain—we also feel compelled to subvert this alienated reality.

This is one more example of how the only difference between the left and the right is that the left, thanks to its liberal image, can get away with doing what the right can only dream of.

We aren't surprised to be deprived of some rights and liberties granted by the State until they are used as an effective weapon against the established (dis)order created by it. Let this serve as an example for those persons naive enough to believe in this fragile illusion of rights and who are immobilized when the State takes them away. We are asking for help from other radio stations. Express your opposition however you see fit and take this on as part of your own struggle for continuity against the power hungry State.
Salud y Anarquia,
—Radio Bronka
www.sindominio.net/bronka

MRR—
News Flash: Apparently, normally mundane activities such as worshipping Rudolph Hess can be made more appealing if supported by a few badly played power chords.

In September 2004 a fascist record label in the United States claimed to be producing 100,000 CD samplers of "white power music" for concentrated distribution throughout disaffected white communities across America—from coast to coast, in every state. These CDs are to be handed out in middle schools, high schools, university campuses, shopping malls, sporting events, mainstream concerts, parties, and via direct mail schemes.

Although the concept of grown men skulking around schoolyards is disturbing enough on its own, the express aim of the propaganda drop is to lure white youth "between the ages of 13-19" into the fascist movement. They have a name for their initiative: "Project Schoolyard USA." According to their own estimate, 20,000 CDs have already been pressed and shipped, while an additional 20,000 are reportedly on the way. As expected (and eagerly anticipated by the fascists), the hysterical media and liberal lobby machines have gone into overdrive hyping the situation, inadvertently adding fuel to the fire. The negative yet newsworthy representation of "skinheads" is on the upswing again.

Fact is, these fascists aren't proper skinheads at all. They exhibit no lineage to the traditional merits of true skinhead culture, one that is rooted in working class pride and ethics that vehemently reject prejudice. Anti-fascists commonly refer to the fascist variety of the shaven crop as "boneheads." They've got nothing on real skinheads and hardcore kids of the street. Ultimately, they are the enemy of anyone who cares about the welfare of their scene and broader community.

To this effect, Insurgence Records has set up its own project to combat the influence of their opportunistic bullshit: Project Boneyard USA. The aim is to counter the cancerous quick-fix ideas and selfish motives of these sideshow hucksters. We're motivated to take action here, not simply because they sully the name of real skinheads in their bid for mainstream acceptance, but because they push their empty-headed propaganda on disenfranchised white kids. This social group is *our* natural constituency, not theirs.

We call on real skinheads and anti-fascists everywhere to remind these chumps where their place is. In the dustbin of history!

To help mount a counter-campaign in the same areas they are targeting for manipulation, we are offering a free music sampler of 16 tracks, available electronically Preview the sampler on the Radio.Blog on our front page. Download the relevant materials below and follow the quick and easy instructions to run off copies, all from the convenience of your home! We encourage fans of real street music, concerned individuals, and groups in the United States to produce stacks of our sampler to disseminate across the country. Bands on the sampler include: The Oppressed, The Class Assassins, Fighting Chance, The Prowlers, Fate2Hate, Hell To Pay, The Stage Bottles, and Final Four.

In order to make a serious impact, the project relies solely on street-level promotion. That's where *you* come in! The success of this project will depend on the sheer *quantity* of CDs we can get into circulation. We need your burning ambition to make this a significant campaign. We need to top the output of the opposition and show them that the kids on the street can think and act for themselves. Send the boneheads and their low-rent racket packing with Project

Boneyard USA!

Get everything you need from the Project Boneyard page at Insurgence Records. Keep an eye on the page and on the Insurgence Records message board for news, updates and progress reports. Thanks for your support, and please contact us if you have any questions. Join The Insurgence—Fight For Your Class, Not For Your Race,

—Insurgence Records

http://www.insurgence.net

MRR and readers—

Submit to a new reader about abusive institutions for youth entitled *Teenage Lobotomy: a Zine about the Institutionalization of Youth.* The reader will consist of: An introduction to the abuses that take place at therapeutic boarding schools, residential treatment facilities, and wilderness programs, personal stories and interviews from students, parents, and ex-teachers, Discussion of alternative ways to help "troubled" teens, including art therapy, various forms of counseling (such as utilizing AA outpatient programs or talking to mentors for help), and other programs that encourage healing in positive ways. Information about mental health, youth emancipation, and "manuevering the system" (such as the prison system and juvenile detention centers). We need your stories. This may include:

-Where you (or your child, or your friend) were sent

-Specific disciplinairy techniques used

-Reasons for being sent away

-What the staff was like

-How the experience affected you (or your child, or your friend)

-Approximate relapse rate

-Legal actions taken against the institution (if there ever were any)

These are only guidelines. You may tell your story in words, pictures, or any form of communication that will bring your experience to life. *Please send us your writing and art by march 1st* 2005, and keep it under three pages. Thank you. This reader is being compiled by two teenage artists and writers—Nick, who was locked up in the Family Foundation School in New York, Second Nature Wilderness Program in Utah, and Saint Paul's Prep School in Arizona, and his close friend Sarah. Contact us at: Nick-mindweller@yahoo.com, Sarah- orangescum@yahoo.com or write to 3706 72nd Street # 5H, Jackson Heights, New York 11372

Thanks,

—Sarah

MRR—

Read your interview with The Knights of the New Crusade—what a pile of shit. So fucking what if they're God Botherers who gives a shit, I bet you hated The Mummies and Supercharger too you fucking morons. You represent everything that sucks about punk. Now fuck off and die!

Lots of love.

—Ian

MRR—

Greetings from the inside! I'm writing this to respond to the Harrisburg PA scene report that was in the November or December issue. It kinda blew my mind to read about any kind of scene in my area, because I'd pretty much given up hope of ever going to any shows when I get out. OK, here's some background. I'm about to max out a six-year sentence for some dumb shit I pulled as a strung out eighteen-year old. Right now, I'm in the hole at SCI-Fayette in Labelle, PA (don't ask, I don't know where it is either), but I grew up in Reading, PA, which is an hour east of Harrisburg. We actually had our own scene at one time, with tons of shows at the Top of the Roc, Gougles Vill Firehall and the West Lawn Borough Hall, and I was in a band myself. In fact, one of the last shows I ever went to in Reading was the Anti-Nowhere League, the Varukers, and the Riverdales. But by the time a disastrous Napalm Death show almost single handedly destroyed what we had, I was too busy shooting dope in the bathroom to notice. My band gave me the boot, I stopped traveling to Philly or New York for shows and most of my friends either went the same way I did or went to college. Typical story. It wasn't 'til I started doing time at Graterford and Chester that I began buying your mag and other zines again, listening to the college radio show, and remembering all the fun I used to have. I vowed that when I got paroled I would start going to shows again, even after my used-to-love-punk-rock-as-well girlfriend complained that the shows were all young, super PC, idealistic emo kids. Although to this day, I'm unclear on what exactly emo is, it seems she was right on most counts. The few bands I heard all played this grating atonal metal shit or were really arty indie style complete with guitar solos and weird effects and lyrics that were "mysterious." Worse, on the two occasions that I actually approached some "punks" about finding some decent shows, it was a disaster. The first, a group of mall punks called me a sell-out cause I went to prison and liked the Swinging Utters (what kid of fuckin' shit is that? It's not like I'm allowed to collect ultra-rare 7" s in my cell to keep up with all the latest underground bands!) and I almost ended up in a fight with a bunch of 16-year olds cause I said even though I never heard of the latter, the Utters were definitely, better than "Tiger Army." The second, I had a throng of purple-haired kids tell me exactly about their scene and all the shows they go to. I'd never heard of the bands they liked, but they seemed sincere. So I mentioned that Bad Religion had a new album out and they all got super quiet. Then the one kid goes, "We don't listen to secular music." Christian punks! WTF? Anyway, I got discouraged and gave up and soon ended up back in prison for a parole violation to finish my sentence.

So I'd given up on ever being part of anything besides State Prison and Mandatory Narcotics Anonymous meetings, even though I read about all these great shows at ABC No Rio and the First Unitarian in Philly, where I was practically a fixture on the step outside back. And now, someone's given me a scene report involving cities half the size of Reading and I have some hope again. No, I'm not looking for "hot punk babes," or even reliable pen-pals. Actually, I'm seeking anybody, whether 13 or 50 who knows of shows or collectives or any fucking thing in Reading besides heroin. I'm trying to build a network of some like-minded heads from my hometown. Ill cop to not knowing much terminology or micro-genres (can someone please write me and tell me what "Youth Crew" is? I'm still baffled 8 years later) but I'm down to learn. I play guitar, got some experience throwing some shows and I'm open to all ages or 21+. Don't matter cause I don't drink anyhow. So, Reading people, young bucks, or old heads, get in touch! I'm out soon, like I said, so drop a note if you want to. I'll answer, I promise. Just make sure you include my full name (three words) and my D.O.C. # as well. Peace.

—Mike de los Santos EK-3515

State Correctional Institute Fayette Box 9999

Labelle, PA 15450-0999.

Against Me! fans, Bill Florio, and anyone else who is crying about the "drama"—

First of all, who really cares whether Against Me! still books local bands or snort blow off thirteen-year-old boy's tits? Against Me! still sux. Why would anyone waste thirty-seven cents or an email to reply and defend such a worthless band. I don't care what you say, Against Me! still sux. BILL FLORIO, you are punk. Long live MRR!

—Tequila Ed

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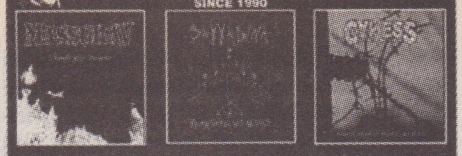

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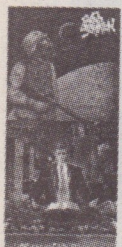

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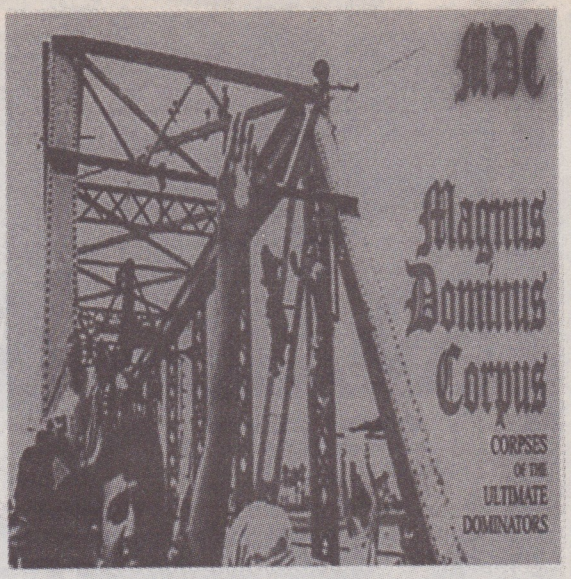

What others had to say about MDC:

- „Millions of Damned Christians Last Supper cover is complete blasphemy and is boycotted by the Christian Radio Network." (1988)
- „So you are the Thousands of Dead Policemen band"
  (British Immigration Agent before refusing our entry in 1984)
- „You guys are like a fart in my livingroom" (East Bay Ray)
- „MDC was an early influence. Al gave me my first drumlesson, and I lost my virginity in Dave's bed" (Tre, Green Day)
- „MDC is one of the best kept secrets of American hardcore."
  (Chris Dodge, founder of Slap A Ham Records)
- „I really feel You guys broke up the Dead Kennedys"
  (Jello Biafra, 1994)
- „You guys are the original cop killers"
  (Ice T to us at a show in Portland in 1996)
- „Being with Dave that one year I played bass for MDC was like being in the army" (Matt Freeman, Rancid)
- „MDC's music is infected by their gay lyrics"
  (german skinhead website)

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T-Shirts: www.impactmerch.com

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DYSTOPIA "Human=Garbage" cd
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FILTH "Live the Chaos" ep
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LE SCRAWL "Eager to Please" 10"/cdep
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COLUMNS

I'll begin with some ranting and raving about people who should be nominated for "Chowderhead of the Year" (pronounced "Chowdah-Head" in true Massachusetts fashion—which takes me back to working at one of my record store jobs, when my loud-mouthed co-worker Greg would inform me of an incoming phone call by saying, "*Hey Chowdah-Head...pick up the phone!*"). Indeed, there are some obvious choices for that dubious distinction, and I think I will spend some precious column inches discussing 'em. Maybe not picking a winner (or loser) since that's too difficult, though I read different news items and just have to roll my eyes and wonder how the fuck people end up with such misguided ideas or say such idiotic crap. Especially when they're in so-called positions of responsibility.

You could write a whole book of stupid crap that George Bush has said, so why don't we just skip over him this time. It's well documented. Let's move on to one of the holdovers in his cabinet, Secretary of Defense Don Rumsfeld, who should be secretary of *nothing* and, in fact, should be indicted for war crimes along with the rest of the right-wing scumbags in the current administration. He recently went to Iraq for a photo-op meeting with the troops and, when one of them asked about why vehicles weren't being outfitted with protective armor, he said, "as you know, you go to war with the army you have, not the army you might want or wish to have at a later time." His ass should have been grass for such an ignorant comment. I don't support the war, nor do I always have such warm feelings about the troops, but such a comment is inexcusable. He pissed all over them, basically. As I heard someone say on a progressive talk show, you can bet your life that the vehicle transporting Rumsfeld was outfitted with the proper armor.

Then there's a state rep from Alabama named Gerald Allen, who wants to ban gay-themed books or even books with gay characters from public and university libraries, according to a December 1, 2004 article in the *Birmingham News* that I found on-line. According to the article, the bill "would prohibit the use of public funds for 'the purchase of textbooks or library materials that recognize or promote homosexuality as an acceptable lifestyle.'" Allen said he filed the bill "to protect children from the 'homosexual agenda.'" What would Rep. Allen do with those books? "I guess we dig a big hole and dump them in and bury them." Allen also doesn't want to allow educators to present homosexuality in any sort of positive light.

Allen also sponsored legislation to ban gay marriage, but it didn't pass the Legislature. Probably just a matter of time, though, with the radical right emboldened by Bush's victory and all this talk of "moral values." After all, the voting Chowdah-Heads passed laws to ban gay marriage in eleven states this past November. What's going through anyone's brain that they would want to interfere in other people's lives? Sheesh, even closer to home, I was taken aback by a Chowdah-Head named Virginia Hamel from Brookline, MA, who wrote a letter to the *Boston Globe* excoriating the paper's support for gay marriage and civil unions. Ms. Hamel opines, "homosexuality is not a healthy, alternative lifestyle but neurotic behavior with negative physical and mental consequences...for thousands of years homosexuality has been condemned and punished by all societies as repugnant, perverted behavior. Some countries have put homosexuals to death...Promiscuous homosexuals today are a major source of HIV and other sexually transmitted diseases. To make homosexual marriage legal is not a right but misguided social approval to immoral and dangerous behavior. It will encourage youngsters in that direction at a time when they are too young to know better. It will cause much social destruction and pain and should be publicly condemned."

She goes on to wonder why the suicide rate among gay people is so high. Maybe because human beings such as Ms. Hamel (and, in her case, I use the term advisedly) make their lives living hell with their bigoted viewpoints. People with those beliefs scare the fuck out of me. Misguided mouth-breathers. I wonder if Ms. Hamel would be in favor of putting gay people to death herself. She doesn't condemn those actions in her letter. Anyway, that lovely little missive damn near gave me indigestion, as I read it over breakfast. Even with my acid-reflux medication.

One more group for nomination—the creationists. Specifically, I just saw an article from the *UK Telegraph* ("In The Beginning... Adam Walked With Dinosaurs," January 2, 2005) about, I shit you not, a Museum Of Creation scheduled to open in Kentucky. This would be "the first significant natural history collection devoted to creationist theory. It has been set up by Ken Ham, an Australian evangelist who runs Answers In Genesis, one of America's more prominent creationist organisations." There will be exhibits that show dinosaurs living along side of man, even though evolutionary science indicates they didn't live in the same time frame.

There are some pretty fucked up exhibits planned—one that blames gay people for AIDS and another that states that disease and famine aren't "random disasters, but a result of mankind's sin."

Ham, as the so-called visionary behind this fairy-tale land, definitely earns a Chowdah-Head award. I'll be curious to see how successful it is.

Now that I have that bit of venting out of the way, here's hoping that '05 will be better than '04. Unfortunately, it's not off to such a great start, at least personally. The radio station that has hosted my show for nearly five years, Allston-Brighton Free Radio, has folded. It's been on a steady decline for the past few years, to be honest, and the end wasn't completely unexpected. Nonetheless, it's still a somber occasion.

In all honesty, after the station's founder, Steve Provizer, left a few years ago, things basically went to shit. Steve was good at getting outside money for the station—grants, etc., and we were relying almost completely

on station dues and the occasional benefit over the past few years. We had to move back to a smaller, run-down space this past spring (in the same building where we started in 2000 but moved a few blocks away the following year). Membership waned and, recently, some long-time station members, including those on the station's executive board, stepped down and left. Some people were unable to keep up with their dues obligations and the station fell behind on rent and bills. The equipment was held together with spit and string and was temperamental, to say the least. I had to spend a lot of time editing sound problems to make my show sound good for the webcast. The transmitter blew out during one of my shows. I'm still not sure how it happened and didn't even realize it until one of the other members came in to inform me I'd gone off the air (I only had the studio monitor on). So my show was the last to go over the air, in mid-December.

This was a completely commercial-free/volunteer/DIY operation. That's why I stayed, instead of trying to take my show to another station where I might have had restrictions on what I could play, especially with this FCC chill. As with my writing, I don't like outside forces dictating anything. I do things on my own terms and AB-Free allowed me that freedom. I always wonder if I could have done more to help save the station, but I live about 40 minutes out of town and couldn't really take a more active role. I did my show and tried to help out here and there, but was never a part of the board.

Anyway, it's done. I suppose five years is a good run. Perhaps something will rise from AB Free's ashes, and I may get involved if it does. In the meantime, my show is going to continue. I have the ability to record my show at home using the CD drive in my computer, one of my turntables and a microphone, which I then edit together with an MP3/WAV editing program. Not quite the same as spinning the music live for two hours. The listener can't tell the difference but I enjoyed the act of playing the records and jumping around like an imbecile in the studio. Ah well, I can jump around while ripping the vinyl, at least. And I may try to rig something together at home to record the show in a better way, not to go over the air but continue webcasting. Actually, if anyone has any ideas/suggestions about how to achieve that, you can email me about it.

Time for reviews of recent releases that keep finding their way onto my stereo...

LIFE CRISIS – *Unpeaceful Protest* EP (Get Revenge)

I have to thank Nate from Gloom Records for turning me on to this San Diego band. Not long after checking out some MP3s, this record appeared in my mailbox. Occasionally, life is great,. I like my hardcore punk loud, fast, and uncomplicated, and LIFE CRISIS has that sound cold. They remind me of underrated locals OUT COLD, with their angry, straight-ahead sound. This three-piece use their music to express disgust with the current military activity, as well as eroding freedom in the so-called "Land Of The Free." One of the best 7"s I've heard in months. (4118 Florida St., San Diego, CA 92104, www.lifecrisis.net)

CRANKED UP –*This Is A Weapon* (Creep, CD)

Technically, this is the first full-length for CRANKED UP—they had an eight-song CD and a EP, and those got combined on an import CD. To further confuse matters, some of the newer tracks also show up here. But it's a new recording, a five-piece lineup, and the best material they've done to date. A Philly band fronted by Pat, late of the underrated VIOLENT SOCIETY, and they play boisterous, tuneful punk with older UK influences from both the late 70s and early 80s periods. And while one might think "street punk" a bit, there ain't no flag wavin' lyrics here. Quite the contrary—they're plenty fed up with the state of the world and say so in forthright fashion on "Another Vietnam," "Make Me Sick" (about mindless patriotism) and "It's Not Right." Pat's voice gets gruffer with age and the songs sting with authority. (PMB 220, 252 East Market Street, West Chester, PA 19382, www.creep-records.com)

MOB 47 – *Ultimate Attack/Complete Discography* 2xCD (Speedstate)

The works—and then some—for this great Swedish hardcore band. Legendary status? I'd say it's justified. MOB 47 weren't groundbreaking or anything, but they put out some completely ripping, raging music in the 80s. This double CD/124 (!) track anthology includes a ton of rare and unreleased material—early demos, demo and rehearsal sessions from after the release of their sole vinyl EP, *Kärvapen Attack*. Raw, short bursts played at a mainly speedy tempo and punctuated by fuzz-stun guitar. As with most Scandinavian bands in that time frame, Mob 47 were inspired by the UK bands of the period. One song starts with a BLITZ-ish line, and they certainly listened to their share of CHAOS UK, DISORDER and, of course, DISCHARGE—in fact, on the second disc, there's a session from 1986 recorded by two of the band's members that features eight DISCHARGE songs. The live tracks on that second disc are somewhat sonically deficient, but otherwise, this is mandatory stuff. The real thing. Nicely packaged in a fold out digipak, with booklet. (5-34-4 Kozunomori Narita Chiba 2860048, JAPAN, www.speedstaterecords.com)

BLANK STARE – *Problems* demo CD-R (self-released)

New Boston band, and a couple of these guys also play in POSITIVE REINFORCEMENT (another up and coming band from here who put out one of my favorite demos in '04). Six songs of double-speed thrashy hardcore with some cool circle-pit parts. BLANK STARE espouse a straight-edge message, but that's not their only concern—"Mixed Sex Message" deals with gender identity, for instance. They could probably tighten things up a bit, but this isn't bad at all for their first effort.
(revolutionthrash@yahoo.com)

FORWARD TO DEATH – *Death Therapy* CD (Perfect Victim)

After an OK 7" EP, this Jersey band really come into their own on their debut full-length. The vocalist is Andy Scarpulla, who you may remember from his days playing in TEAR IT UP, and he emits the words with anger-filled intensity. Straightforward sentiments that boil down to "fuck you and your expectations—we'll do it our way," whether it's the music they play or the way they choose to lead their lives. An aggressive combination of speed and harder-rocking elements, and even a DKs/AGENT ORANGE-inspired instrumental "Shore Points." (PO Box 52804, Boston, MA 02205, www.perfectvictim.com)

STRAIGHT TO HELL –'02-'04 *Discography* CD (Gloom)

Straight To Hell's album *We Will Bury You* was released on DeadAlive about a year ago, and it was one of the best to come out in the past twelve months. Powerful hardcore played at a mainly blazing tempo—strong Scandinavian and Japanese influences with some older US touches. I don't know—it's loud, it's fast, it kicks ass. No need to get caught up in the nuances. Surging, ground-ripping bass-lines and sheets of guitar, along with quick-paced drumming (from Brian, also of DROPDEAD) and, at the center, Aaron's howling vocals. Aaron doesn't have a lot of use for humanity— he feels alienated and betrayed, and he's waiting for the end of the world, but he also says he won't give up fighting ("Keep Trying"): "You won't break me/no one ever will/just keep trying/you can't take me/my spirit can't be killed." This CD includes that album, as well as their cover of COC's "Poison Planet" (from when COC were a good band, as Aaron once

quipped during a show), plus the songs from their 7" and split with BALANCE OF TERROR. The earlier songs are a little rougher-sounding production-wise, but that doesn't impede the power one bit. (PO Box 14253, Albany, NY 12212, www.gloom-records.com)

Not that anyone asked, but here are my favorite records, CDs, and demos from 2004, in alphabetical order...

LPs/CDs/10"

ÄÄRITILA – *Ja Kaikki, Kuitenkin Päättyy Kuolemaan!*, BEHIND ENEMY LINES – *The Global Cannibal*, BOXED IN – s/t, CUT THE SHIT - *Marked For Life*, DEAD STOP – *Done With You*, FUCKED UP – *Epics In Minutes*, KEGCHARGE – *Sadistic War Glory*, LOOK BACK AND LAUGH – s/t, NO HOPE FOR THE KIDS - *Storkobenhavn*, DAS OATH – s/t, REFUSENIKS – s/t, REPOS – s/t, SAY GOODBYE – s/t, SCURVY DOGS – *It's All Gonna End*, THE SERMON – *Volume*, STRAIGHT TO HELL – *We Will Bury You*, STRUNG UP – *Society Rot In Hell*, SUNDAY MORNING EINSTEINS – *Kängnäve*

7" EPs

DEATHTOLL – s/t, DIRECT CONTROL – s/t, LIFE CRISIS – *Unpeaceful Protest*, NON FIKTION NOIS – *¡Contaminación Mundial* EP, RAT BASTARDS – s/t, REGULATIONS – *Destroy*, SKITKIDS / EXHALE – Split, SLEEPER CELL – both EPs

Demos:

KEEP LAUGHING, SEND MORE COPS, POSITIVE REINFORCEMENT, CTS – *Campaign To Shred*

Reissues:

DMZ – s/t, REALLY RED – *Teaching You The Fear*, URBAN WASTE, WAR OF DESTRUCTION – *Danish Collection*, THE WORST – *The Worst of the Worst*

The usual contact info: Al Quint/PO Box 2746/Lynn, Massachusetts 01903 / suburbanvoice@earthlinknet. The radio show lives on at:

http://sonicoverload.moocowrecords.com

It's the beginning of January, and it's 70 degrees here in Richmond, Virginia. It feels like spring. Even the forsythia, the first blooming plant of spring, has been tricked and is showing its yellow blossoms on the sides of the highway. As usual, I am having a hard time keeping track of time, which seems to keep slipping through my fingers and feet. They say it only keeps happening more the older you get, and that is one thing that I do not appreciate about age. I want the clocks to slow down a bit, and the days to get longer, not shorter. But considering the time of year, I've been feeling quite good, and though the active punk social life has been a tad bit slow of late, things keep moving along all the same.

I lamented quite a bit this past fall about so many good friends moving away from Richmond, and many of them have already been back through on visits, or I've had the chance to catch up with them on the road somewhere. It's got me to thinking quite a bit about the ways in which we move around from place to place, leaving one home and finding another, all the while questioning the right place to be, the location that offers something new, exciting and satisfying, and in the process of it all discovering the things that really matter, and the people who are real friends.

I have long been a supporter of people getting out there into the world and exploring and discovering new places. While I hate to see people go, sometimes people do need to move on. Whether it's because they have been stuck in one place too long or have never lived anywhere else, or because a place has outlived its home-like qualities, sometimes it's just time to go. Once they've left, people often have this feeling that they cannot return. That is so very much not the case. Sometimes it takes getting out there in the world to realize what you left behind. Sometimes it takes greener grass to realize that the brown grass is what you really love. Sometimes leaving a place makes you reach out to those people you care the most about, and sometimes the people that reach back are not the ones you most expect. And sometimes just being in a new place gives you enough perspective to realize what you have left behind. And of course, sometimes there is no reason to return, and the first step you take leads you to a completely different path, one that was previously never even imagined. That is the kind of thing you'll never know until you take the first step.

While I've watched so many people pack up and move away, I've come to terms with where I live, and I finally feel content and at home here. No, there are not enough like-minded peeps here, and not quite enough energy, momentum, or activity to suit me, but the foundation is great. I'm remembering how to make the most of that, while also remembering the city's charm and the reasons I landed here in the first place. It's been a lame recent past for shows and tours and anything to lure people here, or hold them, but these things always go in cycles and come back around eventually. In the midst of it all, the town has changed enormously since I first moved here seven years ago. The development of the city itself is out of control. What was once a seemingly forgotten town, abandoned in neglect, is now cleaning up every corner, leveling the old, and building the new. This is not necessarily a good thing, but it's not always all bad either. In the time I've lived here, I've also watched people come and go, and return again. I've seen people grow up and live seemingly entire lifetimes in front of me, while I think nothing has changed and time has stopped. I've seen people drop out of punk completely, and some have just put other things at the forefront of their lives. There was a surge of peace punk activity, and now there is a new street punk revival. The hardcore, emo, and indie punk worlds continue to move to their own beats. All of it has become so segmented and fractured that there is often little overlap, although in a small town, that isn't really so true, either. I think most places are seeing the same sort of thing happen, where once there was more connection and cohesiveness between genres of punk, these days there is division, isolation, and satellite-like worlds that barely intersect. Sometimes it's just plain weird, but I suppose this is one of the results of the recent trends in the popularity of punk and underground music. What exactly is punk these days, anyway? I think everyone has a different idea of it and I am not going to give my own definition of it right now, 'cause I hate to be pinned down for anything so absolute and final as that. I think it's a great time for punk, but I also think that things are shifting and changing, and that everyone is floating a bit and will resurface on the ground somehow reinforced in the near future. Who knows quite how that will be; I feel like everything is a bit shifty, hazy, and shaky these days. The future of everything is somewhat uncertain. And I don't really mean that in an ominous, apocalyptic way (though I am quite a sucker for that "end of the world" stuff). I just feel like the world is spinning out of control, and our places it in are up for grabs. Yet at the end of the day, as they say, I'm confident and hopeful, too. Of late, I have been having a struggle of a time with my zine, *Slug & Lettuce*. It's been tough, 'cause everyone—including me and the zine—is broke. Free zines are hard to get out there when the support and finances are tight or non-existent. But that is the thing—the support is there,

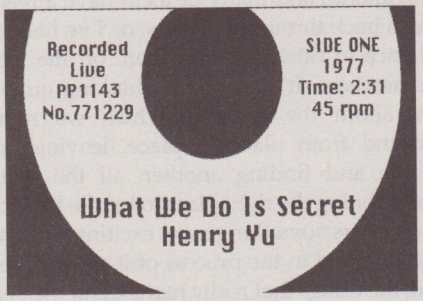
and I've seen, heard, and felt so much of it lately that I really do think it will all work out. I believe in it. I believe in my zine, I believe in punk rock, I believe in myself, I believe in the punk community of misfits, overachievers, manic depressive artists, and weirdoes that I'm always talking so much about.

But the one thing I gotta ask is this. What the fuck is up with the cocaine? When did it become the cool thing in the punk scene to do lots of cocaine? I mean, punk has always had a self-destructive nature, and while there is plenty of alcoholism and drug use around, some of which I have managed to turn a naïve, blind eye to over the years, it's taken a new twist recently that has gotten me really crazed and upset. A decade ago when I lived in NYC, it was heroin, and that sucked. The lower east side was over-run with heroin, and plenty of punks got into it. I yelled and screamed and spoke out about that then, 'cause I saw it ruining peoples lives. As a result, it ruined the community, both in terms of the neighborhood and the punk scene. There are plenty of other drugs that people use on a regular basis that have reeked havoc on individuals, family, friends, scenes and communities, and likewise there is plenty of self-destructive behavior that really doesn't ruin lives overnight, that is accepted and tolerated all around, whether legal or not. Somehow being a drunk punk has become a cool, acceptable thing, but when that drunk punk stays both punk and drunk, eventually they'll become an old alcoholic, which really isn't so cool.

I think the cocaine thing is fucked up. Its fucked up because it's not cool. I always thought that coke was the high-class, rich people's drug, so what the fuck are the punks doing getting into this shit? Has it gotten cheap? Is it trendy and cool? In trying to relive the 80s are we grabbing from the wrong sources? Has the other shit worn off or out, and this is just what works to get you high now? I don't know. I don't get it. I don't know why I freak the fuck out watching someone snort a line, but not when they smoke a joint, but I think there is a pretty big difference. And I think it sucks. I'm not some holier-than-thou straight edge motherfucker, and I'm not trying to be an ass, but it really upsets me not only to see some of my good friends getting into this, but that this is not an isolated thing, or something limited to a place, time, and select group of folks. This is somehow one of the "new things" going on, probably more widely that even naïve me realizes. So perhaps I will no longer be invited to the parties once I become known as the one who freaks the fuck out. But come on guys, it's not cool. It sucks. I know that people are gonna do what they do, but I really do not want to watch cocaine become the new trend that takes down the punks that I love. At least think about it, okay?

—Chris(tine), PO Box 26632, Richmond VA 23261-6632

PS—I got a new computer and have joined the 24th century, and can now check my email before my coffee is even brewed, unlike before where I could drink the whole pot before I could get through it. So… if you want to email me: chris1slug@hotmail.com



Live From The Basement

Every so often, the twisted vision of a few becomes the blueprint for a movement. Usually, however, it just serves to roil up a scattering of other riff raff. That's the case for THE SCREAMIN' MEE MEE's, rock'n'roll debris stranded in the Midwest (St. Louis, in their case) with a lotta hot bother and nowhere to stick it. Their circa was the 70s, tho' they grandfathered themselves straight into the 90s. At least that's what Gulcher Records has served up on the retrospective *Live from the Basement 1975-1997*. It's hard to beat the varied insanity found on their first 45; "Hot Sody" provided inspiration for GIZMOS and AFRIKA KORPS. "Struckout" is anarchic strum with a "Yeah Yeah Yeah" chorus. "Pigs" combines bashing and strumming with gruff philosophizing, only to be matched by the TEENAGE PhD's or THE INJECTIONS. "Max Factor" may be inept musically, but it is genius lyrical wordplay. "Too Young To Shave" provides two-chord direction for THE URINALS sound. After that 1978 debut, a fifteen-year gap in recording followed, and then the duo (Cole and Ashlin) started right where they left off. Sort of. They extend beyond the crude garage sound and explore lo-fi and sci-fi. This stuff is lyrically less overtly goofy, but it hovers in and around drug casualty territory in an endlessly entertaining Roky Erickson or John Trubee way. Essential.

Meanwhile, The SCREAMIN' MEE MEE'S *Garbage Collage* lives up to its name as a lesser companion to *Live from the Basement*. All of these tracks are culled from their early years. The first bunch of tracks are so much less crazily delivered that it sounds like just a regular guys strumming acoustic and singing. It's obvious that their works of pure genius were the result of a lot of experimentation, as well as exploration of pedestrian styles (surf, folk, country), and these are the cast asides. A Mojo Nixon/Skid Roper rehearsal tape comes to mind. A few interesting tracks where the electric guitars and more fuck you singing style kick in, but most of this is noodling to the nth degree.

Catchy, if textbook buzzsaw guitar pop punk with a bit'o snot tossed in can be heard on THE RETREADS *Highway To Helsinki* CD on Gulcher. Nothing to hate about 'em, even tho' they're nothing new and lotsa bands are doing it. In fact, I kinda really like them, in that MCCRACKINS and SLOPPY SECONDS sorta way.

Hinman over at *Agony Shorthand* falls into the trap of comparing GIZMOS to GIZMOS, those being the two Bloomington GIZMOS, both on the Gulcher label, both with the same damned logo, and for a short time both with some shared transitional membership. He's obviously a fan of the first, with its borne-of-the-Dictators proto crude two-chord stylings with heaps of lowbrow humor slathered over the top. But the second GIZMOS are a band worthy of their own notice, and Gulcher Records has recognized that by finally putting out a full CD collection's worth of 'em, superceding the short CD EP they did a coupla years back. It's well deserved. Midwest irreverence in a fresh faced non-snot way, real songwriting that sounds punky on the surface but is really aching to be something "more."

Leader Dale Lawrence contributes great liner notes that clue us in on the GIZMOS to GIZMOS saga. Footnote: Dale later hooked up with the VULGAR BOATMEN, transforming them from a party band to proto alt country.

SPEED was purported to be part of Japan's first new wave/punk scene, so their *Live at Loft '85* (on Captain Trip Records) is a bit late in their career. The beautiful six-page booklet is all in Japanese though, so who the fuck knows? Despite looking like punks, the songs are mostly unmemorable, mid-tempo, plodding workouts. We scratch our heads and don't like…

Alternative Tentacles Records continues to explore the decidedly non-punk with THE FLAMING STARS' *Named and Shamed*. That the press release had to name drop Toe Rag studios as "where The White Stripes recorded *Elephant*," might show where the label is trying to extend its appeal demographically. But mainstream bidding aside,

this is actually quite a decent record, even if the essence of the band is a bit hard to pin down other than their vocalist sounding like Lloyd Cole. There are a lot of varied styles, with shades of VELVET UNDERGROUND ("The Marabou Shuffle"), and then ORANGE JUICE meets THE WEDDING PRESENT on "Ranger on the Fifth Floor."

More non-punk on the same label is MUNLY AND THE LEE LEWIS HARLOTS with a DVD and CD package. Stark, brooding, rootsy shit with banjos, strings, and plaintive crooning that snoozes me. The DVD is the same as the CD except with some still photos and lyrics, adding nothing to pique my interest.

Atavistic Records continues to plunder the Chris D vaults with *Ashes of Time*, a reissue of the late 90s reunion of the FLESHEATERS. The songs are pretty much a straight line logical progression of FLESHEATERS to DIVINE HORSEMEN and back, with elements of both. Rootsy guy/gal harmonizing on the choruses. Rock and roll guitars. Noticeably, Chris D's histrionically twisted vocals of past (AKA the "ripped throat") are toned down as well as lower in the mix, drawing away from the power of their sound. Perhaps he'd overtaxed his voice over twenty years of flesheating and singing. Also, the production work is not the characteristic crisp and brittle Chris D sound; it's a bit on the muddy side. You are, however, still left with fifteen tracks of unmistakable Chris D imagery, ripe with blood, daggers, snakes, and crucifixions, wieldy couplets slightly syncopated off with the music, and a heavy rocking backdrop with the occasional organ swirl. "Nobody Lives Forever" is the most DIVINE HORSEMEN-like track, a slow ballad with electric violin, while "Gates of Flesh" is ZZ TOP-ish. Most quintessentially capturing the FLESHEATERS power riff stance are "Salty Black Water" and "House among the Thickets". No Byron Coley liners on this one.

Punk, Not

Having found its way to me only recently was 2003's best non-punk reissue, 28TH DAY's *Complete Recordings* (Innerstate Records). While Skyclad Records put out an unauthorized version at least a decade ago, this one is band sanctioned. While chock full of mid-80s REM jangle and paisley underground 60s homage in a college rock slipcover, it's got the inimitable imprint of one Barbara Manning, who went on to be the beloved Miss Indie Rocker throughout the 90s (and beyond!). It has been at least a decade since I last listened to their one and only (1985) LP, and this brought back a rush of the era. While "25 Pills" is ever the anthem, it was "Pages Turn" and "Lost" that rung most true for me, as they mark the passage of all this time and hearken back to a time when everything seemed to matter a little bit too much. "Only In Their Dreams," a boom box-recorded demo, finds kinship with the lo-fi majesty of GUIDED BY VOICES.

Goodbye 2004

As I sit here, a couple days shy of the end of 2004, I think back and wallow in what an apocalyptically shitty year it's been, not just for me but for many people I know around me, and certainly for all of those affected by the Tsunami tragedy. As a reversion to the mean of the particularly good post-WWII times we Americans have enjoyed, it's quite a whipsaw bitch slap. Here's to a better year.

Dead In the Suburbs

Submissions to: Henry 46 Roosevelt Circle, Palo Alto, CA 94306, or email terasearch@yahoo.com and I'll kick your mama's ass.

Well, I suppose it's that's time again—though I think I'm still a bit hungover from New Year, so this one might be a bit briefer than usual. Still, there's nothing I like better than staying in on a Friday night, writing metal news into the wee hours.

First and foremost, coming in just weeks before the end of the year and thus ensuring its ignoble fate of erroneously being left off both years' Top Ten Lists, comes the latest offering from the mighty MISERY INDEX, the *Dissent* EP on the band's own Anarchos label (www.miseryindex.com). Now solidly established as one of the premiere bands of the genre with this, their fifth release, these Baltimore death/grinders have out-lived the "ex-DYING FETUS" albatross and established themselves as one of the major bands of the genre in their own right, taking the death metal sound honed in their previous band and stripping it to a more hardcore influenced skeleton. *Dissent* is a four-part mini-concept manifesto for the disenfranchised, calling for full-blown revolt against the political systems in place to maintain control.

The lengthy build of the epic-sounding intro, "Sheep and Wolves," leads seamlessly into the ballistic attack of "Exception to the Ruled" and "The Imperial Ambition," some of the most non-stop aggressive songs the band has ever recorded. This is due in no small part to the very welcome return of drummer extraordinaire Kevin Talley, whose on-again-off-again position in the band drives drum-train-spotter-nerds like me crazy. Regardless, his long absence was worth the wait with this stunning performance. I still suspect that this was in more of a studio session capacity, as he was not present the last time they played here in September, but drum geeking-out aside, the band as a whole is in top shape and this is a great return to form.

Well, maybe I'll keep dorking out on retardedly good drumming after all, as this brings me nicely to the next best thing this month, the long-overdue discography of the best kept secret in grindcore: GRIDE. For some reason always passed-over in discussions of the grind greats, GRIDE has been consistently creating some of the most neck-snappingly fast, ultra-complex grind for about eight or so years now. This massive 49-track collection, released on Czech label Plazzma Records (plazzma@centrum.cz) includes tons of covers, comp tracks and splits (with the likes of MALIGNANT TUMOUR, MRTVA BUDOUCNOST, and COCKROACH) and best of all, their newest recording, which I hadn't previously heard—the *Tanec Blaznu* 1-sided 12" on Chimeres Records, their first new recording in three years. Holy Christ, I wouldn't have believed it was possible for this band to get more manic than their most recent EPs, but the new stuff is, dare I say, their best yet, with an insane degree of technicality and some bizarre new elements like acid-tripping stereo panning in one song. Bands who think the DILLINGER template is the only way to play technical, start-stop rhythm fuckery need to hear the craft these Czechs traffic in for some truly original and intense grind mastery. And in case I didn't make it clear before, their drummer is amazing.

Since this was, as I said, a bit of a slow month besides the two aforementioned bundles of cuddly joy, I'm going to take this opportunity to go back a bit to another not-so-recent "new" release that I finally picked up after failing to find a grind distributor in India at the time of its release—the *Across the Black Wings* EP from 324 on HG Fact. Even with the close competition of BATHTUB SHITTER, 324 remains my favorite Japanese grindcore band and this four-song EP once again demonstrates why. The fast parts are just as intense as ever, if not somehow more

so and even heavier. The only real difference I can discern here is longer song structures. These aren't necessarily more complex, they just allow the parts to repeat a bit more. And then there's "Boutoku no Taiyo," which at just over seven minutes is undoubtedly the longest ever 324 song (provided they don't go the route of CORRUPTED). It's virtually borderline pop for 324, being much more midpace and rocking, almost like BATHTUB SHITTER in their more anthemic moments. Most of the serious grind fans should probably have this by now, but if like me, you ride the short bus on current releases, delay no longer and pick this up.

I've been receiving a few demos over the past few months that I feel guilty about not mentioning previously. So first up, Topon from Canadian grind-crushers FUCK THE FACTS sent me a couple of his other projects, the first of which is TIME KILLS EVERYTHING, a technical grind whirlwind in eleven minutes. The berzerk drum machine, typewriter guitar wizardry, and short-attention-span barrage of riffs and sound effects had me thinking of the likes of AGORAPHOBIC NOSEBLEED at their best. Then there's TROGLODYTE and their excellently titled *Horribly Bad and Serving Satan* demo, which is in a more old school black/death metal vein, sounding like the lost recording sessions for the first DEICIDE album. TROGLODYTE even one-up Benton and crew in the song-title department with "Brutal Slaying of One Thousand Elven Children," which alone will convince you that every record should have a "Death to all who oppose us!" sample. Get in touch with either band (and FUCK THE FACTS too) at discocore@yahoo.com.

Also drawing their influence more from the 80s than anything current is THE COMMUNION, with their *Legitimate Underground* demo. Kneeling before the CELTIC FROST altar, these Long Island misanthropes churn through a short trio of straightforward-but-catchy detuned sludge tunes that would make Tom G Warrior proud. Email Lee at metalgenerallee@aol.com to hear some morbid tales. Also in the demo grab bag is the four-song blur from Chicago's MIDGET PARADE. I'll chalk it up to typical trebled-out shitty demo production, but this is the sort of sophisticated noise-grind fare that will only appeal to true connoisseurs of such modern composers as ANAL CUNT and SORE THROAT. They do get points for their "Super Troopers" reference, though. Check 'em at: geocities.com/midgetparade666.

Closer to home here in San Francisco, the ever-fertile West Bay grind scene has two bands with newly released demos, BASTARD SQUAD and GO LIKE THIS, both fronted by Kindred, former guitarist and singer of legendary Bay grinders PLUTOCRACY. BASTARD SQUAD alternates between slinky, mid-paced, PLUTO-style dank-distorted arpeggios and full-on double-kick metal bursts with plenty of Satan-worshipping samples. GO LIKE THIS, meanwhile, is more urgent, with faster tempos, plenty of pig-hating lyrical themes, and furious, barely-held-together energy. Fucking ripping shit here. Hopefully there'll be some proper releases from both groups in the near future.

Also native to the Bay Area, is San Francisco's own home for black metal, Tumult Records. Beginning with the likes of WEAKLING and HAMMERS OF MISFORTUNE, and continuing with such current SF black metal acts as LEVIATHAN, DRAUGAR, and CREBAIN (in addition to the skull-crushing reissue of the German classic PROFESSOR), Tumult has been steadily releasing some of the grimmest black metal to ignite a church steeple this side of Oslo. On an ever-going quest to find the most unlikely sources for this black art, the overlords at Tumult exhumed a couple of bands from France that would undoubtedly meet the Count Grishnak hit-list approval rating. DIAMATREGON's *Blasphemy for Satan* is sheer go-for-the-throat black metal aggression, adopting a speedy DARKTHRONE influence with a great raw production, and even the unlikely choice of a full-on blasting version of the MISFITS' "Death Comes Ripping." Ripping is right. EIKENSKADEN, also from the frozen tundra of, uh, France, is a one-man outfit of darkness and despair channeled through the medium of black metal. This is one of the few bands I've heard incorporate a classical, melancholic sense of melody to their songs without losing any intensity; the melodies are buried under a wash of impossibly distorted guitars. Hear these and plenty of other left-field bands at: www.tumult.net/index2.html.

Lastly, in light of the massive number of deaths caused by the Indian Ocean tsunami, it's in potentially poor taste to single out one death simply because of musical affiliation, but nonetheless, the international grind community lost an invaluable member of a highly influential band with the disappearance of Mieszko Talarczyk, lead singer and guitarist of NASUM (as well as KRIGSHOT), who was in Thailand with his girlfriend (who survived) at the time. I really can't find the right words to describe this loss, so I'm just going to leave it at this—the tsunami was a terrible thing, and I suppose the fact that it even affected such a relatively obscure niche as the grind scene is yet another way of appreciating the extent of destruction in the wake of the disaster.

That's all for this month, I guess the hangover claims another day. Get in touch and send stuff in for review so I have something other than my RAGE AGAINST THE MACHINE albums to listen to at: Elliott Lange, 701 Broderick St., San Francisco, CA 94117, cromlaughs@hotmail.com.

"Human sacrifice, dogs and cats living together—mass hysteria!"—Peter Venkman

Think back to the 2000 election campaign. Was anyone talking about Iraq? No way. Yet by fall 2002, we'd gotten so riled up—although *nothing had changed*—that millions thought Saddam was an imminent threat, and had to be taken out. You have to hand it to George W. Bush, he conjured a crisis from a vacuum.

Now the same team that brought you "Iraq on $200 Million a Day" is pimping a pre-emptive strike on Social Security, seizing on Generation X doubts that the program will still be around when they retire and excessively rosy Democratic assurances to drive a stake in the biggest New Deal-era program.

Mark Weisbrot and Dean Baker, co-authors of *Social Security: The Phony Crisis* point out that Social Security can continue to pay out full benefits through at least 2042, and 75 to 80 percent of after that. So you're OK if you're now 65, but not-so-OK if you're 18. But don't-worry-be-happy types aren't telling you that Americans born after 1963 have already lost four years of benefits. (The Social Security retirement age rises from age 65 to 69 in 2028.) That fact, coupled with pseudo-liberal pundits' evil "even the youngest Baby Boomers will get their full Social Security checks" mantra, creates a generational wedge issue ripe for GOP exploitation. (Believe it or not, John, not everyone is a Boomer.) "It's very important for seniors to understand nothing will change," Bush says. "In other words, nobody is going to take away your check." Gen X response: yeah, we read Tweenlinese.

Old-school liberals are far closer to the truth than the reform crowd: there won't be

any Social Security "crisis" for at least three decades. Still, given that it'll be 125 degrees in the shade because of global warming, there's no reason not to spare our kids another headache. Is privatization a good idea? Maybe, maybe not. But let's get one thing straight: the Bush reform plan certainly isn't necessary to make the system, which is currently projected to see negative cash flow beginning in 2018, solvent.

Unless something changes, the system's trustees project that Social Security will run up a total shortfall of $3.7 trillion (in 2004 dollars) through 2080. But that could easily be fixed by overhauling the current 12.4 percent Social Security payroll tax, a highly regressive burden that falls only on people who earn less than $87,500 a year.

The U.S. workforce is made up of 228 million employees who earned a total of $6.7 trillion last year. The richest one percent took away a whopping $1.8 trillion, or over 26 percent of America's national income. Wanna guess where the one percent-99 percent divide is? Interesting coincidence: at $87,500 a year. Slap the same 12.4 percent FICA payroll tax on the over-$87,500 crowd—the kind of "flat tax" that makes Steve Forbes' cheeks flush—and you bring in $219 billion a year. That puts the system into the black starting in 2037 and as far beyond that as a CPA can see.

Whereas elimination of the payroll tax cap would increase the system's revenues, others are looking to cut expenses. Charles Schwab, CEO of his prominent discount brokerage firm, favors "means testing"—i.e., he doesn't believe that rich people like him, Bill Gates, and George W. Bush should receive Social Security benefits when they retire. "If you're above $50,000, you can't apply, because you have adequate income," he says about his proposal. But $50,000 isn't that much. And, as the American Academy of Actuaries points out, Social Security's political popularity relies on the fact that everyone who pays in gets to take out, period: "A much broader loss of public support could result if a means test caused Social Security to be viewed as a government-mandated income redistribution program rather than an earned right."

A third alternative would address corporations, entities whose tax burden—between fifteen and twenty percent of revenues collected by the IRS—is at a record low compared to individuals. A Social Security tax on corporate earnings would help compensate for the fact that corporate America has shifted the burden of providing retired workers with security in the form of defined-benefit pensions to the federal government.

To their credit, key Bushies, including Treasury chief John Snow, say they won't rule out raising the payroll tax cap. But don't be fooled. Republicans come not to save Social Security but to loot it. Wall Street investment banks want to charge, as their counterparts robbing the newly-privatized UK retirement system do now, twenty percent fees on your Social Security account. (The British parliament imposed a 20 percent limit on fees, which were often even more outrageous.) Personal retirement accounts, proponents promise, will be strictly voluntary. And they will—for now. Once the system has been partly privatized, it will only take the stroke of a president's pen to transform Social Security into another 401(k) subject to the giddy booms and shattering crashes of the stock market, exactly the problem Social Security was created to avoid.

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NEW BOOKS: *Wake Up, You're Liberal!: How We Can Take America Back From The Right* (Soft Skull Press, 336 pp., price $14.95), is out now, available everywhere. *Generalissimo El Busho: Essays And Cartoons On The Bush Years* (NBM Publishing, 208 pp., $19.95 hardback/$15.95 paperback) is also out. The speaking tour is over but if you're at a high school or college with a budget for bringing in speakers, I'd be happy to come to your city.

Cracking up at the things your kids say is one thing, but thinking what they say is so funny, so clever, or so totally absurd that you have to etch their quotes into your memory so that you can repeat them to others is quite another.

I'm not exactly sure what this "quite another" means, but if it means that a lot of time is spent talking with your kid, and that you have trouble separating what would be interesting for non-parents to hear from what you're pretty sure other parents would also find humor in, then I'm guilty of it.

It's the fellow parents who are more likely to at least understand why certain kiddie comments just ring in the ears like post-show tinnitus. They understand that kids' questions, offhand remarks, and verbalized thoughts come with baggage.

They are quicker to guess that there must be a lot more to a simple, matter-of-fact observation like, "Dad, your head isn't a pile of shit," than the non-parent, who's more likely to just think your kid's a tad "off." And they've likely felt that inexplicable giddiness that buggers around your insides when something your kid says is evidence of a recent, new revelation and they're "getting it." They know that if you listen to a kid close enough, you're hearing them learn.

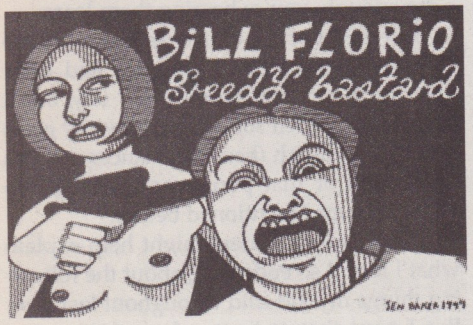
So it might not be that awesome to absorb a four-year-old's every question and comment for hours and hours every day, but it definitely is when something they say gives you a good laugh (because chances are you need one!) or that permanent etching into your memory I mentioned before.

I know more context might help explain what I found so endearing about the following things my kid said throughout last year. But I trust that at least a few of them can stand on their own. Here's my girl's top ten of 2004, in no particular order:

1. "Grownups talk about weird stuff that regular kids don't understand."
2. "Dad, you know what's so weird? When you're in the car and you look out the window and see other cars moving and it makes you feel like you're moving but you're really not! That's totally weird, isn't it, Dad?"
3. E-J: "Mom, what's red and yellow make?" Me: "Orange." E-J dips her fingertips in each color, smearing them together on paper, "That's a rock 'n' roll color, not orange!"
4. "What's your fucking knee doing there?"
5. "I don't like being a kid. I want to be grown up."
6. E-J: "Mom, how come you know everything?" Me: "I don't know everything. I learn something new every day, just like you do. I learned something new when I read my book. You learned how to write "A" today." E-J: "When I get home from school tomorrow, will you learn me how to write a scary story?"
7. "You know what my dream was this morning? I dreamed about a white fluffy dog that had a big red poop coming out when it was pooping, and it was stretchy, and you were the person pulling it and stretching it. And when I turned around because I said 'Eewww, yuk,' there were three witches. One had puffy cheeks. One had cheeks down to her feet. And one had cheeks that stretched up to the air and all three had hats on, witches' hats. And I had a different dream about getting my ears pierced."
8. "Why do all your friends wear ugly clothes?"

9. Me, talking to E-J on the phone: "Danielle gave me a haircut today." E-J: "Is it a mohawk?"
10. On Christmas morning at her Abuela's house in Montana, I asked E-J: "Do you know what Christmas is all about? Do you know whose birthday it's supposed to be?" E-J: "I don't know, but it feels like mine!"

Punkparents, get in touch. Yardwideyarns@hotmail.com or PO Box 220331, Hollywood, FL 33022



So, I'm sitting here at *MRR* HQ. Golnar said, "Sit right down there and type me a column or I refuse to talk to you." I'm midway through THE SHEMPS West Coast tour, and I've been talking to so many people every night that I'll probably have a dozen columns to write once I've had a chance to have a home cooked meal and a reality-based bathroom experience, Anyhow, for right now I'll share the good story from two nights ago.

Ya know those kinds of people who are kinda dirty, kinda anti-social, start pits at almost empty shows, wear dirty black denim jackets and black baseball caps, and have not-exactly-long hair, more like long dust rags hanging out of their caps? Yeah, you know the type, the punks that spend all day outside, annoying you in one way or another. They bum change and cigarettes and eat your fries when you get up to go to the bathroom.

So I'm in Pomona, California on Saturday night, and one of these social lepers is standing next to our van door. I was preoccupied with trying to remember this band that had a song about the DMV and taping the Squeaky Dave cardboard statue's head back on. Then I smell something, and notice that the guy's sitting next to me in the van. I say, "Hey what's up, what's yer name?" He mumbles something like Trevor or Roy or Englebert while our friend Joe Garambone looks at him with a concerned, eye-shadowed glance. I try to make some sort of conversation with the freak, and he isn't even very nice. Five or ten minutes pass, and the guy's still sitting there and Joe is far past annoyed. The rest of our entourage comes out and looks at the guy firmly planted in our back seat. We nicely inform him that we're leaving... "No, I'm going with you guys" I say, "Hey, that's all well and good, but we don't know you and there's no room.

"I'll give you guys smokes and weed. I'll pay you $250 to give me a ride." Joe's says, "If you have $250 on you why the hell would you wanna ride with us?" Then the guy spits on the van floor in frustration. Joe's says, "OK, that's enough." I think Artie pulls him out and he rolls out of the van into the parking lot.

Now the guy is angry. All my friends are standing around him asking him to take off, and I remember saying, "What's wrong with you? When there are seven people standing around you nicely asking you to leave, why wouldn't you just walk away?"

We get in the van and as soon as we close the door, he starts pulling a chain with a padlock on it out of his jacket. Next thing I feel broken glass hitting my ear and neck as most of it goes into Joe's lap, cutting his hand. Considering that last year, someone slashed all our tires and smashed out our window while we were in the club playing, and that I've had to replace three smashed windows on my van this year, we were all pissed. As I was running out I heard my friend Erika calling out to me that there were police at the far end of the parking lot.

The guy made a lame attempt to run away and a lamer attempt to hit one of us with the chain. Next thing I know I'm holding the guy down while several people kick him. At some point a few shoes connected with his face and he gave up the running away shit. The whole time I'm yelling for everyone to stop kicking him and a bouncer from the club across the street runs over to break it up. I tell the guy, "Just fucking sit there, you are going to jail," as the cop walks into the scene. Luckily, the douchebag starts fighting with the cop and they struggle for a bit. (I don't know why he didn't mace him, it seems like the logical move, but if the ORPHANS hadn't left a few minutes before, Wade the bass player would have used his cattle prod on the poor bastard.) We weren't gonna press charges, considering we had like, fourteen hours to sleep and drive through the worst storm in 100 years for eight hours. The owner of the Glasshouse was nice and apologetic and gave us some money to pay for the window. I figure those cops had the boot party after we left. We were sitting at Denny's twenty minutes later laughing about the whole stupid incident.

Anyhow, this brings me to something I call social retardation. I don't know what brings this on, strange family life, low birth weight, sexual molestation at an early age. But some people seem to enjoy setting themselves up to be downtrodden. I've always been the one to point fingers at the supposed victim, but I can honestly say I don't judge people by how they present themselves to the world. If this guy had sat down and talked about *The Surreal Life* or about how Circus Peanuts taste like imitation banana yet make no banana claims, I would have had no problem with him sitting down, asking for a ride, or smelling up the joint. But this guy decided the world hates him and he was gonna see what he could get out of people who happen to not spit on him immediately because of how he sets himself up for failure in the first place. I'm sure some people would feel bad for the dude for being such a loser, drug addict, etc., etc. But to tell you the truth, I think more people would have beat the living shit out of him before he assaulted us, and they wouldn't have handed him over to the cops either, they would have just dropped him out of the back of the moving vehicle. I detest violence so much, but unfortunately some people only speak that language. Mr. Anarchy lucked out by being in the system that there is. If it really was anarchy and we had to take law enforcement into our own hands, this guy would be shitting out skull rings for the next week and wearing a safety glass chastity belt. Then again, we had a funny talk about the guy walking out of jail in the morning and changing the direction of his life. I said something like, "Watch us run into him in a couple of years and he owns the freaking car rental dealership or auto glass place where we have to get the next broken window fixed."

Of course, this was overshadowed by Jim Hass, our drummer, saying, "Wow, beating that guy up gave me a fucking hard-on. I'm gonna have to rub one out tonight." Wish me luck; I have another eight days of this.
bill@candids.com

Eagles Crying

I'll be honest. I've already tried to write this month's column like, six times. Each one gets worse. And so I've finally resigned myself to what my parents, guidance counselors, TV talk show hosts, Larry Bird, and a

number of government reports have been telling me all along: I am a failure. That's right, friends, your pal Mantooth is a fraud. I tried writing what I thought would be the gut-busting piece to end all gut-busting pieces. It was called "Scott Peterson vs. the Moon Nazis." After about a page of that, Scott Peterson morphed into Dimebag Darrell, who was recently slain by a gun-toting, freedom-hating terrorist in Columbus, Ohio. This, of course, would have been ridiculous, as Dimebag is dead and I am not a goddamn symbolist.

2004 was filled with all sorts of celebrity death. Most people are fairly afraid to die, and when society's most invincible and impregnable contributors pass on, it only exacerbates the phobia. I am not like most people, though. I am a famous columnist. Nothing scares me. Except for spiders and Pete Rose. But more on that later. In case you're like me and never read the news, here is a list of folks who are playing basketball in heaven with Jesus right now:

Ronald Reagan: Perhaps one of the most widely publicized deaths of an already dead man, Ronald Reagan violently passed away as the souls of the damned escaped his mummified body (kept alive only through the magic of Disney), where they have been trapped for centuries. Stockholders abruptly decided to pull funding out of Operation Zombie Geezer and reinvested all funds into the commemorative stamp, coin, and plate industry, where Reagan's ghastly visage will no doubt soon appear, accompanied by the twin towers and a flock of crying eagles.

Unfortunately there have been sightings of his mummified remains stalking the beaches of California, luring weary sailors to their death with his beautiful voice. Yes, the sea is a cruel mistress.

Dimebag Darrell: Made famous for fighting the Third, Fourth, and Fifth Reich on the surface of the moon, armed only with awesome riffs and goatee-dye, Dimebag Darrell taught us how to love again, and for that he was gunned down while playing in his band DAMAGE DEPOSIT. Bandmate Felix Havoc had this to say about Dimebag's death: "What the fuck? His band is called DAMAGE PLAN, dumbass." I could tell Felix was pretty shook up about his death, so I didn't press the issue. Anyhow, Dimebag was shot, sparking outrage and indifference across America's Livejournals. How could this happen? A lot of people, rightfully so, blamed Jesus. A lot of other people, also rightfully so, blamed liberals and gun control. When will you liberals be happy? This man just wanted to riff. Riff hard. I hope you're happy.

Dimebag's body was buried at the site of the World Trade Center. As his casket was being lowered into the ground, an eagle flew overhead and cried a single tear onto his coffin.

Christopher Reeve: Never played guitar, so fuck him.

Yassar Arafat: The sudden death of the Palestinian prime minister sent the Middle East into chaos, only to be quickly shadowed by the chaos that erupted when it was learned that he never owned a copy of INFEST's *Slave* LP, nor did he ever learn to play the guitar, either.

Rodney Dangerfield: This legendary comedian tragically passed away at the ripe old age of 80, but could have been younger or older because I don't feel like looking up his exact age. Anyhow, Rodney taught us that he never gets any respect and that you can live for decades off of one joke. Which isn't so bad considering I will most likely be writing this column for the next 50 years, even if *MRR* stops publishing it.

Larry Bird: No one could believe it when this successful NBA all-star leapt off a waterfall and into his watery grave. The suicide of a celebrity is never easy for a nation to handle, especially when it has been completely made up by myself. I'll miss you Larry, even if you weren't a riff machine like Dimebag.

Sam McPheeters: Sam was tragically crushed to death under the hype of his new band THE WRANGLER BRUTES. The blame is being placed primarily on the fingers of people who have not been involved with hardcore punk in years, typing on the internet that they are "stoked" to hear a band "making punk interesting again." McPheeters will always be remembered for his bands Born Against and Men's Recovery Project, and for running Vermiform Records. He will also be remembered for spending a decade complaining about hardcore punk, but then starting a hardcore punk band just to show how funny it is. Hahahahaha haha-
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hahahahahaha!!!!!!!!!!!!!!!!!!!!!!!!!!!!!!

Mantooth: Don't you wish. You will never get rid of me! You hear that, McPheeters? I slander you with glee! I mock your value system! I am fucking invincible!

Mike Thorn: I killed him and have been wearing his skin for months. I believe it gives me special powers, such as invincibility.

ENDNOTES:

1) While I am still coherent, I would like to say: *go Steelers*!

2) I was going to write a response to Elliott Lange's review of CONELRAD *The Final Dissolution*, but I'm all tuckered out. Now that I reread it, I would say the only part I have a problem with is the comparison to Mike Patton's vocals. That makes no sense Elliott. You made eagles cry.

No.

Let's set a couple of things straight here first, before I start to go into detached analysis mode. I am a Socialist in the sense that I believe government—if we are to have one at all—should do everything in its power to take care of the basic needs of its citizens (health care, housing, food, etc.), and be a thoughtful and sensitive participant in worldwide affairs, with a healthy measure of tolerance and moral responsibility towards humanity in general. It should be willing to correct its mistakes, and have full accountability to its people. I also do not think these are impossible goals—with luck and a shitload of work they may be reached within our lifetimes. Naturally, this would require a massive redistribution of wealth and the corresponding decrease in standard of living for the top 10% of people who control the vast majority of this wealth. The fact that this idea is actually considered radical today stuns me. In the last election on November 2, a large percentage of the poorest people in America voted overwhelmingly (again) to make themselves even poorer, and to make the already obscenely rich even richer. This has been touted by the media and their "exit polls" as being the result of the "moral values" vote, as we all know so well.

Though this block (around 22% of those who voted, according to those polls) has been given a far more important status than they deserve, the fact remains that nearly all of them voted for Bush and other Republican candidates—candidates who have grown more and more open about their intent to establish nothing less than a theocracy under The Jesus. Meanwhile, Islamic fundamentalism is on the rise worldwide, while hardcore Israeli Zionists cast them-

selves as a new Jewish Orthodoxy and grow less rational with each day. Taking the histories of these faiths into account, people are getting around to asking exactly what the "moral values" are that inspire people to turn into violent asshole maniacs who kill others over their religion. The standard line is that they are merely opportunists who are exploiting faiths that are founded on just principles for personal gain. Thus, the reasoning goes, someone with a private faith in The Jesus or Mohammed who does not participate in organized religion is exempt from any affiliation with the actions undertaken by fundamentalists. I'm not so sure, however, that this is the case, as even a personal faith involves a willful submission to these prophets and the religion/ideology they created. The question is to what extent these faiths are, in fact, good at their core, and indeed, whether they are a good idea in any form.

Like many people I know, I am at core a non-religious person. My mother practiced a very non-intrusive personal version of Roman Catholicism (yes, I know that seems like a contradiction in terms); my father's childhood faith started out Greek Orthodox, converted to Roman, and was finally discarded shortly after his placement in an orphanage run by rather humorless nuns. Though I went to church with my parents on Christmas and for bigger family gatherings (my uncle is a Salesian priest), I never learned any of the hymns or prayers beyond "The Lord's Prayer." I was there for the Italian food more than anything. At home, evidence of Catholicism was minimal. I recall a dusty Bible on one of the bookshelves in the basement library, which I would periodically flip through at random to find juicy bits of sex and gore, but I don't remember ever seeing the Bible anywhere else around the house. I was baptized very young, and much later took first communion just to know what The Jesus' flesh tasted like. It all comes down to food, and in this case the food tasted like cardboard (I figured The Jesus' flesh would be a little more succulent). On top of this, they only gave me a sip of wine, so any measure of reward for this faith seemed lacking. With no pressure at home, I just didn't bother mucking about with the stuff.

To me, it all seemed (and still seems) logical. A lack of faith in a monotheistic god did not imply a lack of moral and ethical grounding in my childhood. For the most part, science, rationalism, and a trusting community of like-minded people were (and remain) my guiding lights, and secular humanism my ethical underpinning. Though science can be wrong, and in fact makes a point of publicly correcting itself when it is, the humanism is key here—a recognizance that we are, indeed, capable of more than other animals. The great modern evolutionist Richard Dawkins' book *The Selfish Gene* dealt with the theory that genes, referred to as "Replicators," are the base unit of life on earth and are solely concerned with their individual multiplication. Thus, life is amoral at base. The organism itself is a mere vehicle, more or less at the mercy of its genes. Yet Dawkins, often unfairly accused of being a genetic determinist, stated in the last line of the book: "We, alone on Earth, can break free from the tyranny of the selfish Replicators." We are not blind to the suffering of others. Empathy and understanding are the ideal outcomes of awareness of our unusual nature, and amoral selfishness and solipsism simply seem best avoided if one does not want to be overwhelmed by ennui and loneliness—not to say that one cannot be lonely while surrounded by people, or content in surroundings that are a relative void.

Absolutes tend to make me suspicious, and the most convincing explanations/arguments I generally hear with regard to the varied phenomena of the universe are ones proven to be most likely true by proper application of scientific methodology. Yet scientific method does not apply so much to matters of the heart, or to many of the larger questions about our existence and its purpose. Selected reading of philosophical, psychological, and religious literature is good. It grants perspective, some insight into other people's ideas, and interesting stories. As with many secularists, the philosophies of the East, particularly Buddhism and some aspects of Taoism, seem to make more sense to me in an intuitive manner, like the idea of not being a slave to one's desires, of letting nature take the reins enough to instill in one a clear mind and potentially a sense of transcendent wonder, free from the self-imposed limitations of the senses. This idea seems logical, and is a humanist idea at base.

I personally feel that the true god, if indeed there is any at all, lies within. Yet is there room in this for absolute faith in a supreme being? Where is the room in this for the idea that a demanding, monotheistic God can ask a man to nearly sacrifice his own son for this faith, as God purportedly did with Abraham? I think the answer lies in the interpretation. To a questioning mind, the story of Abraham can be seen as a metaphor in that, much like the inherent hesitance to give up on grasping for our desires, we must be willing to sacrifice all that we hold most dear in order to truly recognize the way of the world. In this sense, Eastern and Western tradition can be said to intersect. Both encourage ultimate submission to a greater force. This is seen as pivotal to any true enlightenment. Yet the difference, as I see it, lies in where the dominant force that drives the individual into submission comes from. The Judeo-Christian god is anthropomorphic. According to the Abrahamic religions (and their like), we are of God, made in his image. God, as a supernatural humanlike individual/deity, is easily interpreted as representative of people dominating each other through action that is not necessarily justified. Man's brutality is a fact of life, and as a truth of our nature this is not an invalid interpretation. The Eastern traditions and the newer traditions of the European Enlightenment (mostly based on Greek and Roman Humanism) plus its later 19th—and 20th—century philosophical spawn also acknowledge this brutality. They are, however, at base calling for a submission to nature; to an order greater than ourselves as individuals or any given individual, for that matter. Including an old God interpreted as, essentially, a man. This is a vital distinction, and a key difference.

The problem with being raised in such a secular atmosphere is that I have never been able to wrap my head around western fundamentalism. I just don't really get it. Sociopolitically, culturally, and historically I understand the reasons for fundamentalism's rise in these—Islamic, Christian, Jewish—traditions. The manipulations involved in their rise, and the reasons for power-hungry individuals to promote ultra-orthodox thought are generally anything but subtle. Fundamentalism's usefulness as a device for economic domination and conquest has been proven time and time again throughout recorded history. Like many secular people, I tend to look down on fundamentalism and its adherents with no small measure of detachment and superiority. Under this thin, smug veneer, however, I am profoundly fearful of it. I do not understand why an average person, often against what would seem to be their best interests, would choose to become nothing less than psychotically drunk with self-righteousness, believing that those who do not see things in the same way should be punished. I suppose for them it would be fear as well, and the need to cling to a faith when everything seems so shaky around them. The thing is that faith itself seems to be a big part of the problem.

Like most people, I have tried to keep an open mind. I have often asserted that the foul actions of "true believers" like George

W. Bush and Osama Bin Laden are horrible misinterpretations of what are essentially peaceful faiths. Yet I have increasingly come to believe that the problem is in the very base of these traditions, and I feel that, perhaps despite some of the literal intention of their original prophets, they were immediately developed as measures of control. They are intensely patriarchal, encouraging faith in a "father superior" represented by their respective prophets, and have been literally at war with each other and everyone else since they began. To tell someone they are nothing but an animal (i.e., at the mercy of a power greater than them) does not seem at base an evil thing, but under more enlightened philosophies (including Buddhism, relatively human iconography-inclined as it is) even the best teachers acknowledge that they, too, are part of nature as a whole and not some eternal shepherd to guide their flock of followers. On the other hand, under the Abrahamist faiths, man is considered to be separate from nature. In their turn, Jesus and Mohammed were, and always will be, divine prophets who were superior to the ordinary person in ways that cannot be comprehended until death, when the individual ascends to some level of personal divinity (assuming their faith in God and his prophet did not waver). By then, of course, it is too late to have any effect on one's life.

The casting of the prophet as divine encourages at least some degree of submission to central human power, which is seen by the vast majority of people as a necessity in the traditional social life of much of civilization as we know it. Leading US Muslim liberal Abdul Rauf, in his book *What's Right With Islam*, maintains that even *shar'ia* (the now-notorious Islamic legal code that has been used as a basis for hideous atrocities such as stoning "adulterous" women to death) should be understood first and foremost as a moral framework for the promotion of five all-important facets of human existence: life, mind (i.e., psychological well-being), religion, property and family. In bad times, religion and tradition confer stability. Rauf essentially argues that the average person is blind, and thus capable of great damage if allowed to freely choose their actions. By this logic, a true welfare state (secular and nonjudgmental, brought about through a social contract wherein the government provides for its citizens' basic human needs in exchange for compliance with the laws of the land) can be seen as a very bad idea, as the idea of lending a helping hand/assistance to those having bad times without also extending a religious tradition or ideology as part of the package can lead to people continuing to make poor choices with what they have been given.

Churches have always been in the business of helping those in need to varying degrees, and only in the last century (in the wake of Marxism and the Enlightenment) have people been able to rely on the state for support in Western societies. Barbara Ehrenreich, in an article titled "The Faith Factor" (*The Nation*, November 22, 2004), discusses the emergence of hundreds of mega-sized evangelical Christian churches and their increasingly central role in extending social services to America's needy:

"Today's right-leaning Christian churches represent a coldly Calvinist tradition in which even speaking in tongues, if it occurs at all, has been increasingly routinized and restricted to the pastor. What these churches have to offer, in addition to intangibles like eternal salvation, is concrete, material assistance…A woman I met in Minneapolis gave me her strategy for surviving bouts of destitution: 'First, you find a church.' A trailer-park dweller in Grand Rapids told me that he often turned to his church for help with the rent. Got a drinking problem, a vicious spouse, a wayward child, a bill due? Find a church. The closest analogy to America's bureaucratized evangelical movement is [the strictly Islamic] Hamas, which draws in poverty-stricken Palestinians through its own miniature welfare state…What makes the typical evangelicals' social welfare efforts sinister is their implicit—and sometimes not so implicit—linkage to a program for the destruction of public and secular services. This year the connecting code words were 'abortion' and 'gay marriage': To vote for the candidate who opposed these supposed moral atrocities, as the Christian Coalition and so many churches strongly advised, was to vote against public housing subsidies, childcare and expanded public forms of health insurance. While Hamas operates in a nonexistent welfare state, the Christian right advances by attacking the existing one."

The major Abrahamist religions have begun to make major moves back towards the near-total social and political hegemony they enjoyed throughout the dark ages. The 20th century's great experiments of communism and social democracy have, for the most part, failed. Economics, cultural uncertainty, and fear have since driven ever-increasing numbers of people into religious fundamentalism in search of safety and a sense of belonging, a sense of order in an increasingly confusing world. We cannot, however, simply erase the 20th century's unprecedented inclusiveness of worldwide good ideas along with the bad legacies it produced. While the rise of often-secular totalitarian regimes in the 20th century was truly a terrible thing, with their accompanying mass slaughters and attempts at control of thought, in comparison to the sheer longevity of suffering their antecedents in the churches and mosques inflicted they were rank amateurs.

The idea of a return to the unyielding traditions of old is mind-bogglingly contentious in this new reality, as there are simply too many people who now realize that the word of a theocrat, priest-king, or mullah is not absolute and unwavering. Neither is the word of their holy books. Jesus went east (likely to India) and returned with ideas that are, at base, incompatible with the Abrahamic religious beliefs that he tried to fuse them with. The Eastern traditions and the legacy of the Enlightenment (for the most part) tell us that Man, though an interesting creature indeed, is still but a speck in the purview of nature as a whole. On the contrary, Man is everything in the mind of a Judeo-Christian or Islamic Supreme Being, because "God" is essentially perceived by these religions as a manifestation of the power of Man and his divinity above all other earthly things. This basic difference in worldview has left the door open for unspeakable atrocities across the centuries that people have inflicted upon each other in the name of religion. Though people are naught but vehicles for selfish Replicators at our genealogical core, and thus prone to some atrocity regardless of religious motivation (or lack thereof), Abrahamist religion has been employed as a highly unstable, mutable agent in this purpose far more effectively than any other religious tradition the world has ever known.

The grasp for absolute meaning by reactionary, uncomprehending minds, and the subsequent actions directed upon others by those minds once they have convinced themselves that they are absolutely correct, have an effect not unlike that of a large, flat rock thrown into a tranquil pool: the ensuing ripples have the power to unsettle even those who are beliefs are grounded in tolerance and a deep skepticism of absolutes (especially as they apply to values), engendering a fear in them that leads to reactionary thinking of their own. My awful realization is that I have become something of a reactionary myself, hell-bent on discrediting those who would judge, try, and punish those of my ideological ilk. It's now at the point where I instinctively hate, fear, and judge these religious people myself—just

like they do to me.

"We read in the Old Testament that it was a religious duty to exterminate conquered races completely, and that to spare even their cattle and sheep was impiety. Dark terrors and misfortunes in the life to come oppressed the Egyptians and Etruscans, but never reached their full development until the advent of Christianity. Gloomy saints who abstained from all pleasures of sense, who lived in solitude in the desert, denying themselves meat and wine and the society of women, were, nevertheless, not obliged to abstain from *all* pleasures. The pleasures of the mind were considered to be superior to those of the body, and a high place among the pleasures of the mind was assigned to the contemplation of the eternal tortures to which the pagans and heretics would hereafter be subjected." –Bertrand Russell

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As I've written in the past, sometimes it seems like DIY hardcore has become the victim of its own success. A lot of people I talk to think there are just *too many* records coming out, along with too many lackluster, generic, and boring bands. On the other hand, if you take the time to listen to a lot of records and go see a lot of bands, you will see that there is some really outstanding music being made today. One frequent criticism I hear is that none of today's bands will stand the test of time. I don't think that's true at all. Sure, many bands will be forgotten, but great art is just that—great art. Twenty years from now it won't much matter if a record came out in 2004 or 1994—if it's good true fans will seek it out and get into it. That said, the tidal wave of new releases coming out right now and the tendency of labels to do smaller and smaller pressings means that a lot of records show up on the radar for such a short time that a lot of people miss them. I understand bands and labels being conservative about pressing large numbers of records due to financial constraints, but pressing 300-500 records pretty much dooms you to obscurity in the big picture. For what it's worth, here are a bunch of 7"s I've been amped on lately. I tried to focus on small labels and less known bands. Although some of these bands get a lot of recognition, I think they are all ragers.

BULLET TREATMENT / SHELL SHOCK – split EP (Puke N Vomit) - This one totally took me by surprise. Two unknown (to me at least) SoCal hardcore punk bands, and both totally shred. Shell Shock has a really gritty hardcore punk sound maybe a bit like Abrasive Wheels mixed with Poison Idea. Both of their songs are catchy and powerful. Bullet Treatment plays catchy punk/HC that reminds me a lot of bands like CH3, who mixed UK punk with SoCal hardcore in the early 80s.

INCONTROLLADOS – *Hvem vil det gavne?* EP (Kick 'N' Punch) - I am super stoked on this Danish band. Raw HC/Punk like AMDI PETERSEN'S ARMÉ or DS 13. Has that lo-fi early Dischord sound. Simple, catchy songs full of energy and enthusiasm. It's a little sloppy at times, but still great.

COLD SHOULDER – *Business As Usual* EP (Bloodyknuckles) - This is some sick tough hardcore that's in your face and heavy. I guess there are a lot of bands playing this style right now, but I never see anyone jocking this EP. I saw these guys live this summer and they were pretty intense.

CAREER SUICIDE – *Signals* EP (Slasher) This is on a new label and I don't know what kind of distribution it's getting. CAREER SUICIDE is one of my very favorite bands right now. If you aren't already 100% amped on this band, it's time to get into it. If you are already a fan, seek this one out. Great, fast, and snotty HC like the FREEZE or FU's. Every song is super catchy, and the vocals are amazing it's like 1982 all over again. This is destined for a future volume of *Killed By Hardcore* in 2024.

GONNA FALL HARD – "Slap by Gandhi-Head" EP (On) One of the great mysteries of the hardcore scene is how Italy went from having one of the very best scenes of the 80s, to one of the worst by the 90s. Although there are still great people involved in the Italian scene, there have only been a handful of truly awesome records from this nation in the last ten or more years. Here, however, is an Italian band to get the juices pumping. GONNA FALL HARD plays tough, fast, aggressive hardcore that mixes thrash styles of bands like DS 13 and LIFE'S HALT with more of an early Revelation hardcore sound like CHAIN OF STRENGTH or NO FOR AN ANSWER. And there is for sure some early AGNOSTIC FRONT in there as well. This is one is on a new label and sure to be a sleeper, but worth seeking out.

DETERMINATION – "Push It As Hard As You Can" EP (Broken Heart) I'm surprised more people aren't amped on this Austrian band. I saw them open for NINE SHOCKS TERROR in Graz at a show attended by maybe ten people. These guys play a great mix of early Dischord-styled '82 hardcore and late 80s youth crew. The guitars have a really fuzzed out sound, and the riffs really recall early DC and Boston bands. The vocals are shouts of angst with strong youth crew type backing vocals.

MARTYR DÖD / SUNDAY MORNING EINSTEINS - split EP (Instigate) Two of the best Swedish bands team up for a total head eruption aural onslaught. Martyr Död plays black metal-tinged Swedish HC with haunting guitar melodies over hammering Käng attacks. Sunday Morning Einsteins turn in what I think are their best tracks yet, totally raging hardcore with just a tinge of metallic crust.

AFTERMATH – "Goodbye to Washington" (Grave Mistake) Aftermath plays really tough, angry hardcore without delving into metal or mosh styles. The vocals are reminiscent of early SHEER TERROR, but the music has less of the CELTIC FROST metal edge that Sheer Terror had. Really pummeling, aggressive, in your face, manly hardcore. But as I said, unlike a lot of the tough hardcore bands these days, there isn't any metal/mosh going on, just tough HC. There's no double bass or super down-tuned guitars. Would be great for weight lifting, or for playing at the dojo, boxing gym, or tattoo shop. These guys are all big dudes you wouldn't want to stab in the back, either.

86 MENTALITY – EP (Grave Mistake) Another tough harDCore band. These guys have a totally gritty 1982 hardcore sound like Negative FX, early Agnostic Front, or Negative Approach. Burly riffs and growled vocals. We played a house show with these guys in DC and it was like playing the graduation ceremony at a gladiator school. So aggro and pissed off! This would be great to listen to while you plot revenge against your enemies and plan to vanquish your foes. They did a tour with DEAD STOP who also *rage*. DCHC 4 LIFE.

DIRECT CONTROL – EP (Kangaroo) Richmond ragers bang out six tracks of totally raw, 1982 style hardcore. If you blindfolded me and played this for me I would think it was some Boston or Midwest band from 1982. I'm really looking forward to their upcoming LP on My War.

TARPIT "Wake Up" EP (Collapse) Sick, heavy HC like THINK I CARE or INFEST. Punishing and heavy with tooth-pulling breakdowns and jackhammer riffs. This is sick like an outbreak of a deadly epidemic in an overcrowded slum. I can't listen to it

without the muscles in my neck tensing up and my teeth clenching. If I had to dispense some dance floor justice on some backstabbing poser I would for sure do it during the breakdown in the last song on Side A.

AGAINST EMPIRE / HOLOKAUST – split EP (Threat to Existence) Unholy, raw crustcore from these two Southern California bands. America is awash in generic crust at the moment, but these two bands stand out. AGAINST EMPIRE plays some heavy Scandinavian style crustcore with a tinge of metal. HOLOKAUST plays great, dirty, D-beat raw punk. Has the desperate production of an early 80s ripper like SHITLICKERS or MG15.

AFTER THE MASSACRE – "The End" (Wasted Dream) Someone told me they thought this 7" was too generic. But I'd rather listen to generic raw hardcore punk like this all day than some art student band that is "pushing the envelope." AFTER THE MASSACRE plays really lo-fi, raw D-beat. The EP sounds like it was recorded in one of those cement mixing trucks you see slowly rotating down the highway. Such a sound would crucify most bands, but for this style it's perfect: raw, scratchy '82 Scandinavian style hardcore. I really like the bass lines on this one, along with the raspy vocals and the ANTI-CIMEX / SHITLICKERS style "chicken scratch" guitar solos.

BLACK SS – EP (Third Party) I saw these guys a few times this summer and their demo was great. Totally raw, pissed off early 80s style hardcore. These guys could easily fit in on *Boston Not LA*. Most numbers are upbeat, fast rippers, but they slow it down to a super catchy mid-tempo pace on a few numbers. This has a lot of hooks and meaty riffs, and has cemented BLACK SS as one of my favorite new American bands. It's just catchy enough not to be balls out thrash, but just intense enough to still be high energy hardcore.

FOURTEEN OR FIGHT / REPOS – split EP (Gloom) This Chicago HC/punk slab is like one of those issues of Marvel Team Up where your two favorite super heroes get into a fight with each other, then unite to defeat some super villain. Great garage-y hardcore by the REPOS—they have almost the same sound that some of the Japanese bands that mix Boston hardcore and garage punk have. FOURTEEN OR FIGHT turns in some sweet posthumous tracks on the flip. Each song is pissed off and aggressive, yet this has some great hooks that will have you humming the songs long after the record leaves the turntable. There is also a subliminal MOTORHEAD influence on the last track.

SILENT BUT VIOLENT – EP (Parts Unknown) OK, everyone compares these guys to UNIFORM CHOICE. And you know what, they do sound almost just like UNIFORM CHOICE! But, this band is far from generic or shoddy in their dedication to this sound. Great amped up late 80s styled hardcore that falls in between bands like UNIFORM CHOICE and CHAIN OF STRENGTH and maybe stuff like NEGAZIONE or INDIGESTI. And if you liked Pat Dubar's vocals, you will love SBV's vocals. These guys did a split 7" before this record which is also worth tracking down.

DFA / UNDER PRESSURE – split (Flowerviolence) UNDER PRESSURE also has a great 7" on Sound Pollution and a split with BLOOD I BLEED out right now. They play an intoxicating mix of Japanese hardcore, burly 70s rock, and thrash. Pained vocals, totally thick riffs, and rocked out drumming make every song a hammer blow to the cranium. DFA are fellow Canadian thrashers who lay down the challenge on their side. They play some great, high-speed crossover hardcore. This shit would give you high blood pressure if you listened to it too much.

RIGHTEOUS JAMS – "Boston Straight Edge" (Anger Management) This band gets a lot of press, but I don't think most people know this 7", which I believe is the demo put to wax. Really sick late-80s-influenced HC like WARZONE, UNDERDOG, or OUTBURST. This band has a lot of imitators, but I think they stand out from the rest in this style. Tough hardcore with funky beats and bass lines, as well as a dub reggae number. I have a theory that this sort of groove appeals to young hardcore kids who grew up listening to hip hop instead of people my age who grew up listening to rock. I've seen these guys live a few times and they are pretty bomb. I'd love to see a band in this style go one further and add a horn section or DJs.

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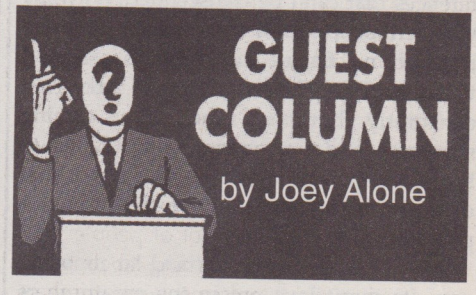
To wrap this up, here's an amusing story from my youth.

In 1987 I was sadly *not edge*. I lost the edge in '86 and started doing lots of drugs and drinking. I didn't wise up again until, like, '94, so that will give this tale some perspective.

In the summer of '87 I was eighteen. I hitchhiked from DC to SF and hung out on the streets of SF all summer. I got a ride back through Boulder, Colorado where this big anti nuclear protest was going on. While I was there, Youth of Today played. They played in the unfinished foundation of a house that was under construction. There's a bunch of photos of this show in that *All Ages* book Rev put out.

At the time I was pretty much a crusty gutter punk kid. Like a lot of people who lose the edge, I sort of forgot that the movement was still going strong elsewhere. I just figured that if it was over for me and the DC hardcore scene, it must be over everywhere. So it never even dawned on me that Youth Of Today would be a straight edge band. Remember, this was before straight edge made a come back; in those days there were only a few straight edge bands. It was this Youth Of Today tour that really jump-started that whole new school straight edge movement.

Anyway, I was helping fund my cross-country trip by selling this really good acid I bought a sheet of in SF. It was called "green triceratops," and I'd been selling it at parties, shows, and to kids on the mall in Boulder. It was some really excellent acid and I thought these Youth of Today dudes might want to score a few hits off me. After they got done playing I ambled over to them and told them how much I liked their set. Then I was like, "hey man, I just got here from SF and I've got some really good acid, green triceratops, you guys want some?" Man, they looked at me like I was the devil incarnate. The one dude got in my face and almost acted like he wanted to fight me, I think this was Porcell. The other guys calmed him down and told me, "No way man, we're a straight edge band." I was like, "No way, dude." Then they started arguing with me about how I was destroying the minds of the youth and such. I retorted that Reagan was doing more to destroy the youth than all the drugs in the world, and we really had to take a stand against government, nuclear war, and multinational corporations. They didn't really see my point and I went back to drinking malt liquor in my ignorance. This story is pretty embarrassing now since I am an edge-man in good standing, but good for a laugh regardless.



In the little Puerto Rican diner that serves two-dollar breakfasts on Havemeyer Street, the yellowed walls are covered here and there with little *National Geographic* maps of the old world and the great isle of Puerto

Rico, mounted with peeling scotch tape. Joe's Cafe is a golden hole-in-the-wall hiding among the walls of the grand honky promenade of Williamsburg, and nearby Bedford Avenue on Sunday is reminiscent of a parade ground for *Spin Magazine*. And there are, of course, the new sprouts in the neighborhood—the goofy-ass little boutiques that sell some of the most impractical and irrelevant shit this side of Beverly Hills, trinkets that although expensive as hell and almost completely useless, are still stylish and would look great in your loft space. But forgive me, I digress... Over the process of sucking down my eggs and coffee and reading my Lee Stringer book, I overhear some puff-jacketed thug dudes talking about boxing, and someone getting an ass-beating in the projects, while another dude is sharing his prospects concerning a mugging spree he went on at four in the morning.

"Yo, I got me four last night, and two of them dudes was *loaded*!" One of them passes me a flyer for a party on Broadway. "DA NIGHTMARE B4 CHRISTMAS! Ladies Free All Night Long! 5$ Men. Ladies 18 to Party 21 to drink. Men 21 and Over. Dress 2 Impress. No Hoodies No Du-rags No Exceptions. Tight Security. Doors Open @ 10pm." That the honkies and the hipsters of nearby Bedford Avenue and the Puerto Rican thug dudes of the projects can share such close quarters, pass each other on the street daily, and have almost no collateral damage result—save for a couple of the honkies getting mugged every once in a while—is one of the many proofs of greatness in the city of New York. It's a comparatively weak example when held next to the million examples that occur in this great five-borough city each day, but it is still one of the great anomalies of New York. Like any sprawling and packed human development, there are many cliques in this town, many pompous social clubs, many walls and defenses raised, but at least there are no differences that can't be transcended, no walls between people and classes that can't be jumped, no fences that can't be slipped through. Though cramped and tight and constantly bumping shoulders, people somehow end up getting along, however begrudgingly, and getting to know each other, however faintly and vaguely, in the process.

New York is not something to romanticize. Its merit lays not in the greatness of itself as a city so much as its ability to make *people* great. If you pay attention, this city is a great teacher, and it'll build character in your ass faster than a tweaker can build odd-shaped pieces of useless furniture. Like my man Lee Stringer said, "Most of us are seeking to thrive these days, where once it was the struggle to survive that made us great." In order to function without going mad in this town, in order to make it through the day without getting beat down by the shitty comments of strangers and the near-death experiences due to the assholes who choose to drive a car on little Manhattan island, you realize that there are lessons you must learn, and you must learn them quick, such as Show Love, Don't Take Anything Personally, and most important of all, Don't Sleep! You're immersed in a sea of humanity. If you fall asleep in this town and lose track of its many clunking gears and swinging punches you will soon be clobbered, and it can be hard to pull yourself back up, especially when twenty-two-ounce bottles of Ballantine Ale only cost a buck twenty-five.

And the noise this city makes! Christ, it is a beast of grandiose proportions! Sitting on the toxic beach of the fan plant on N. 7th Street in Brooklyn, you can hear its beastly roar like a gigantic chugging machine all the way across the East River. The City of No Patience is a goddamn disaster, constantly alternating between comedy and terror, intrigue and anxiety! Like San Francisco, only much more extreme and alive, and lacking the obnoxious air-headed mellowness. Everywhere you look, there are people! People on foot, continuously bumping shoulders. People arguing, shouting, dancing like fools, telling strangers to get outta the way, grumbling, laughing, suburban tourists from Jersey cluelessly and sheepishly trying to avoid the disaster, homebums scrounging for aluminum cans, hip hop kids dancing like idiots in the middle of crosswalks, seventy-year-old perverts sitting on benches drooling and ogling passing businesswomen—it's fucking terrific! You bear witness to a thousand different conversations and arguments each day yet you only catch a tiny slice of each one.

People can be sick and cantankerous as all hell, but like I said, Don't Take It Personally! Some old grumpy bag threatens to sue my ass after she bumps into my back wheel while I'm locking up at 675 Madison Avenue. "Yeah, yeah, you have a good day, miss." "No, *you* have a good day!" She was so angry, I don't even think she realized what the hell she was saying! Some guido from Jersey almost flattens me with his car, then rolls down his window and says, in perfect drawl "Listen, you little peesa shit, I could take you out in a minute!" Straight out of some sleazy mafia movie. The old women that share the building that a friend of mine grew up in are some of the most cantankerous people I've met in recent memory — nasty ol' dagos, they scream and shout at Charlotte and tell her she's a filthy dirtbag. I wanna sock that old bag Maria in her gut, her and all the other mean old witches of Elizabeth Street, especially after she slashes Charlotte's tire in a fit of childish rage. But when its time to stop being angry about it, it's actually pretty funny.

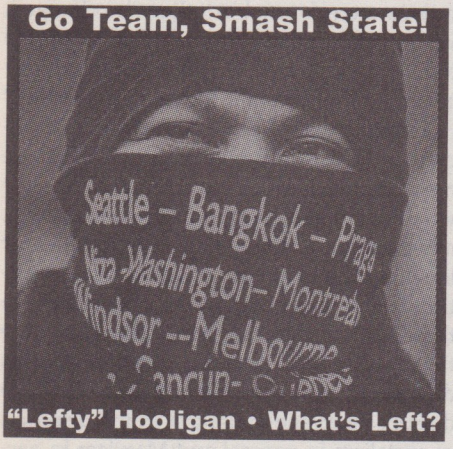
Aside from the often-hilarious frustration, anger, and impatience that permeates the streets of business-day midtown like a fart, there lies, on every block south of Fourteenth Street, an element of scheme and suspicion. On Delancey Street near the alphabet avenues, every kid and his mother is trying to look tough, rocking all the latest expensive hip hop attire, and the honky boutiques and hipster bars focus their energy on looking cool and suave more than they do on looking hard. It's a funny game to watch everybody playing, everybody strutting their shit on the slimy streets, the sidewalks thick with the grease of humanity. Everybody prancing like the rich women of Park Avenue do when their small dogs are in tow, showing off these hilariously deranged little mutant creatures like they're trophies. Everybody seems pretty oblivious to how ridiculous it all seems—but that's what makes watching it all so fucking great. And it's what makes New York City the greatest in America. You can't take anything seriously enough to be irritated by it, and life becomes a beautifully told joke. Life is inherently tragic and hard, but New York makes it funny and therefore makes its hardships easier to deal with.

One of the things that makes me so sad for Chicago is its own general tendency—and this is a long part of its history—towards self-segregation, whether by a conscious will, by resentment and fear, or by laziness, such as never bothering to venture into a different neighborhood, or never having the guts to talk to residents of a different turf. It represents the larger tendency of humanity to sometimes separate itself into cliques and put up walls, to withdraw from society and willfully segregate, whether by comfort, fear, or convenience, to the company of those who're more like you—in appearance, in interest, in beliefs, and in lifestyle. It's a self-limiting mentality that's close but not quite the same as the horrifically dismal suburban mentality of social and societal withdrawal into private fantasy lives of video games, cars, internet porn, and fast food. The way you participate in society is by living in it, by choosing to be a part of it, to live in the presence of strangers and

sometimes share contact with them, by choosing to live here with the rest of us. And that's the only way that you can reap the benefits.

In these ways, Chicago and New York are almost polar opposites, in the way that New York, to me, by default—by its own cramped and shared quarters—represents faith, hope and possibility, and Chicago—by its own insecurities and self-limiting inferiority complexes—represents stagnancy and wasted potential.

I've never felt more filled with hope in any other city than in New York. Humanity has never made more sense to me anywhere else. I've never been so able to easily laugh off the shit and drudgery, the ugliness and the assholes of life in any other city. No other city has ever seemed to me to represent so much hope, so much potential and human possibility. For all the self-important nonsense that New York talks about itself, for all the insecurities that New York causes in other cities, for all the grunts and gripes that New Yorkers talk about each other, it truly is the greatest—but definitely not the only—city in America. Just don't fall asleep.



Liberté, Egalité, Fraternité!

French revolutionary battle cry, 1789

Peculiar word, defenestration. It means the throwing of a person or thing out of a window. The word gained prominence from the Czech practice of throwing disliked politicians literally out the window and to their deaths, as in the 1419 and 1618 Defenestrations of Prague. The word has lost its association with political assassination and gained new definitions in geek-speak. It has come to mean various activities done with GUI windows in a computer operating system. The Unix manual on replacing Microsoft's Windows with a different operating system altogether is titled "How to Defenestrate Your Computer."

I'm occasionally reminded of the word when I take a particular route for my walk through the neighborhood. The Defenestration Building is at the corner of 6th and Howard, a long abandoned four-story structure converted into urban artwork. Over thirty pieces of furniture and home appliances are rigged as if flying or crawling out the second, third and fourth floor windows or off the roof; peculiarly bent lamps, assorted warped chairs and couches, a wardrobe with perpetually shiny mirrored doors, a refrigerator taking flight with door ajar, a Dali-esque grandfather clock. Welded together by local artist Brian Goggins, the building was installed on March 9, 1997, in conjunction with a street festival of "performances in the style of Dada-Vaudeville, Felliniesque processions and Marx brothers' circus acts" put on by various Bay Area artists, performers and musicians calling themselves the Urban Circus. The Urban Circus event was memorialized in a series of P.T. Barnum-style painted murals and tableaus covering the boarded-up first floor that included the Tattooed Twins, Madame Bureau, Sir Sinkface, and Lady Lavalamp. Over the years, this bottom story has fallen into ever-greater disrepair, with panels of art damaged, stolen, or covered over by more contemporary spray-painted graffiti art. My favorite piece is the arc of metal chairs welded together as if leaping from the rooftop on the 6th Street side, significantly overhanging the sidewalk, which gives me a pleasant queasy feeling every time I walk beneath it.

The building-sized artwork is appropriately located on San Francisco's equivalent of Skid Row, where such furniture can be found abandoned in the streets, much like the cast-off and unappreciated residents of the neighborhood itself. The Defenestration Building is not only a metaphor for 6th Street, but also for American capitalism in general which is busy tossing various aspects of Johnson's Great Society and FDR's New Deal out the window. The US economy is being de-industrialized, its welfare state dismantled and its middle-class prosperity dismembered in an unprecedented capitalist austerity drive intended to reduce this country to Third World banana republic status. In turn, this is part of a worldwide capitalist dynamic in which the nation state is being defenestrated in the creation of a truly global ruling elite and a migratory international workforce. Despite Marxism's generally bad prognostication and torturous historical convolutions, its prediction of a world increasingly polarized between *bourgeoisie* and proletariat is coming about with a vengeance.

About time we resurrected defenestration's original association.

Union contracts for northern California grocery workers with Safeway, Ralphs and Albertsons expire on January 15, right around the time the cooling off period in the hotel workers strike/lockout comes to an end. Next issue I might be writing from the flying picket line once again. Needless to say, I'm not planning on doing any tree planting in the near future. Aside from working out my own politics by going to one of its principle roots, namely workers and their struggles for a better life, the class war is definitely heating up. Mind you, I'm not starting completely from scratch in my search for where to go from here. I have learned a thing or two in the thirty-five plus years I've been doing politics. First among these lessons was the need to defenestrate all manner of utopianism from my thinking.

Undoubtedly, I was my most utopian when I first got politics after the tumultuous worldwide events of 1968. As an idealistic sixteen-year-old anarcho-pacifist I believed that social revolution was right around the corner; that it would occur spontaneously and nonviolently when everybody realized things were completely fucked up, and rose up to overturn the present social order; that the day after the revolution, religion, the nuclear family, and nationalism would all simply evaporate as would individual greed, aggression, competition and jealousy; that state power, social classes and hierarchy, and private property would be immediately abolished; and that the new revolutionary social order would naturally resolve conflicts between individual freedom and social equality, the individual and society, city and country, intellectual and manual labor, humanity and the environment, etc. in one grand communal unity.

It's been said that an anarchist is someone who argues with liberals as a Marxist, and with Marxists as a liberal. I jettisoned pacifism early on in my evolution in favor of a revolutionary left anarchism by the start of the 1980s, arguably the height of the Cold War with the Free World faced off in Mutually Assured Destruction against the Communist Bloc. Or as I often said at the time, it was a Free World that wasn't free and a Communist Bloc that wasn't communist. I contended with my liberal friends that only a cooperative society based on the abolition of commodity production and wage labor was just, while I quarreled with my Marxist-Leninist associates that only individual rights and personal initiative could guarantee a truly free, innovative society. I gradually developed from an anarchist to a left communist during the decade of the 80s,

yet even before I stopped calling myself an anarchist I had defenestrated the utopian notion that social revolution was imminent. I spent nearly a decade thinking that The Revolution would break out any day now and instantly transform everything and everyone. Needless to say, it was difficult to confront the election of Ronald Reagan and retain any shred of such an illusion. By the late 70s, actually, I had come to realize that social revolution was not likely to happen in my lifetime, and that my motivation for doing politics had to shift from apocalyptic millenarianism to having fun and creating community over the very long haul that social change in this country would entail.

Abandoning my anarchist delusions meant disabusing myself of several other utopian ideas as well, the main one being anarchism's naïve notion of abolishing power. Any revolution by definition is the imposition by force of the interests of one part of society over another, an initial exercise of social power that is inescapably authoritarian. I moved away from the "utopian socialism" at the heart of left anarchism by reading Marx and becoming a left communist, which doesn't mean I immediately recognized the essentially utopian vision in Marxism of a stateless, classless, borderless global human community. Instead, I considered Marxism realistic because it grasped that total social transformation involving the abolition of *bourgeois* individualism, capitalist competition and commodity domination required unrelenting class warfare and the revolutionary organization and activity of working people as a class.

The end of the 1980s and the beginning of the 1990s witnessed the collapse of the Soviet Union proper and its Eastern European satellite regimes, effectively shattering the Communist Bloc, not to mention the Left's illusions that the Bloc constituted any kind of alternative to global capitalism. Pundits promptly proclaimed capitalism victorious internationally, even going so far as to declare the end of history. When capitalism's cheerleaders pronounced free markets the only game in town I was already in the only opposition that really counted: the Marxist ultraleft. Anarchism's rise to political prominence as the supposed last redoubt of anti-capitalist resistance, and its simultaneous decline into theoretical incoherence and activist mush at the turn of the century only underscores the need for a little Marx in the struggle against capitalism. I don't regret defenestrating anarchism for Marxism by 1989, even though back then I was starting to have my doubts that all social contradictions would be dialectically superseded by the achievement of communism.

I was beginning to see matters not as contradiction but as paradox. In the Hegelian dialectic which Marx stood on its head, two contradictory elements co-evolve over time, yet reach a final stage when their contradiction is superseded once and for all. Thus human history is one of continuously changing class struggle, until communism supersedes class society altogether. By contrast, a paradox is something that never really goes away, an interaction between opposites that might take different forms over time, yet never comes to an end in some greater synthesis. Which brings us, finally, to the quote heading this column, the French revolutionary rallying cry for liberty, equality and brotherhood. (Translate the latter term into unity or solidarity for a more PC version.) In my anarchist days, and even when I was a fledgling left communist, I thought it possible to create a social order based simultaneously on absolute freedom, equality and unity. Essentially, communism would transcend any contradictions between them, or so I assumed.

I no longer see things that simply.

History has tossed up numerous societies without any freedom, equality or solidarity whatsoever, but none that managed to combine total freedom, total equality and total unity. Freedom and equality in particular seem to be locked in a self-limiting, mutually exclusive paradox. Greater individual freedom comes at the expense of social equality, and a leveling equality costs the individual in personal liberty. This is not to say that a classless communitarian society based on "from each according to ability, to each according to need" is impossible. From millennia-old aboriginal tribal societies to Israeli kibbutzim still around after seventy-five years, relatively communistic social orders have existed, and even thrived. None have managed to transcend the tension between individual freedom and social equality however. Communism might be achievable, but it won't automatically make people happy or resolve all their problems.

If there is no social utopia that can magically supersede the conflict between individual and collective, freedom and equality, planning and autonomy, city and country, intellect and labor, then the tension central to such paradoxes needs to be seen as a creative frisson crucial to social health and improvement. Accepting the importance of dynamic paradox, I think a collectivist society risks certain stagnation, if not inevitable decline, by completely eliminating individual initiative and creativity, much as a cooperative society guarantees a lack of inventiveness and development by doing away with all forms of competition.

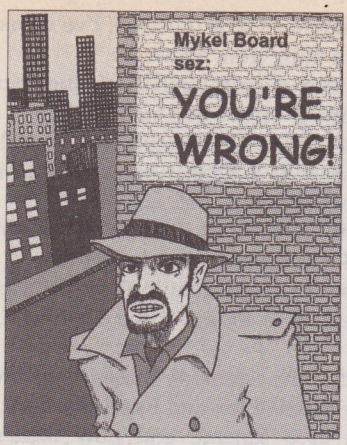
One necessary implication of seeing things in terms of paradox instead of contradiction is that humans are no longer considered endlessly mutable, meaning that all of us have something irreducible about us as a species that amounts to a human nature. I've argued in a past column that Marx himself had a concept of human nature based on human sociality and praxis. It's a vulgar, reductionist form of Marxism in fact to argue that human nature is entirely the product of the economic mode of production, that human greed, competition, pride, aggression and jealousy are solely the product of the capitalist mode of production specifically or class society in general, and that they will vanish once working class social revolution ushers in communism and abolishes all social classes. This is not so much a gross simplification of Marx as it is a logical extension of the Enlightenment notion that all such human deficiencies are caused by deficient or corrupt social institutions which will disappear when said institutions are reformed or otherwise changed. What could be more utopian than to believe human nature can be changed simply by changing the economic mode of production?

I'm fully aware of the conservative implications that a concept like irreducible human nature holds. I myself have begun to wonder what traditional social forms—family, tribe, nation, race, religion—might be essential for life in society to remain possible, not to mention bearable. I certainly no longer believe these will all miraculously disappear come the revolution. I promise to continue this discussion next issue (if the class struggle doesn't intervene), taking it in the direction of socialism in general and Marxism in particular, about what might need to be defenestrated from them to make them viable once again.

I'm not done talking about utopianism by the way. That focus comes from rereading my Leszek Kolakowski. Parts of this column were shamelessly cribbed from his "How to be a Conservative-Liberal-Socialist."

Date to print: 1/15/05
For MRR #262 (3/05)

PERSONAL PROPAGANDA... To find out my real name purchase my book, *End Time*, from AK Press (POB 40682, SF, CA 94140-0682) for $10. The book is called *Fim* in Portuguese and can be ordered from Conrad Editora (R. Maracaí, 185, Aclimação, 01534-030, São Paulo-SP, Brasil) for R$ 24,90. I can be contacted at hooligan3@mindspring.com.



I have an idea that some men are born out of their due place. Accident has cast them amid certain surroundings, but they have always a nostalgia for a home they know not...They may spend their whole lives aliens among their kindred and remain aloof among the only scenes they have ever known.

—W. Somerset Maughn

(NOTE: *I've changed the names. They are my family after all)*

It was weirder than a happy Democrat. The sudden realization. The shock. The discovery, like finding an Asiatic knot in the wood of your family tree. I am an alien. I am from somewhere else. A stranger in an earthly body, memory erased, but other-worldliness intact. I don't belong. I don't fit in here. I am in this world, but not of this world.

I've already had a rough week. Email from Germany says that Manny, a pal of mine, took a flying leap to nirvana from his 6th floor balcony.

Just a few months ago I saw Manny for the first time in 30 years. It had been a step into the past. We had a great time. Then, poof, he's gone.

Now, my cell phone vibrates on the table next to my computer. On the wood it sounds like a buzzsaw. ZZZZZZZZZZZZ. ZZZZZZZZZZZZZZ. ZZZZZZZZZZZ.

I hate cell phones. I hate phones, period. In fact, I disconnected the ringer on my home phone. People leave messages. I return calls, occasionally. I got a cell phone because both my parents are old and sick. If one or the other kicks off, I need to know about it. A few relatives and close friends have the number. That's all. I call it *the death phone.*

"Hello?" I say into the infernal mini-machine.

It's my cousin, Irv, on the other end, calling from South Carolina.

"You told me only to call you when someone dies..." he says, in a strangely up-beat voice.

I wait.

"Well, Sherwood died this morning," he continues. "The funeral is in Lansing on Friday."

I let my breath out slowly. It's only Sherwood, a guy I see at huge family gatherings once every two or three years. About 73, he is...er...was a thin, frail guy with great compassion, a *mensch*. He was one of those people on the periphery that you never have anything bad to say about. You rarely think of them when you don't see them. They're nice, but unremarkable.

He was dedicated to our family. In touch with all sides in family feuds, he remained the voice of civility. A pillar of his community, he was president of the Lansing synagogue. Eulogy worthy, but not a main character in my life. I'm wondering if I should go to the funeral.

"Are you going to the funeral?" I ask.

"Of course, Rebecca (his wife) and I are driving up this week. I already talked with your sister and she says she's taking a plane out on Thursday."

"Okay," I tell him, "I'll let you know my plans. Thanks for calling."

I hang up and check the internet for flights from New York to Lansing. They cost around $1000.

As it turns out, for $850 less, I can fly into Detroit. Irv will meet us at the airport. We can all stay with Rusty in Ann Arbor, which is between Detroit and Lansing.

Insert character sketches here:

Irv is about three years older than me. The son of my mother's sister, his father died in a car wreck when he was less than six months old. His mother raised him in Flint, Michigan. Until recently, Irv was the CFO of an internet company. His income was $1000 a day. Irv's job tanked when the internet bubble burst. He hasn't been working since, and now finds himself in a position where he might have to sell his plane. Rebecca is his wife.

Rusty is Irv's best friend. They've been friends since elementary school. They've stayed in close touch. Rusty is a lawyer. He's a large guy who lives alone. You can learn a lot about him through a short conversation we had during this funeral trip. We were discussing artificial sweeteners. Someone mentions *Mannitol.*

"Isn't that what they use to cut cocaine?" asks my sister. "I heard it on TV."

"No," says Rusty, "it's got a name like that, but it's something else." He stops to scratch his bald head.

"I should know this," he continues. "I defend those guys."

End of character sketches.

I meet Ellen, my sister, at the airport. She introduces me to a young married couple she just met.

"They're going to Michigan for a wedding," she says.

I hold out my hand. "I'm Mykel," I say. "I guess Ellen told you we're going to Michigan for another occasion."

"We know all about it," he says. "Marriages and funerals: the only times families get together."

"Are you staying in a hotel?" asks his wife.

"No," replies my sister, "we're staying with my cousin's friend. We're very close. He's like the brother I never had."

Flash ahead to landing. We get off the plane at Detroit airport. It's gigantic. Neither Ellen nor I have any idea where to go. A sign above points straight ahead to *Baggage Claim*. We have no baggage to claim, but that's where Irv and Rusty are waiting for us.

"You can go upstairs," says the guy in town for the wedding. My sister moves toward the stairs.

"But there's a sign that says straight ahead," I say.

"You can also go that way," he says.

"Let's go that way," I suggest. "We won't have to carry our bags up the stairs.

We walk down the long corridor toward the baggage claim. The corridor goes on forever. Usually, my sister and I don't talk very much. She lives a two kid, two car, suburban life. Her husband's an accountant. A large American flag flies in front of their house. Their daughter is a cheerleader.

It would be nice to make contact. What better occasion than the funeral of a peripheral family member? Sympathy is always a terrific icebreaker.

"This has been a tough week," I tell her.

"Mmmmm," she answers.

"I just heard that a German pal of mine threw himself off a building," I say, expecting a *that's terrible* in answer.

"Oh look," she answers. "There's a chocolate stand. It has my name on it. I should buy something for the kids. They'd love it."

We walk into *Ellen's Chocolate Shoppe*. Ellen loads up with chocolate, all in boxes with large *Ellen*'s stamped on them.

"The kids will love these," she says.

"At least they won't jump out a window," I tell her.

She doesn't get it.

Again we start the trek to baggage claim. It's been miles. The *Baggage Claim* signs have completely disappeared. We're lost in the airport. Ellen calls Rusty from her cell phone.

"That's what I told him," she says into the phone. "I said we should go upstairs. He

wouldn't listen. He insisted on walking. Anyway, we'll see you outside the middle door."

She hangs up and tells me, "Irv said we should have gone upstairs and taken the monorail. I told you we should have gone upstairs."

"You didn't know the train was upstairs," I answer. "Neither of us has ever been here before."

An official looking colored woman, in some sort of uniform, is walking towards us. I step forward to ask her directions. My sister cuts between us.

"Do you know how to get to baggage claim?" she asks.

"You could walk down that way," she says pointing in the direction from whence we've come. "Or, you can take the monorail upstairs."

"See," says Ellen, "I told you we should have taken the monorail."

"You didn't even know..." I start, then think twice about it and shut up.

We take the monorail to the baggage claim and then go out the middle door. Outside I look around for Irv and Rusty.

"There they are," says my sister.

I look, but see nothing.

"Over there," she motions to a black Lexus SUV parked by the curb.

In the front seat are Rusty and Irv. We put our bags in the trunk and climb into the car.

"Cool car," says my sister.

"I knew there'd be company," says Rusty, "so I bought an extra car. What took you so long anyway?"

"It was Mykel," says Ellen. "I told him we should have taken the monorail."

The ride from the airport to the house in Ann Arbor is uneventful. We travel through a residential neighborhood, then pull into a garage in front of a large house. The Lexus parks next to a BMW convertible.

"That's my other car," says Rusty.

Inside Rusty's house are relatives: Rebecca, Gertie, and Joel, brother and sister cousins of mine. There's also Leah, daughter of Irv and Rebecca. The last time I saw Sherwood was at Leah's wedding, her second one, the one where her daughter was the bridesmaid.

Besides relatives, Rusty's house contains the biggest TV I've ever seen. It's one of those plasma deals, on a stand, as tall as I am and as wide as my apartment. On it is CNN, with the sound off. The final noticeable quality of Rusty's house is the food spread. Bagels, lox, cream cheese platters full.

"I have this stuff shipped in," says Rusty. "It costs me a bundle, but it's worth it. Wait 'til you try them."

"I get my bagels free," I say. "At 9PM, the local bagel place just leaves the uneaten ones in plastic bags by the front door. I get 'em by the dozen. Free."

There is silence. Cousin Gertie looks at her watch.

"Hey," she says, "it's time for ER."

They change channels on the television and lounge on the leather couch in front of it.

"Oh that's ...." one after another they name characters on the show, and various details of their on-screen and off-screen lives.

Who are these people? I don't feel like I'm in the same species, let alone the same family. Even in Mongolia, I wasn't this disconnected from the people around me.

Later, we retire to our various rooms for the evening. In the morning, before the funeral, there's another spread of fresh bagels.

We arrive at the synagogue early. Walking in, I exchange my fedora for a yarmulke. I can see Sherwood's wife, and his sister, standing far from each other, talking with well-wishers. His wife and sister hate each other. Sherwood married late in life, and his sister resented "losing him." It was only the unifying efforts of Sherwood that kept the family together.

The synagogue soon fills up. There must be a hundred people, maybe more. This guy was really popular. I'm surprised that so many people can like someone who was just nice...only nice. It's reassuring in a way, like a Hollywood movie.

People from the congregation, from the old neighborhood, family members I've never met—one by one they mount the bimah to extol the virtues of Sherwood. A pregnant woman with a baby makes a speech that brings tears to my eyes. I've never seen her before, but she's an old pal of my sister's.

The last speaker is a man about 30 years old. Pudgy, slightly balding, a little mustache just graces his upper lip. He climbs the stairs up to the bimah with a stagy lift of the leg and sweep of the hand. He stands at the podium and faces the congregation, inhaling sharply. For a few seconds, he's silent. He adjusts his yarmulke. An anticipatory tension builds in the congregation. He grips both sides of the podium, then begins to speak. "I first met my Father-to-be Sherwood when I was fifteen and knew everything," he says.

A few people chuckle.

"Little did I suspect what he would mean to me."

As he speaks, the guy projects his voice and intones like a preacher. I've never seen such a thing from a Jew.

"...and even though I left the fold," he continues, "Sherwood stood by me."

He adjusts his yarmulke. "I stand before you now as a Baptist preacher, and as the son of Sherwood...he...I...."

His voice cracks. Tears roll down his cheeks as he struggles to continue. I feel a tap on my thigh. Cousin Gertie whispers in my ear. "He always hated Sherwood," she says.

After the ceremony comes lunch. We just ate a massive lox and bagel breakfast, shed tears at a funeral, and now there's this spread. This massive layout of more bagels, potato salad, fruit, herring, gefilte fish. I don't know. I sit empty-plated at the table. One by one my relatives return with plates heaping with food.

"Whassamatter?" says my sister. "You're not hungry? You're *always* hungry. The food is right over there. You don't have to take a monorail to get to it."

I'm still not hungry.

After lunch, the crew waddles into a funeral procession to Bay City. Bay City, home of my mother and Madonna, is as far North as you can get without being Canadian. Icy wind blows in from Lake Huron. Now, in November, snow covers the frozen ground.

At the cemetery, my grandparents are the only ones who are warm, covered, as they are, by six feet of insulating earth. Those above ground stand huddled as best we can, waiting for the hearse to arrive.

Irv and Rebecca have found my grandparents' grave and are trying to arrange a photo.

"Come on," says Irv, "I want to get all the cousins together. This is the first time we've all been together at Bubby and Zadie's grave."

My sister and I and all our cousins arrange ourselves on the grave, making sure that the headstone is visible behind us. A non-cousin snaps the photo. We move to the hole in the ground where Sherwood will soon live...er...inhabit.

We stand waiting in the freezing Bay City wind. It's as if Sherwood and G-d were conspiring to give us all frostbite, then pneumonia, and finally the ultimate family reunion.

About thirty of us now huddle around the vacant hole in the ground. There's no Sherwood.

"Maybe he didn't take the monorail," says my sister.

Eventually—a long, cold eventually—Sherwood shows up, carried by half a dozen men who lower him first onto a stand, then

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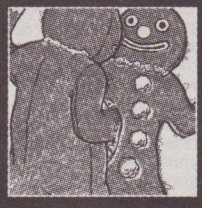
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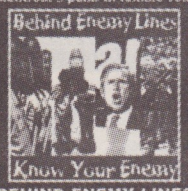

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into the ground. One by one, guests take their turn at the shovel.

After the rabbi intones the last words, it's time to go home. I'm freezing. I want warmth. To get in the car. Sherwood's insulated now. I want warmth.

Peripherally, I catch sight of Ellen. She's crying in the arms of some relative she's never met before.

"It just won't be the same without Sherwood," she sobs. "We won't have a family, our family, without Sherwood."

We've seen the guy half a dozen times in the last ten years. What is she talking about? She never mentioned him once when he was out of sight. She barely knew him. What is she crying about?

I feel my blood pressure rising. A vein in my forehead throbs. I want to yell at her. To tell her to stop. To say it's all so stupid. But it's too cold for me to speak, so I walk to the car.

I sit in the car with Gertie's husband. Right now I feel closest to him. He too is an outsider, here because of a recent marriage, not really part of any of this. I wonder if he's as angry at his wife for moaning in pain at this as I am at my sister. What hypocrisy! What...

Then, like a stroke, another thought runs through my head. I shouldn't be angry at my sister. She's doing nothing wrong. People cry at funerals. They say stupid nice things. That's what they do at funerals. What's to blame? Why am I so angry?

Then I realize my anger isn't at my sister, but at my situation. I don't belong here. I'm not part of all this. I feel locked outside. They've got a club and I'm not a member. They don't deny me membership, but I don't understand the club rules.

I ride in the car with Gertie and her husband. Harvey follows in his car. My sister, Irv and Rebecca and their daughter Leah take the Lexus long after we've left. When we arrive at Rusty's house, the BMW is gone and so is Rusty.

We enter the house through the unlocked front door. Irv, Rusty, my sister, and Leah are not there. We settle down. I go to the refrigerator and open the only beer, a Stella Artois. Everybody else, except Harvey, sits around the giant TV.

Harvey is a second cousin, I think. He's the grandson of my grandmother's sister, part of the Canadian branch of the family. He's an economist, and a big supporter of globalism.

We've been having a running debate through several family affairs. He picks up where we left off at my niece's Bat Mitzvah.

"What impresses me," he says, "is what I read in this book. It's called *The Lexus and the Olive Tree.* The author talks about going to Thailand. There he met this girl who was selling trinkets in the street. She was barefoot, in rags, but when the author went up to her to buy something, she said, 'I hope the Baht (the Thai currency) stabilizes soon.' The author asked her how she knew about economics. She pointed to a bank. 'I own a share in that.' she answered."

"That impressed you?" I ask. "Why?"

"Because it shows how globalization can let even the lowest people own something. They have a share. They feel part of the society."

"That's not what impresses me," I tell him. "What impresses me is that she was barefoot. She was in rags. What good did her one share of bank stock do? She may starve to death, but all is right with the world because she owns one share of a bank? I don't get it."

As I say all this, it occurs to me that he is thinking in a way I just can't. He is experiencing the world in a way that makes no sense to me. He's an educated guy, a kind of scholar. Yet his point of view is so whack that I can't get my brain around it.

"You don't understand," he says.

He's right.

I look at my watch. The others haven't yet returned. They're probably off at some party, getting stupendously drunk as happens when that branch of our family gets together. I'm out of it, of course. Not part of that club.

Pissed, I leave a message on Irv's cellphone.

"I don't know what disco you went to," I say, "but we're all here in Rusty's house waiting for you. Next time you should take us with you for the fun."

It's more than a half hour before they return.

"We went to visit my mother's grave," says Irv, walking through the door. "I didn't want to come to Michigan without doing that."

Boy, do I feel like shit. What was I thinking?

After more food and TV, Ellen speaks to me.

"I want to check my email," she says. "Can you set up the computer so I can get into my AOL account?"

"Why do you still have AOL?" I ask her. "Don't you know that they have *parental controls*? They can follow you around and spy on everything you do?"

"I like parental controls," says Leah. "It keeps them from seeing all that pornography."

"What's wrong with pornography?" I ask.

"Not for children," she says. "Why should they see all that stuff? Then where's the mystery? Once they see it, where's the mystery?"

"Mystery shystery," I say. "Try Sherlock Holmes, or Agatha Christie if you want mystery. Sex is friction. Uh, uh, aaaaaaaaah!"

"Oh Mykel," she says, "where's the intimacy? The romance?"

"Be intimate. Be romantic," I say. "What's that got to do with sex? Sex is fun. It feels good. You don't have to burden it with mystery, intimacy, romance. Jeezus! It's screwing, for G-d's sake. Don't you know that countries where pornography is freely available have fewer sex crimes than those that forbid it? No crimes, just sex."

My outburst is not appreciated.

"You think the way children see society is helped by pornography?" asks Harvey from somewhere behind me. "Just look at the disgusting display by Janet Jackson."

I whirl around like a TV cowboy knocking off someone behind him.

"That was a breast, G-ddamnit! Just a breast!" I shout, losing self-control and all sense of funeral-tude.

"It was a tit, a jug, a knob, a rack..." I start.

"But Mykel..." he tries to interrupt.

I'm having none of it.

"Bazooka, boob, bosom, cantaloupe..." I'm on a roll. "A dug, hooter, knocker."

"Mykel stop," says my sister with that final word lowering tone, like a pet owner telling the dog to stop humping the leg of a guest.

Me? I'm berserk, shouting now.

"HALF A PAIR! A NORK! A HEADLIGHT! A GRAPEFRUIT! A GLOBE! A TWEETER! AN UDDER..."

Suddenly I'm aware of the silence. The entire room is staring at me. Open-mouthed, their eyes have the look of fear you might see in a crowd facing a rabid dog. I break off my rant and go into the bedroom to play on the computer.

Yes there's more, but I'm running out of steam and space. We need to cut to a commercial. Then the credits. At the end, I leave Michigan before everyone else. Rusty drives me to the airport in the Lexus. I thank him for his hospitality, take my small bag and enter the terminal. I do not take the monorail.

ENDNOTES: [*Visitors to my website: mykelboard.com or subscribers (email to: god@mykelboard.com) will receive a few extra endnotes. There are just too many to keep up with.*]

—>*Oi (vey iz mir) dept.* What is it with the Japanese? VCRs, DVDs, video cell phones,

cars, punk rock? Do they do *everything* better than the rest of us?

I dunno, but with the exception of the great WORLD WAR IX...(You can't get New Yorker than those guys!), all the best stuff is coming from Japan. They may live in New York, but lick my sushi, they're Japanese.

Besides PEELANDER Z, already in the top ten of NY bands, we now have the Japanese "Oi band" STACKERS. To me, they sound more funpunk than oi. The lead singer does have an amazing Ian Stewart sound-alike voice, but the stage antics, attitude, and tight, fast playing, are nothing you'd want to stick a skrewdriver in.

Contact 'em at www.geocities.com/stackers_oi. Tell 'em Mykel-sensei sent ya.

—>*Shameless? Let's hope so dept: Shameless* zine reports that in Portland, Oregon lies *Misty McElroy's Rock'n'Roll Camp for Girls.* The campers, all girls from eight to eighteen, learn how to play guitar and drums. They also study stage lighting, sound, and "self-defense." Eight year old rock'n'roll girls!!! Yowzah! They're gonna need that self-defense. The rest is optional.

—>*The end of a free country dept:* Holland is one of those countries I point to with a *nya nya*, when someone asks me to name someplace with more freedom that the US. But will that last?

Fierce zine (Spring 2004) reports that Rotterdam police arrested five men for "whistling at passing women." This is part of a large "pro-respect policy," newly put into place by the Giuliani-like mayor.

Just what Holland needs...a Giuliani.

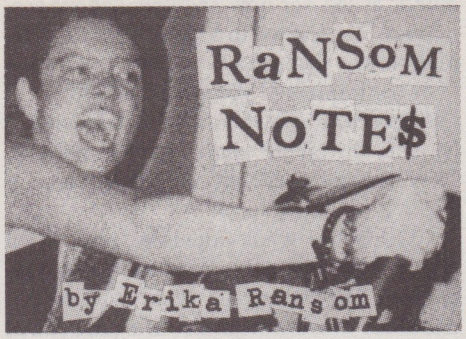
—>*Jew of the month dept:* This month I pick an obvious choice. A linguist who is right about almost everything political, and impenetrable about almost everything linguistic. Of course I'm talking about Noam Chomsky. For those who don't know, Chomsky got his start studying Hebrew. An early scholar of the Semitic languages, he branched out into general linguistics with the notion that the basic rules of language are "hard-wired" in the human brain.

Nowadays he's more known for his political analysis than his linguistics, but in all cases, he's a Jew that makes me proud to be one.

—>At the speed it's taking to get my two latest books out, I'd have time to write each word on a slip of paper and float them to Thailand on a tsunami.

Shelly Jackson has come closest to that method. She is tattooing individual words of a 2,095 word short story...one to a person. I'm not sure how to get in touch if you want to volunteer for a word, but you can probably find out on the internet.

As for my books: you can read about my forthcoming book of columns at: www.hopeandnonthings.com/pages/IAMe-ist.html. (That's hope and NONthings, not nothings.) Information about my forthcoming book about Mongolia will be at www.gcpress.com... at least I hope it will.



Stars Over Zorro

The night was inky black and chilly. The stars were out. I was sitting on a wooden bench outside the Zorro squat in Leipzig, Germany. Getting some air into my lungs, getting a moment to myself, clearing my head. Trying to catch myself in time and space, feeling a little bit on the edge of the world.

The day had cracked in Berlin, looking up at an anti-fascist banner on the wall. It was early morning when I hazily woke up in my sleeping bag, coughing from all the smoke that filled the Kopi the night before. Cramps had wrenched me awake, and I felt my insides twist. I got up, and soon blood flowed in chunks into a strange German toilet. Menstruation had come quick and painful, and had joined forces with my hangover and the lack of sleep. I almost puked on the floor between my legs as I felt the contractions tighten around my spinal cord.

We said groggy but sincere goodbyes to the old German punk who had taken us in, and I pulled my wool jacket closer around me as we went out into the day. Walking back to the squat, I watched my boots on the cracked cement through plastic sunglasses, telling the sun to go to hell. I felt something nasty creeping up at me, and my throat burned. But I didn't care that I felt like shit. I had pushed myself through the edge of night into dawn. It had been the Kopi Anniversary, and a glorious second show of tour.

That night, miles away to the south, out in the courtyard at Zorro, the wind was nice and crisp as I tried to relax for a minute looking at the stars. THE PROFIT$ had just finished playing, and my voice had gone to hell and sounded like shit. Something was making my throat shred, and it was disappointing to be hoarse after traveling so far to play. But the show was good otherwise. The punks were fun and welcoming, and the other bands rocked, especially ACTAO DIRECTA from Brazil and NEURON from Germany.

It was great to see Scaba—former kick ass singer of PROVOKED—at the show selling all kinds of interesting alcoholic shots. I had a few that made me breathe fire, trying to kill whatever was stuck in my throat, as she told me the story of how she moved to Leipzig from Minneapolis. After visiting for few weeks in Germany to help book PROVOKED's European tour last year, she never wanted to move back! I couldn't blame her. Zorro seemed almost enchanted. The building was an abandoned factory for a long time, until squatters started living there. Over several years, many people worked hard to create a place humming with activity and full of life. There was a lot going on. I kept getting turned around, going up and down the large main staircase from the concert room where we played with its own bar, through a smaller room and bar in the basement to get outside, or upstairs to the kitchen and sleeping room past rooms that looked like bicycle repair shops and artist spaces. It was cool to see the handwriting of several people we knew on the walls, as there was graffiti everywhere from bands and travelers visiting over the years.

After the show was over, a few people and the bands spending the night went upstairs to the kitchen. There was a long wooden table, elevated and built into the floor, with raised benches surrounding it, and bottles of beer for everyone. It was good to hang out with ACTAO DIRECTA and the rest of the crew that night, talking about tour and life.

There was, however, a moment that made me pause. I was in the dormitory room, and put my sleeping bag on a cot. Then I went back out into the kitchen. All at once, I saw all the band members from the night, a large group of punks sitting around the table, and I suddenly noticed that they were all men. Except for me, of course. I was the only band member with a clit at the table. What the hell? It happened almost at every show we played on tour. Why weren't more women on stage? Fuckin'A!

The night went on, and eventually, we all went to sleep, or at least tried to. There was Lucho, *el monstro*, snoring loud enough to wake the dead! His roars shook the entire room. He wasn't a man, he was a snoring devil!! Damn!

Welcome to the Czech Republic

Welcome to the Czech Republic

As I mentioned, Jon Active was kind and generous enough to book our tour. Up 'til this point, Sloma (who was driving us in his van) knew exactly where he was going. It was familiar territory. Our Monday show in Most Vtelno, Czech Republic, was the first show that we had to rely on directions and maps to get there. Jon had forwarded us all the information provided by the show organizers, and for a few of them, their comments were a little vague to say the least. I remember the email saying something like, "Don't worry, Most is a small town, so it will be easy to find." Ha! This was only the very beginning of the great adventure forthwith known as, "getting really, really lost somewhere in Europe with four amazed American punks who only speak bad English and worse Spanish, and two Polish punks who speak bad English, excellent Polish (especially swearing), some German and a tad of French." I could be wrong. I could only pick up the Polish swearing after I had heard it enough times! The bad English of both parties is all I'm sure of. The map we were given was even more vague than the directions. It looked like five lines with an arrow pointing to a dot in the middle. That was where we were supposed to go! By this point, I was sick and a mess and just thankful that I didn't have to drive.

Anyway, hours later, after cruising through the Czech countryside at night, with much cursing, confusion, and looking at the stick and arrow map, we finally made it to Za Vraty. We were told that the place was an old tea factory now holding community events, and that the punks were glad we finally showed up! By the time we got there, I was so happy and delirious I almost fell out of the van. My voice was totally gone, curses and all, which, again, was very disappointing. There were, however, three great things about the show.

For one, I had my first Turkish coffee, which is a big moment in a coffee drinker's life. It is the equivalent to a hiker climbing Mt. Fuji or Mt. Everest. It's intense. Unfortunately, at the time, I had no idea what I was getting into. I was not prepared. I was used to everything from beautiful take out deli espressos in paper cups to bitter gas station coffee pots, but not this. The friendly woman at the bar handed me a small coffee, in a clear glass with a spoon. It looked like instant coffee, with the grinds floating on top, which I saw often enough traveling in Central America. So, I took a seat, stirred the coffee well, and took a big gulp, coffee grinds and all. Now, that's strong. The grinds didn't dissolve, so I stirred again and took another big gulp. On tour I haven't yet found a coffee that I can't drink, so I wasn't dismayed. This particular coffee was just chunkier and the grinds stuck between my teeth.

Sloma sat across the table from me, looking at me like I had gone mad. "What?" I asked. "No, this is Turkish coffee," he explained. "You wait for the coffee grinds to settle on the bottom of the glass. Then, you drink the clear liquid on top."

"Oh. That makes sense." Good to know.

DISEASE from Spain played, and I thought they rocked. Reminded me of the old school hardcore that I grew up with. Also, they had an entire group of people traveling with them who were fun to meet. We just had with us the mighty Lucho, *el monstro*, who snores away your very soul! (You rock!)

And of course, the third and best thing about the show was the punks and organizers who made it happen. After driving around lost in what seems the middle of the world for hours, having a few people show up to a Monday night DIY show and give us a chance, a warm welcome, warm food and a show, made a big difference to a touring band. Thanks so much!

Good Luck Tour 2004

Our good friend Nina traveled out to Most from Prague by bus, and was let out on the highway. She hiked for about an hour on an unlit road in the middle of the Czech countryside to make it out to the show (and still arrived before we did). It had been a year since she moved out of Boston, and it was great to see her. The very least we could do was drive her back to the city so she could make it to work the next day. Plus, we were all welcome to stay at her apartment, and it would give us more time to hang out on our day off. The plan seemed reasonable, and off we went. This was our first big mistake of tour—going to Prague. Ha!

The tour gods were laughing! Like sailors listening to the Sirens and blissfully unaware of their impending doom, we enjoyed Tuesday afternoon taking in the sights of the old city. Like everyone else visiting the city we walked by the gothic and beautiful Charles Bridge with the Vltava river snaking below and the castle on the hill, and went through the open market which sold everything under the sun.

It was a fine, glorious day.

I usually don't buy things on tour, but in one of the many vender booths a small blue glass bottle with a metal top caught my attention as a gift for Meredith, my kick ass sister. While I was counting out my korunas in the crowded souvenir shack, a miniature wooden doll hanging on the wall caught my eye. It was a model of a Russian *matryoshka*, or babushka doll, the kind that open up and get successively smaller. This tiny, cheap doll was on a key chain—not much more than a little piece of hurriedly painted wood, but very cute.

A moment later out in the plaza I held the doll on the key chain up towards the sky, showing it to Adam, Rich, Brian, Lucho, Nina, and her friend. I happily proclaimed, "Just what we needed! Our good luck charm for tour!" Smiling, all of us in a good mood, I attached the damn thing to my belt and we began walking back to the van. The Sirens were singing loud and clear.

A half hour later, we were back at the parking lot where Sloma's van was parked. It was still the middle of the afternoon, and the place was busy with traffic and people walking through. Rich got in, and a moment later said, "Hey, where is my bag? Did someone move it?"

He seemed worried. I got in the van too, and noticed my bag was missing as well.

"Did someone move the bags?" I asked. By this time Rich was plowing through the bags and gear in the back with increasing speed. Everything was the same as we had left it only a couple of hours earlier—all the gear was fine, the van looked fine, except our bags were missing.

"Oh shit," Rich said, final-like, and pissed off. "It's not here."

At this point, all of us were searching through the van, moving everything. "What do you mean, it's not here?" Adam asked incredulously, trying to be helpful.

"It's not fucking here. Someone must have stolen it," Rich said, in that intensely threatening but still calm way that only a truly angry and repressed Bostonian can pull off well.

"Shit. My bag is gone too," Adam said.

"The side door was open when I got here," someone said.

This was absolutely, by all means, the very worst moment of tour. I will never forget the look on Rich's face. He started looking around the parking lot for someone to kill. At least the van and gear were fine. We were extremely lucky bastards in that regard. Other bands have not been so lucky! As it was, an unwise choice to leave the van unattended for only a couple of hours in the middle of the day cost us Adam and Rich's day bags, and my two bags. Everything I had brought on tour, except for thankfully my guitar, was now gone. The only thing I had with me was what I was wearing at the moment. A pair of black long shorts, striped knee socks, and two black t-shirts. My favorite clothes, including the sweatshirt

with all the patches I've had for years, my studded vest with the WITCH HUNT patch, my tour journal, and even my wool jacket was gone. And, as the afternoon wore on, I could already feel it getting colder as we stood in the parking lot. Much worse, I had left my wallet in my day bag, along with my passport. Oh, and all of my money too. Even the money I was hiding in one bag in case my wallet was stolen. Fuck! Adam and Rich also had their passports in their bags. Gone. Stolen in a heartbeat in downtown Prague in the middle of the day.

Our tour came suddenly to a screeching, grinding halt. We weren't going anywhere.

Now, before you wise-ass punks on bulletin boards start thinking how this would never happen to you, think again. It was a mistake that nobody was watching the van for that moment. We fucked up. Shitty things happen. And for us, now we know better. Take this story as a warning.

Beware of devil dolls in Prague!

Ransom End Notes

>La Rivolta! is happening in Boston on March 5-6 in celebration of International Women's Day 2005. The weekend will feature activist workshops, food, and two shows with some of my favorite bands, including BEHIND ENEMY LINES, WITCH HUNT, THE PROFIT$ (of course), and even COJOBA from Puerto Rico. I can't wait! I think every punk scene in the United States needs a show celebrating women's radical activism, solidarity, and music, at *least* once a year. I will let you know how it goes. Thanks again to CLITfest '04 for so much inspiration. At the moment, the organizing for the weekend is keeping me and the La Rivolta! collective busy. A list of bands and other information can be found at http://www.larivolta.org

>This is the third segment in my attempt to write a novel (ha!) about THE PROFIT$ European tour of October, 2004. Once again, with feeling, George Bush can go fuck himself.

>Check out THE PROFIT$ new discography at http://www.theprofits.org. Maybe you missed it the first ten times I mentioned it. Oh well, it took us five years to make all that noise!

> Brother Blue is an eighty-year old storyteller I know from the cable access station. He wears all blue clothing and has a blue butterfly painted on his cheek. Although he looks like a magician and a freak, he is amazing at and famous for what he does. He has a television show where he talks for an hour, telling a story with his words and body, and it is usually quite gripping. Blue, as we call him, has traveled the world several times telling stories in the traditional way about his own life and African American heritage. He is a poet and an odd but very honest and open man.

He came into the station the other day, looked at me and said, "Erika, what is going on with you? You look different. I think you are becoming more of yourself." His statement struck a chord with me. Change is good, but can be hard. Thanks to all the friends recently who stayed up late drinking whiskey and talking about life, called to say "hello" when I was feeling blue, answered my nagging questions, and stood by me when I felt like I was losing my head. That's what friends are for. Thanks so much. You rock!

>First person to send me a good fanzine gets something free from Propaganda Machine. How's that for propaganda? Seriously, send something that will tickle my brain to: Erika Ransom/ PO Box 391273/ Cambridge, MA 02139/ USA.

In Solidarity and Sisterhood, Erika

Just when you finish your best-of-2004 list, 2005 creeps up and drops yet another pile of vinyl on your head. Welcome to another year of worthless columns, trite opinions, obsessive collector hoopla, and bad jokes. I'd say I'm looking forward to it, but the fucking D-beaters decided that they like THE PONYS and MONOSHOCK too, so I'm having fight tooth and nail to get shit in a timely manner. You don't see me stealing their thunder and buying limited DISWHATEVER picture discs. Fuck no. Shit, you'd almost think people were reading this column!

While I used to have a relatively easy time dishing reissues, the past couple of columns have featured next to nothing as far as old shit goes. Not this month! I'll always have something to write about as long as there are Dangerhouse releases left to be reissued. If you have half a brain, you've gobbled up the recent replica bootlegs of the RHINO 39 and ALLEYCATS singles. This month, a certain *MRR* coordinator's dream comes true with a legit reissue of THE BAGS' "Survive/Babylonian Gorgon" 45! Artifix Records, who are no strangers to THE BAGS (see the *Disco's Dead* EP from last year), did a bang up job with this reissue and anyone who's ever heard it can attest to its lofty status. Hopefully, a reissue of *Yes LA* comes hot on the heels of this great disc. C'mon…this is a no-brainer.

Keeping up with the classic LA punk excavations, someone bootlegged both of THE GERMS' Slash Records LPs, *(GI)* and *What We Do Is Secret*. Although these things go for nearly $20 a pop, I doubt you get a better history lesson anywhere this issue than with these two LPs. *And just in time for the fucking movie*! Yeah…can't wait for that one…

Dirty Faces was kind enough to reissue "No Desire/I Feel Like A Tram," the debut single by 1979 Swiss punks JACK & THE RIPPERS! Fans of the obscure punk comps should recognize that name and the hits they were capable of making. Good luck finding one that doesn't skip, as every copy I've encountered has this annoying pressing defect that makes me want to throw the fucking record across the room. Test pressing, shmess pressing.

Hate Records dug deep into their homeland's basement and shat out an LP's worth of material by THE GAGS, a *Killed By Death*-era punk band from Milan, Italy. While I tend to be very critical of Italian punk (have you actually *listened* to TAXI????), I must say that I was pleasantly surprised by this LP. Sure, it borrows heavily in sound and look from UK punk from that period, but it didn't leave me cold at all. Definitely one of those "only for disgusting completests and collector scum" releases, but I know you folks are lurking around out there.

At the risk of getting stabbed by Henry Yu, I feel I must mention Gulcher Records and their recent GIZMOS reissues. Although I consider myself a Ken Highland enthusiast, I will say that the Dale Lawrence GIZMOS certainly had their moments ("The Midwest Can Be Alright" anyone???). Gulcher continues their Hoosier resurrection with *Real Rock & Roll Don't Come From New York*, a compilation of the best latter-day GIZMOS moments. The main draw of this disc is that it includes the GIZMOS' tracks from *Hoosier Hysteria*, the much-loved 1980 split LP with DOW JONES AND THE INDUSTRIALS. Now if someone would only re-release the other side of that split, we'd be dancing in the fucking streets. Anyway, you won't be hearing the dreaded "S" chord on this new CD, but it's still a must for fans (AKA hopeless pieces of shit).

As we make the jump to *now*, I'm continuing to buckle under the weight of notewor-

thy singles. What better band to ring in the new year with than THE FINAL SOLUTIONS? If memory serves, I recently referred to these folks as the world's finest actual *punk* band. A lofty statement for sure, but I don't think I'm far off. Their previous single and LP were so strong that some were probably able to survive on their greatness alone. Shit Sandwich delivers another helping with the *Eye Don't Like You* EP. Released in the final week of 2004, this is the single we'll be arguing about next year when it will undoubtedly be included in *many* year-end Top Tens. As is always the case with Shit Sandwich releases, the colored vinyl for this puppy sold out immediately, sad to say. Fear not dorks: it sounds just as fucking killer on black!

So I was a little late announcing that one, but I'm giving you plenty of warning on this shocker. Naturally, I'm talking about the return of *Teenage Hate*: the rebirth of THE REATARDS! The *Monster Child* 7"EP, released by Zaxxon Virile Action, features the first new Reatards recordings in quite some time. If you are a fan of theirs, you already know that Jay and company are capable no wrong. Well…it's actually all wrong, but you know what I mean. Line up fuckers…

Adam from THE HOSPITALS returns with a new project called SIC ALPS. They make their debut alongside CALIFORNIA LIGHTNING (an ERASE ERATTA side-project) on a split 7" called *Four Virgins*, released by City Records. Care to venture a guess on what album inspires this single's cover art? Judging from the pairing of these two bands, it's safe to assume that SIC ALPS is something far different from the HOSPITALS. If you approached that band (who made me shit my pants on a regular basis) with caution, you'll want be extra careful here. SIC ALPS doesn't feature (at least here) the vicious bashing of the HOSPITALS, but they do feature all the feedback and noise you'd ever need. I doubt this will make *MRR's* review cut, so I leave it to the most adventurous out there to seek this out.

To enjoy the two new DIRTBOMBS singles, the only thing you're probably gonna need is a pulse. Corduroy Records *finally* mass released their live-to-acetate Australian tour single, "Crashdown Day/HaHaHa", which was long overdue. The true find is the beautiful new DIRTBOMBS single on Kapow, "Merit/Mystified (Version)." Kapow is known for their fantastic design/packaging, and they certainly let loose with this, their most anticipated release yet. White ink, embossed sleeves, colored vinyl…on and on. I heard that the first pressing of this is already long gone, so be sure to hunt it down if/when it resurfaces.

Speaking of The Dirtbombs, drummer Ben Blackwell's Cass Records just released three new singles. While two singles are clearly not the sort of thing that would float an *MRR* reader's boat, who could say no to a new MYSTERY GIRLS single? No one? Good. "3/5's Of A Mile In 10 Seconds/Mr. Thompson" is available for your immediate consumption…and consume you will.

I've known about THE HUNCHES' *Dance Alone* EP for quite some time, but held off on writing about it until I could actually score a copy for myself (having to use my girlfriend's PayPal account, no less!). This single was released quite some time ago by Flying Bomb Records, but they've just now officially announced its release. The material on *Dance Alone* pre-dates their In The Red recordings, showing the band at an early and already fantastic point in their history. Folks who just can't get past the noise might wanna take a listen to see what all the fuss is about. You can visit www.flyingbomb.com to purchase this single, which I suggest you do ASAP.

For a while, Hate Records had every singles hound in a tizzy over their ultra-limited *Music For Haters* singles series. Well, they're back at it and turning many dorks blue in the face. CACTUS and TEMPORAL SLUTS breathe life into the series, checking in with Volumes 5 and 6, respectively. While neither really captures the quality of the initial run in the *Haters* series, I'm a sucker for shit of this nature. Yes, watch me throw money out the window.

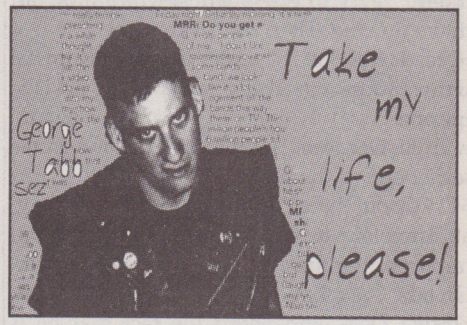
Dirtnap Records has returned to the format that initially brought them to such high prominence: the split 7" EP. Their latest is among the best they've released, marking the return of the excellent CRIPPLES and the infectious and impressive NEW LUCK TOY. If you are a fan of quirky and poppy punk, look no further.

Also on the Dirtnap front, THE SPITS' *19 Million AC* EP has somehow morphed into a full length CD! Dirtnap Records raided the SPITS' vaults for unreleased muck and demo sludge to cram down your malt-liquor-coated throat. If that wasn't enough, Missile X Records has a brand new Halloween-inspired SPITS EP entitled *Spend The Night In The Haunted House With…The Spits!* This one is a collector's dream: limited to 500 copies, colored vinyl, and—prepare yourself—a Spits lollipop! Knowing those fucks, it's probably soaked in acid! Naturally, the fucker is sold out already, so hopefully you are one of the lucky ones

You might be asking where all the fucking albums are. Hey, I'd like to know too. I've got two measly LPs to dish this issue, but both are can't-lose endeavors. The first is *Black! Domina! Now!*, the debut LP by THE INTELLECTUALS. This Italian band has yet to let me down, and this LP is their finest offering yet. As a two-piece, they feature a surprisingly full sound with an execution and mood that is just plain fun. *Black! Domina! Now!* is catchy, punky, bluesy, and poppy in all the right places.

Finally, ALUMINUM KNOT EYE's *Trunk Lunker* is brought to you by both Trickknee Productions (CD) and Dead Beat Records (LP). I was first exposed to this band on a mix-tape made by Wisconsin hype-machine Todd Trickknee a few years back, and they stuck out like a sore thumb alongside much of the material that surrounded them. Flash-forward a couple of years to this album, and ALUMINUM KNOT EYE leaves me in the same stupor. This is some outlandishly great stuff that simply refuses to be pinned down into a specific genre. ALUMINUM KNOT EYE is brutally uneasy listening, which, if you're a reader, you know is something that immediately puts them on my good side. They have an everything-but-the-kitchen-sink sound, borrowing from the key punkish movements of years' past, focusing on the most adventurous (70s proto and mid-90s lo-fi bash, to name a couple) and warping them to suit their own deranged needs. *Trunk Lunker* is a truly fantastic LP and my pick of the issue. Took me long enough to get there, dontcha think?

<Mitch Cardwell> <P.O. Box 23882, Oakland, CA 94623, U.S.A.> <letsgethurt@yahoo.com>



"Last month you told me you played onstage with Joey Ramone," says the brown-haired girl in the plaid miniskirt at Hot Pink, Phoenix's version of New York City's Motherfucker, "and now you're telling me you were at Dee Dee's wedding?"

"Not only was I there," I slur, as the Jose Cuervo pounds away at my liver and brain, "I was sorta his best man!"

"Bullshit," the girl screams in my face,

then walks away.

I completely understand.

If it were me, I'd say the same thing.

Let's go back a few years. Quite a few, actually.

*

I guess it all kinda started a couple of weeks ago. I was sitting at home playing with my new toy, The Sony Playstation. The thing fucking rules. I had unhooked my Super Nintendo, packed up all the games in their original boxes, and tried selling all the stuff to some of my friends. They were all too cheap to buy the damn thing. And I was offering it at a price that was really insane. So I sold it to a store, and got the Sony thing. And it changed my life. The games are like, ten to twenty to a hundred times better. And bloodier. While in Donkey Kong, sometimes the gorilla or monkey might fall off a cliff, and rub his head or something, on Playstation, with games like Resident Evil or The Die Hard Trilogy, when someone falls, like their skulls crack open and blood and brains pour out. In fact, talking about cracking skulls, there is this one level in the Die Hard Trilogy where you drive a taxi around the streets of New York and actually run over people. You can hear them scream, then their heads hit the windshield, blood splatters, you hear Bruce Willis's voice say "Sorry Bud," then the wipers smear away the blood. It is a wonderful thing, and I am grateful that technology is moving in such positive directions.

So, the phone rings, and I push the start button, which is also the pause button. The game I am playing freezes. I listen to my voice on the answering machine, followed by someone saying, "George, are you there?" I try to guess whose voice it is, but have no clue. Then the voice says, "It's Dee Dee, I was just..." and I quickly drop the Playstation controller and pick up the phone.

"Hi, Dee Dee," I say to the Ramone on the other end of the phone line.

"You're there!" exclaims Dee Dee.

I explain to him that I am, but I never answer my phone. He says he totally understands. We talk a bit about his new fanzine, *Taking Dope*, and about the fact that he is ready to play out again soon. I encourage him, telling him I'd love to see him perform again. I mean, hell, it had been a while since he was in the Ramones. And a while since he played around here in New York. And let's face it, Dee Dee Ramone is the greatest songwriter of all time. Well, Dee Dee and Joey. But while Joey had more of a pop sense, fucking Dee Dee wrote the sick and twisted stuff. The stuff that made me wanna drop televisions off rooftops and sniff glue. The stuff that helped me see my life for what it was, and change it for the better. I think. And now I was talking to him on my phone. Playstation could wait.

"What are you doing Wednesday morning?" asks Dee Dee.

I think about it for a few seconds. Wednesday is like at least two days away, and I have no clue. Well, I do have some sort of clue. He did say morning. Morning to me starts around noon.

"Sleeping, Dee Dee, why?" I ask him.

"Well, I was just wondering, well, if you weren't busy, if you would come to me and Barbara's wedding."

"Wedding!?!" I exclaim. "You are getting married?" Dumb question, but, well, I am sort of, um, in shock.

"Yeah," says Dee Dee, "we finally decided to tie the knot."

I congratulate him about a million and one times, tell him that I think he and Barbara are wonderful together, and that I am very, very happy for him.

Dee Dee, besides being a punk rock genius, is probably one of the nicest human beings I have ever met. I remember when I was working for the Ramones, how pleasant he was, even in the most fucked-up of situations. And hell, the guy has a dog. A puppy. Which he loves, and loves to talk about. Dee Dee Ramone rules.

"So," says Dee Dee, "can you make it to our wedding?"

I ask him where it is and he tells me he is getting hitched at City Hall. I ask him who else is going, and he tells me him and Barbara. Doh. He tells me he wants me to be a witness, and to be there. How can I say no? Why would I say no? Dee Dee fucking Ramone calls me and asks me to his wedding. I bang my head on my wall a few times to make sure I'm awake.

"What's that noise, George?" asks Dee Dee.

"Someone's at the door," I lie, "but I think they're gone."

"Oh," says Dee Dee.

I tell him that I'd be honored to be at his wedding, and thank him for inviting me. He tells me to also bring Wendy, and I tell him I will. We then make arrangements to meet. At my place. I kind of live sort of near City Hall. At least closer to it than Dee Dee.

On Wednesday morning, about fifteen minutes before he is due over, the door bell rings and I answer it. It's Dee Dee and Barbara. I panic. I'm not yet dressed, nor is Wendy. We were arguing about what was proper to wear. I was convinced I should wear a nice pair of pants and a tie. Wendy was telling me that I should dress like I usually do. Black t-shirt, black jeans, black leather jacket with the U.S. pins on it, and black sneakers. I told her it was a wedding, and I should dress up. She was. A little. What with her new funky green pants. She told me that Dee Dee was a Ramone, and he'd dress like one. And that I should as well. So I listened to her. And she was right.

Dee Dee and Barbara walk into the apartment, and Dee Dee is dressed, well, like Dee Dee. He is wearing a black sleeveless t-shirt which shows off his tattoos, black jeans, black sneakers, and sunglasses. A Ramone. And, oh yeah, his hair is bleached blonde. Like mine. We look like the Bobsy Twins.

Barbara is wearing a pair of nice jeans, a sexy black shirt, and a necklace, and she shines with that pre-bridal glow. Actually, Dee Dee glows as well. They both look so nice and cute together. I imagine little dolls of them on top of a black wedding cake in the shape of a leather jacket. Punk Rock.

We all talk a little bit in the apartment, and both Dee Dee and Barbara are visibly nervous. So nervous, in fact, that they forgot their camera. It's lucky that Wendy went out and got some film for the occasion. So we get to take lots of pictures.

On the way to City Hall, the girls walk in front of Dee Dee and me, talking about girl stuff. How nervous and happy she is. As Dee Dee and I walk behind them, we talk about girl stuff too. Dee Dee tells me that he too is nervous, but so very, very happy. He explained to me how he met Barbara in Argentina, and how they fell in love. It is a truly romantic story, and I could definitely see it being made into a Lifetime Television Movie of the Week. But we also talked about manly stuff. Like the bleach we used to dye our hair.

We all arrive at City Hall and all these people try to sell us flowers and wedding shit. Good business, I guess. We make our way to the second floor, and enter a room with a bunch of little chairs all in lines, and a big desk up front. It's like being in school. Dee Dee, being the take-charge kind of guy he is, walks up front and gets the proper forms to fill out. He is very nice to the woman behind the desk, and she is nice back to him. I comment to Barbara about how polite Dee Dee is being, and she says, "That's my Dee Dee!"

The next step is to fill out a bunch of forms, which Dee Dee and Barbara do. As Wendy and I watch, we both sort of smile to one another. Finally, Dee Dee asks me to be the witness to this whole thing, and sign the form. I do. My signature is on Dee Dee Ramone's wedding thing. If someone would

have told me that this would be happening when I was a teenager, I would have sniffed some glue, then dropped a TV on their head.

We sit around for a while after the forms stuff and wait to be called. Well, wait for Dee Dee and Barbara to be called. As we sit there, I get more and more nervous. Dee Dee is getting married. He is making a big commitment. Barbara is beautiful. What if he couldn't keep her? What if she couldn't keep him? What if it didn't work out? Is this the right decision? By the time they called out Dee Dee and Barbara, I am having an ulcer attack, and my prostate isn't exactly healthy, either.

We all walk into this little chapel area with red carpet on the floor, and there is this little red-haired woman behind a podium. Next to her are a bunch of forms and a time clock. I guess she has to punch out for her coffee breaks. Dee Dee and Barbara hold each other's hands.

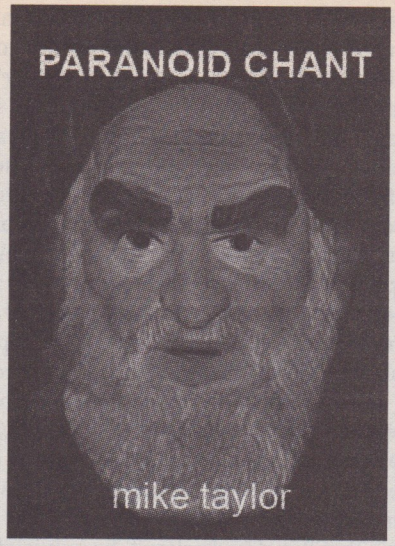
"You are Douglas and Barbara?" asks the woman with a heavy Hispanic accent. They both nod their heads, and the woman goes into the whole marriage thing. There is the "Do you blah blah blah," and the "Will you blah blah blah," and so on. As she speaks, Dee Dee and Barbara clasp each other's hands tighter. The woman then asks for the rings and Dee Dee and his bride-to-be exchange them, and put them on one another's fingers.

Finally, the little red-haired woman pronounces Dee Dee and Barbara man and wife. And then they kiss. Big time. And it is nice. And beautiful. And Wendy takes lots of pictures. And me? I just get jealous. There is this person standing in front of me who just got married. Beautiful body, great hair, nice figure, and everything. And they are married. And it should have been me! I would have made Dee Dee a great wife. I would have cooked. Cleaned. Played in his band. Damn. If only I had half her looks. And charm. Oh well. It probably wouldn't have worked out, anyway. That's bascially what Dee Dee told me until the day he died.

Take My Life, Please.

Endnotes:

1. www.georgetabb.com and oh yeah, find me on Myspace.com
2. My book, *Playing Right Field*, is out now on Soft Skull. Please read it! You'll like it!
3. Cool CDs I got this month include one from my pal Matt from the Injections, who has a new band called Elvis McMan. Their new CD, *Punch In a Kiss*, is punk rock like it's supposed to be played. Get this.
4. It's nice to see Al Quint here in these pages...he's one of the very few who *started* the punk rock.



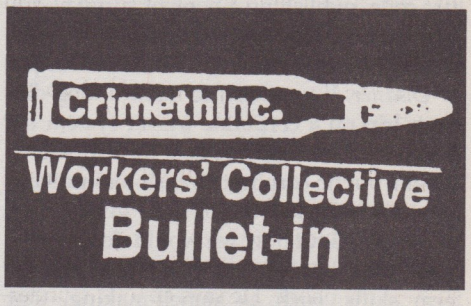
Built into our country's unstated hetero-Christianity is the assumption of moral rectitude's absolute causative relationship to material success. It's said aloud with less frequency, but there it is. Even as the Pope loses beauty sleep over the soul of an increasingly secular white civilization, poor folks deserve it and the blindingly wealthy somehow serve as the point of moral comparison. Though they seem to be getting it right in Latin America, where Catholicism still rocks the house. Ostentatious shows of wealth are less often ogled in tabloids than they are rewarded with kidnap in countries where the gap in standard of living is so much more jarring and public. Mexico, Peru, and especially Columbia all make excellent examples when it comes to illustrating what rich motherfuckers get for rubbing it in the poor majority's face. In Miami, pop stars rock Bulgari diamonds at restaurants; in New York, walking magazine pages saunter through midtown wearing full-length fur coats; in some places, these people fetch up to 50 million dollars from the trunks of small cars. Dear readers, I'm not suggesting any of us lower ourselves to the level of *criminals*, simply instead that we reevaluate our creative limits. You know? Hey, can I land on some Homeland Security shitlist for writing this? Let me change the subject.

Recently an old friend of mine landed on a Homeland Security shitlist for leading an AFL campaign in Illinois in which a petition was delivered to the Republican headquarters demanding labor benefits revoked during Bush's first term. Well, that night, the windows of the place got shot out by parties unknown (honestly, parties unknown). So this friend of mine got a letter from Karl Rove's office informing her that she is now an official domestic terrorist. Now for those of you who don't know, the American Federation of Labor is to radical organizing what Avril Lavigne is to the crust scene. Kind of. What I mean is, like, what the fuck? And another friend got snagged from a line at the airport to spend two months in jail because his name came up on a computer as a *dangerous graffiti artist*, once again, thanks to Homeland Security. The point is that you don't have to do shit anymore to get blacklisted or go to jail; *so*, now is the time to make some serious, like, statements and shit that will get you in middle school social studies textbooks.

Now for endnotes:

1. Thanks for touring before you broke up, Wrangler Brutes.
2. For those of you in those doubtful mid-twenties: I know it's hard and you're going through a lot and trying to figure out your place and how you want to effect society for the best, and take all the time you need and all, but really, hurry up. Things are so bleak and the older you get the more precious life becomes, and I swear you'll probably only buy the records you really, really want soon and maybe marry and probably have a cell phone and read *Punk Planet* and that's totally fine, but for god's sake STAY PUNK and please, *please* don't flake out on me, OK?
3. If you're reading this in March, happy birthday to me. Send me a phone card, grandma.
4. I might be in Ireland and England with True North soon for a bit, so if you like that kind of stuff and you were gonna go out that night anyway, say hi, OK? But hey, True North, if I didn't work out and I actually don't end up going with ya'll, never mind, OK? No one likes a presumptuous jerk.

MT, PO Box 28226, Providence RI 02908



Avast, Maximum Rockers and Rollers! For what seems like years now, we've used this column to print recipes from our formerly forthcoming anarchist cookbook, *Recipes for Disaster*. More often than not, these were accompanied by assurances that the book would be out by the time anyone actually read the column—but column after column, these assurances proved false. For those who have been paying attention through this whole ridiculous process, it might come as a shock to hear that our book

is finally finished and in circulation at this very moment—all 624 pages of it. So what are we going to do with this column now? We'll get to that next issue—for the time being, let's cover the question of how sensible it is to publicize direct action skills in the first place, whether in the pages of *MRR* or in books liable to be ordered online by, say, gruntlings at the Department of Homeland Security.

Just as Emmett Grogan demanded of Abbie Hoffman upon the publication of *Steal This Book!*, one might ask whether any of us considered that making all these secret methods public knowledge might hurry them into obsolescence. Your humble author here has some experience with that himself. Back in the days before everyone communicated by email, when I depended on phone dialers that tricked payphones into thinking I was putting change into them to stay in touch with my friends (and book shows for my band), I remember how indignant I was whenever people—spoiled rich kids, it always seemed—would publicize that phone dialer technology as some kind of cute novelty. Didn't they realize that destitute individuals like myself had no other way to make phone calls, and that if they kept making noise about our methods the phone companies would catch on and change their systems?

The phone companies did indeed eventually catch on and change their systems, and like every scam, that one burned out. There's a certain ethics to scamming, an honor among thieves, if you will, that demands every scam artist try not to burn up methods that others rely on to get by. According to that code, publishing a book of survival-oriented scams would be unethical.

Accordingly, we avoided those in *Recipes for Disaster*. If you need to make a long-distance trip on a corporate transit system for free, one of us might be able to help you in person, but no corporate transit loss-prevention motherfucker is going to get to read anywhere about how we would do that.

On the other hand, there are certain long-term skills, such as stencil-making, that never go out of date. The more people make use of these folk arts, the more others are inspired to do the same, and the more everyone benefits. Perhaps in a town infested with stencil artistry the local anti-graffiti task force will apply for extra manpower, even increase patrols or raid a house or two, but their job of tracking down the culprits becomes *more* difficult as more people start to make use of the format, not less.

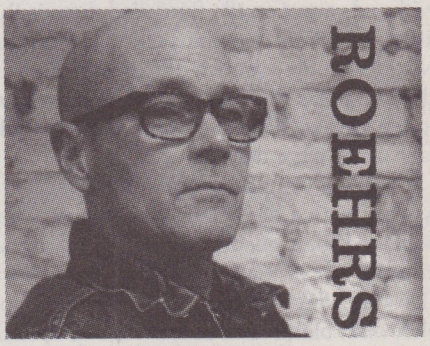
Likewise, there's a difference between temporary tricks that don't bear much sharing, and means for actually transforming our society. In editing this column and compiling this book, we focused especially on skills for use in the war on capitalism, not short-term survival scams. These skills and the struggle for which they are useful must both be extended to much broader circles, or else they are doomed to obsolescence anyway. The narrow, comparatively small, explicitly anarchist community of today is a poor match for the assembled power of the global empire. For massive change to be possible, anarchist skills and approaches need to be generalized to a much broader social spectrum. In limited cases, yes, the powers that be will be able to use books like the one we just published to prepare themselves for our efforts to contest their control, but we hope that this drawback will be outweighed by the ways in which such works can help equip new generations to strike blows for freedom from unexpected directions and in unpredictable ways.

In short, why give away our secrets? Because if they stay secrets, we're fucked. If you associate yourself with the struggle for a better world, consider how you can do your part to get tools for that struggle into unlikely hands.

One more point bears making, while we're on the subject of equipping people to act. Certain paragons of the anarchist community are very pleased with themselves for perfecting their abilities in rhetoric and disputation while others have been quietly working on actually changing the world. We humbly ask these heroes to come over to our side of the barricades. It matters little how insightful a critique is if it is not put into practice, and by the same token a critique not born of practice is not likely to contain much insight. Talk without action only sets a precedent for more of the same; actions themselves can be eloquent, on the other hand, in ways that words rarely can. Some anarchists seem to conceive of the process of anarchist organizing as consisting of a long phase of debate over what constitutes effective tactics, followed by agreement upon and application of one approach, but such loquacious deferral of action is pointless: one need only demonstrate an effective tactic, and share the skills it requires, for others to see its worth and adopt it for themselves. As a dadaist wrote long ago, one is only entitled to those ideas which one puts into practice. You don't become wise by having a lot of ideas, but from trying them out.

If anyone's interested in a copy of our book, you can get it for $12, along with various free literature, from CrimethInc. Far East, P.O. Box 1963, Olympia, WA 98507 (www.crimethinc.com). Other similarly useful resource books for those interested in direct action tactics include *Ecodefense: A Field Guide to Monkeywrenching*, by Bill Haywood and Dave Foreman of Earth First!, and the more recent *An Action a Day Keeps Global Capitalism Away*, by Mike Hudema.

Thanks very much, by the way, to the editors of MRR for consistently making it a venue in which punks like us, for whom fucking the system means more than just singing about how bad it is, can exchange ideas and skills for destroying it and building something better in its place. Next issue we'll start where we left off, with all the recipes that never made it into the book!



"This is What I Wanted"

Fuck yes! KERMITS FINGER from Boston Massachusetts has a CD out on Poorest Quality Records. This band of rock 'n' rollers has a history of great music that is sparsely distributed. (The CD came out in September 2004 and is just now making it to the zines and radio stations). The band has been around for quite some time—six years ago they had a CD out. KERMITS FINGER has sprinkled in a couple of seven inches and a ten-inch in the meantime. The music is passionate punk rock with fucked up, blazing guitars, manic vocals, and driving bass and drums. The harmonies are tight and efficient. The shit starts flying immediately with "Do The Panic," a thrashy punk rock slice of mayhem. Read the words: "I think I'm gonna do the panic / Yeah, I think I'm goin' paranoid / I'm starting to hate everyone / All the voices sayin', 'Get 'em boy!' / My skin is getting tingly – do the panic! / My senses come aware – do the panic! / My eyeballs start to flicker – do the panic / I feel the panic, but I don't know where / Shining light on every shadow / Looking for that hidden itch / Nothin' can stop him from coming / He's in my head like a stuck-fast tick / There's a riot building in me / Preying on my routine / Laughing at the repetition / Waiting for when I least expect it / He thinks he's gonna have a blast / He's gonna make my brain explode / Ringing out from my hell hole." Fuck yes!

"Nicotine" is slightly more melodic, about an unhealthy relationship with tobacco. We plow through "Reddo Giddeon" and get to "Running On Empty," which combines good rock 'n' roll with demented punk. This is good stuff! Read a bit of this: "All my life / Been running on empty / Now I got nothing left / Now I got nothing left in the tank / Losing grip / Fingers slip / Can't hold on – reaching reaching / Fall away wondering wondering / Why? / Hold on tight / Don't let go / Fiercely grit – move mellow slow / Gotta hang on..." Very good!

The next song will fuckin' burn your brain to a cinder! "What I Don't Know" is a fucking punk rock call to arms for the youth of America. This song saddles strong music with well thought out lyrics. Read on: "What I don't know – I think is gonna kill me / I sit and I watch you on the television / And you stand there tellin' me lies / With a wink and a smile you're oh so full of guile / And you're proud of all your President's crimes / What I don't know – I think is gonna kill me / You stand at the podium actin' as a shield / For the man who pulls your strings / Proud of your position – you smile on television / Does your crap-talk give you wings? / What I don't know – I think is gonna kill me."

"Shut Up" laments the bad behavior of a woman who tries too hard. "Washington" gives a different perspective of the father of our country as an opportunist more than a hero. "Pedro-A-Go-Go" is a pleasant little ditty, which Red Sox Baseball fans will appreciate. "One More Beer" shows the country side of KERMITS FINGER. DUCKY BOYS aficionados will approve. "Dark Like A Dungeon" puts a spin on the traditional Irish punk sound for you cretins. "Better, Cheaper, Faster" goes back to pure punk rock at 180 miles per hour. Fast and hard like the RANDUMBS used to do it!

The next song, "This Is What I Wanted," is a fucking punk rock masterpiece! This has the nastiness and brutal momentum of that evil punk rock band from Australia, THE BLURTERS. Read the words to this fucking amazing punk rock song! "This is what I wanted, this is what I asked for / This is what wanted, now you take it away / This is what I wanted, this is what I worked for / This is what wanted, now you took it away / And when you say there's no point in going on / Don't you think I figured it out? / And when you say it's all been done before / Just you shut your mouth, 'cause / This is what I wanted... / And when you say I'm getting too old for this / Just you wait another year / And when you say that I'm wasting my life / I don't want to hear, 'cause / This is what I wanted.../ ." Fuck yes!

The next blast of hard punk is "Kiss My Twat" about a problem with a neighbor. We follow with "Big Asshole, No Dick" about the cops abusing their power – a much loved theme! "Drill It In" is next on the menu and this fucker combines punk rock bombs with intelligent lyrics. Check out "Drill It In": "Open up your eyes – don't you realize / Ignorance is sin – / Sugarcoated minds; propaganda lines / Coffins made of tin – I wanna drill it in / You got nothin' worthwhile left to say / Media dictation's your conversation of the day / Creased and dimpled thighs; ball fields made of ties / Panties getting thin – / Overweight as crime; complaining all the time / Your sloth is my chagrin – I wanna drill it in / No mind".

KERMITS FINGER finishes off this psychotic collection of ripping punk with a cover the Boston JERRY'S KIDS' song "I Don't Belong" from the *Is This My World* LP on X-Claim Records from 1983. Great! KERMITS FINGER remind you that Boston is one of the true punk rock capitals of the United State— always was, always will be!

Order your KERMITS FINGER CD from Finga, PO Box 458, Boston Massachusetts 02129; dafinga@kermitsfinger.net; www.kermitsfinger.net.

Creep Records from West Chester, Pennsylvania has some great punk rock prepared for you knuckleheads. The new product is called *This Is A Weapon* by CRANKED UP, from the Philadelphia corridor of the mighty keystone state. This is an excellent CD! Pat (vox) Jason (drums), Jon (guitar), Andy (guitar) and Sid (bass) stir up a fiery caldron of high-spirited political punk! CRANKED UP come out swinging on the first cut "Get Out." This song cuts to the chase: fascists and racists get out of the scene (or suffer the consequences). Read "Get Out": "Adrenaline rushes / The tensions build / The crowd seems to filter in / Weak minded pacifists forming opinions / As my patience is growing thin / Protected by the system / A safe haven for the ones who hate / Expose and oppose their ignorant views / Because you can't relate / Cast out all the scum / Wanted not you! / Expired time has come / Just another fight / Cuz we're having fun / Showers of raining bottles / Boots that shine like steel / We shall not let these bastards pass / Whenever we are near / You stare with blank expressions / Pretend it's not your fight / And now they scurry down an alleyway / Running for their lives " Yes! These are good lyrics!

Song number two is "Deal With It." This tune has some succinct words. Read on: "Evacuation of your laws / Cuz they're causing more problems...no resolutions / To solve them / Influence and pressure take its toll / While raising the standards...We choose to abandon / Negativity has riddled my swollen mind / How do we manage, when we're playing shorthanded? / "Just what can my country do for me?" / What now?? / No...I don't want your authority figures / No...I don't want your religious sects / No...I won't be part of society's failure / No...I'm just left here to deal with it! / A finger in the face of conformity / Question authority, by the unheard majority / The weak minded hanging on your every word / Some call it salvation...to others frustration…I'm just left here to deal with it!"

Song number three is "Swindled", about the flaws of the capitalist system – the corporate "cunts" who take advantage of the workers. Song number four is "You Are The Fool." Check these words for content: "Called on the carpet / Now you're gonna pay for what you say and do / Don't try to play stupid / Your shit don't fly / We place no trust in you / Facade so shallow / Preying on the weak is what you have in store / But does the truth hurt ya? / When you're no better than the assholes who came before / Who would have thought / The rumors were true?? / No time for causes / Juvenile wet dream let the process take its course / Dismissed as just gossip / Always just a rumor, but there's never any source / Scene rejection / Go ahead and argue that your decisions are unfair / Well who ya gonna bitch too? / Cuz the ones left to listen are the ones who don't care / Who would have thought, the rumors were true?? / Save your useless comments / Anyone ever tell ya not to shit where ya sleep? / Deficient allegiance / Better cover up now, so you can absorb the hit / Enjoying the pressure? / Are you so depleted that your life's been torn apart? / Dedicated persistence / Will they be ready when the aggro starts?? / Who would have thought, the rumors were true?? / Cus you are the fool (fool) / When you are the fool (fool) / When you are the fool (fool)." Very good!

Song five is "Make Me Sick," about the futility of living in a society that glorifies warfare. Song six "Another Vietnam," deals with the same subject: "A false war on terror...Blood for oil..." Song seven is "Shut Down" about the greed in the music industry. Song number eight is called "It's

Not Right" about hate crimes that end in murder—there are lots of heart-felt emotions in this tune! Song number nine is called "Change In You," about betrayal by a friend or lover. Song number ten is called "Exploitation," and is about child labor. Song eleven is steeped in some fervent politics. Read the biting criticisms of "New Regime": "Another secret handshake / Another bargain to be made / Chained to their system / As their loyalty still remains / They try to cling to you like flies to a pile of shit / Protection for their actions / Against the backlash that we spit / Is this that land they claim to be free?? / We won't be sold on bullshit democracy / No this ain't a wind up / You think we haven't seen your scheme? / An underhanded cycle...No new regime / Obstruct their justice / And they'll look you away / But they are the criminals / That fuck us everyday?? / There's no exposing them / The corruption that we've been forced / Regulated unfair play / That they'll never seem to abort / Is this the land they claim to be free?? / We won't be sold on bullshit democracy / No this ain't a wind up / You think we haven't seen your scheme? / An underhanded cycle...No new regime." Fucking excellent!

The final song is "On the Attack" and that posture summarizes the gritty power of the new CRANKED UP *This Is A Weapon* CD. This is journeyman punk rock played fast with powerful vocals and steaming guitars. The drumming and the bass playing cement the whole mixture! This is first-rate punk rock. Get your copy of the new CD from Creep Records, PO Box 220, 252 E Market St., West Chester, PA 19382; www.creeprecords.com. You can contact CRANKED UP at www.crankedup.net and send email to patsociety@comcast.net.

Instigate Records out of Lund, Sweden has a hot new split EP for you fucks! This gem has the SUNDAY MORNING EINSTEINS on side one with their killer tune "Scandinavian Yawn Maker." This fucker slams right into "Folja John," an even faster blast of hot punk! Flip this record over and you get MARTYRDOD screaming and grinding through "Kop Dig Fri" and "Snattaren"—shouted vocals and manic guitar. Very tough sounding! The Instigate label has lots of good product out now. You must listen to the INTENSITY "Ruttna Bort" EP, THE INTENSITY / ANTICHRIST split EP, and the SKITKIDS *Onna For Pleasure* LP. Contact Instigate Records, c/o Andy Dahlstrom, Tomegapsgatan 2, 223 50 Lund, Sweden; www.instigaterecords.com.

Until next month...
See you at the bar!

BE PREPARED FOR ACCIDENTS...

WITH ARWEN CURRY

Erick and I wanted to go on tour, so we started making calls. The first one went to Kat, who we decided should finish a new zine and come with us. It was terrible timing, she said, she had to finish her applications for school and her entire future lay in the balance. We ignored her and started booking dates on the east coast. We booked the first one a whole week ahead of time, just to be safe.

My friend Gina used to go out with a reporter. She told me that when he was working on a big story, she steered clear. He smelled weird, she said, when he was writing, and his room smelled weird, like he was emitting some kind of writing hormone that warded off company. I nodded knowingly. I spent the few days before my trip in my room cultivating a morbid complexion, living on popcorn and my stepfather's Christmas punch.

This was just after the holidays. I listened to the radio, to news of the tsunami, the numbers climbing unbelievably. I think the sucking away of so many lives at once does something to the whole world's atmosphere. Maybe it was responsible for all the coincidences tugging at my heart. For the first time ever in my life, I spent New Year's Eve totally alone, with everyone else out partying and playing shows. It was sort of great, sort of lonely, when midnight actually came, and the neighborhood erupted in unseen explosions and shouts.

2005! 2005!

Early the next morning, on New Year's Day, Kat and I flew out of Oakland to New York. In Manhattan we picked up our roadie, Joaquin. Or rather, he picked us up, in his 1980 Volvo with its battered silver coat. The Volvo station wagon is an automobile well-represented in various stages of my life. My mom had a "flesh-colored" one in the early 80s, which I later co-owned with my boyfriend in the early 90s. Then there was Tim Yo's brown one, which I spent a lot of time driving around and sleeping in. I was sitting on the hood of that Volvo station wagon at the turn of the millennium, as the fireworks went off over Reno. So it was nice to feel at home in one, exactly five years later, at a worse time in the world but a better time in my life.

One more thing about Volvo station wagons: Everyone knows that it's nice to be in a Volvo if you're hit by a truck, but most people aren't aware of their other eccentricities. All the little things break and have to be held together with dental floss and optimism. My door didn't open. The windows didn't work. Exhaust leaked in, causing us to nod off at long stoplights. To launch overdrive on the highway, Joaquin had to roll together two wires protruding from the gearshift between his thumb and forefinger, using his body as a conductor. It took a little while to work, but when it did, man, we hauled ass.

As we pulled into Jersey and were looking through what tapes we had brought, it came out that both Erick and I had listened to a lot of Thin Lizzy's Jailbreak while putting the finishing touches on our zines. Yeah, I know hipsters are into Thin Lizzy. It's also been a favorite of more than one ex-boyfriend. But fuck it. The predatory hush at the beginning of the first side, and then that first note, so exciting! So dangerous, so innocent! As Thin Lizzy stalked through Jailbreak with the sexy self-importance of a band of punks lurching through a sleepy suburb, the four of us blew kisses to Manhattan and rattled onto the turnpike buoyed by exhaust, ready for adventure, at a combined age of one hundred and twenty-five.

The Volvo pulled into the Vince Lombardi Memorial Rest Stop before we left Jersey, for water, to read the front page of *New York Times* on the shelf. No good news. I took a glance at the $4.99 tapes. Astoundingly, none of them were even remotely OK, and collectively, our nets spread wide. Steve Miller Band? Boston? Loretta Lynn? Hell, bring it on! There is even (no! not me!) an Eagles fan among us. But there was nothing, nothing.

We learned, reading the Vince Lombardi bronze plaque, that you got to pay the price, and that winning is not a sometime thing, it's an all-the-time thing. You don't win once in a while, you don't do things right once in a while, you do them right all the time. Winning is a habit. Unfortunately, we read, so is losing.

Hey Vince, take it easy, man. Don't bring us down. We're here to win, just like starry-eyed Phil Lynott was — Black and Irish but at heart a cowboy, rais-

ing hell when he wasn't riding lonesome on the range.

What can I say about this little tour? It was a short one; we only made six stops from New York to DC, and read for small audiences five times. Joaquin joined us for the first time in Boston, reading an emphatic and funny piece by his radical cheerleader friend called "Feminist Boot camp." It was great, this big man reading a piece written by a woman about men, while Kat and I read about men, or about women thinking about men, and Erick finished off with his letter's section from the new SCAM, which is actually just one letter compiled from many letters he's been sent.

The seven people in the audience seemed to like our stuff, which is good, because we really wanted to show them a good time, especially Lucho, who had made us black beans, red rice with vegetables cooked in, sweet fried plantains, and a delicious sour salad of tomatoes and onions at his apartment before the show. I can almost taste it now.

Oh yeah: thanks, Lucho, and Mari, and Erika and Adam and everybody in Boston. And Mike and Merrydeath and everyone in Providence, and McKee and Crissy Piper and folks in Philly, and Tennessee and Bluestockings and Chloe in New York, and Amanda in DC, and all the nice people at the infoshops. And Baltimore...oh yeah. Baltimore.

The four of us adored Baltimore. We loved it like it was our very own battered hound. Kat started making noises about moving there, and she's very particular about cities. I bought a child's stepstool for three bucks at a thrift store called the Karmic Exchange near the harbor, which got weirder and mustier and cooler the farther back you climbed. Thanks Baltimore, Charm City Art Space, the queer bar next door, all the nice kids from Mass and Portland and Brooklyn who play in bands together, who played the show and laughed at the right parts, and the drunk skinhead taxidermists who left the 13 with the key to their house and their pitbull, and went out to get wasted.

It was just after dark on the road to Providence from Philly when saw snow, clumped pacifically around the shrubs at the Walt Whitman Memorial rest stop. We were barely out of the Volvo when Kat creamed me in the face with a loosely packed snowball. I missed the next one, aiming low for the knees, but Erick, boy, what an arm. He sent them sailing over the shrubbery like George Orwell throwing jerry-rigged grenades in *Homage to Catalonia*, which we were listening to on tape in the car.

When we piled in I felt so refreshed, kind of scrubbed out from the inside. And connected, to these people in the Volvo, and the ones at the shows, and the good friends I'd seen on the trip, and the ones back home.

It's like Vince Lombardi said: "There is something in good men that really yearns for, needs discipline and the harsh reality of head-to-head combat."

Or here's Thin Lizzy, if you prefer: "Don't you dare to try and stop us. No one could for long."

Ration #4 is out, duh. In this issue: kissing, sex, death, kissing, death, sex, kissing. It's $1 ppd to PO Box 170291, SF, CA 94117. arwen@maximumrocknroll.com

Finally, after a drought of good shows, punk rock seems to be happening in the Bay Area again. I am not too mad at the dry spell—I understand the urge to hibernate during the winter, though that impulse isn't quite as strong for me here in temperate NorCal. The Clorox Girls played to a packed house at Gilman last week, and were amazing, as always. Their singer was wearing a lime green Angry Samoans shirt (and this with Metal Mike in the audience!), and dropped his pants towards the end of their set. Lucky for me, I was standing on a couch in the back, and could only see him from the waste up, so the nudity was something I only found out about post-show. The week before, the Catholic Boys played a loud, sloppy, and inspired set at Thee Parkside; their new full-length is finally out on vinyl, but rumor has it that it's already hard to find. Larger pressings, please! (By the way, there is an interview with the C'Boys in this very issue, courtesy of our own Mitch Cardwell.) These shows book ended Limp Wrist's triumphant return to the Bay Area. I went to their show at the Eagle, a local bear bar and punk club, during which I saw: boys kissing boys, girls kissing girls, Gary Floyd of the Dicks, ass-less pants, and practically everybody I know or have ever seen in the Bay Area. In our dire times, it's always a relief to be surrounded by a teaming mass of like-minded queers, punx, and freaks, especially when we're all having fun fun fun.

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I imagine those of you who keep track of these sorts of things have taken stock of some of the recent changes here. Pretty crazy, huh? I mentioned two months ago that Clara was leaving, but that almost seems like ancient history. Now is a good time for me to announce her soon-to-be replacement, who unloaded his stuff at MRR HQ just a few days ago. Our new distribution coordinator is Martin Sorrondeguy, and he is now in charge of sending out the magazine and making sure that you all get it into your grubby little hands. It should go without saying that everyone here is very excited about having him here, so, welcome Martin, and enjoy.

This is my second issue as sole content coordinator, but *Maximumrocknroll* has an exceptionally sturdy foundation, so I am hardly alone. I'd like to take this space to thank some people who have been instrumental in helping me maintain my composure in these hectic months, and for all of their work on the zine. First off, the last two issues would have been infinitely more difficult to complete without the support of all the shitworkers who put in extra hours, called to make sure things were OK, and kept me laughing. In particular, infinite thanks to Arwen, Paul, Paco, and Michelle. Oh yeah, and Clara. What's more, I basically forced a number of my friends to work on the zine in moments of panic. Spencer and Chris came here for vacation and I threw a bunch of papers at them and said, "Correct these." Thanks to them, and to Christy for patient layout help and advice. And of course, to Ben, who copy edited some stuff and even sent me corrections to the *MRR* style sheet that I sent him. But what can you expect from that guy, he came to band practice once and told us that his lyrics were, "more Proustian than ever." Yeesh.

As always, feel free to write me: golnar@maximumrocknroll.com to tell me a story, ask me a question, or something in between.

I first met Lori in SF through my friend A.C. Thompson who writes for the SF Bay Guardian—here is what she has to say:

over the past several years, i have been a designer, curator and teacher. the reason i get up in the morning is to shoot. photography is my passion. i am a staff photog at the san francisco bay guardian. i love my job because i get to meet people, be out in the world and it is flexible enough to allow freelance work. i have photographed crime victims, criminals, high-profile musicians, actors and a lot of real people. i believe that everyone has a story.

currently, i am working on a series of artist portraits—painters that have inspired me. this year, i plan on traveling india to document victims of gender bias. in my spare time, i like to watch FMX, ride my bike and shoe shop.

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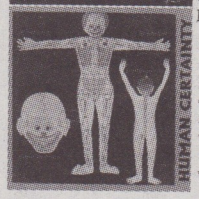

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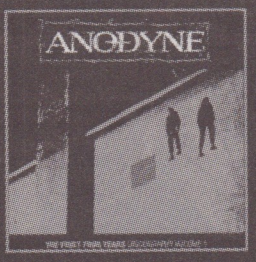

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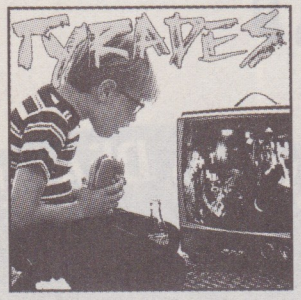

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MRR NEWS

MRR NEWS FOR ISSUE #262 COMPILED BY MERLIN CHOWKWANYUN

DEMOCRATIC LEADERSHIP RETHINKING ABORTION

From an LA Times and an AP article

After long defining itself as an undisputed defender of abortion rights, the Democratic Party is suddenly locked in an internal struggle over whether to redefine its position to appeal to a broader array of voters. The fight is a central theme of the contest to head the Democratic National Committee particularly between two leading candidates: former Vermont Gov. Howard Dean, who supports abortion rights, and former Indiana Rep. Tim Roemer, an abortion foe who argues that the party cannot rebound from its losses in the November election unless it shows more tolerance on one of society's most emotional conflicts.

Roemer is running with the encouragement of the party's two highest-ranking members of Congress, House Minority Leader Nancy Pelosi of San Francisco and incoming Senate Democratic leader Harry Reid of Nevada. Dean, a former presidential candidate, is popular with the party's liberal wing. If Roemer were to succeed Terry McAuliffe as Democratic chairman in the Feb. 10 vote, the party long viewed as the guardian of abortion rights would suddenly have two antiabortion advocates at its helm. Reid, too, opposes abortion and once voted for a nonbinding resolution opposing Roe vs. Wade, the 1973 Supreme Court ruling that legalized abortion.

Party leaders say their support for preserving the landmark ruling will not change. But they are looking at ways to soften the hard line, such as promoting adoption and embracing parental notification requirements for minors and bans on late-term abortions. Their thinking reflects a sense among strategists that Democratic presidential nominee John F. Kerry and the party's congressional candidates lost votes because the GOP conveyed a more compelling message on social issues.

But in opening a discussion about new appeals to abortion opponents, party leaders are moving into uncertain terrain. Abortion rights activists are critical pillars of the Democratic Party, providing money and grass-roots energy. Some of them say they are concerned that Democratic leaders are entertaining any changes to the party's approach to abortion.

A senior official of one of the nation's largest abortion rights groups said she would be concerned if the party were to choose Roemer to head the Democratic National Committee. "We want people who are pro-choice. Of course I would be disappointed," said the official, who asked that her name be withheld because of her close alliance with party officials.

Gloria Feldt, president of Planned Parenthood Federation of America, said Democratic strategists who were pushing for the abortion discussion had misconstrued the results of the November election by overstating the strength of "values" voters. She said the party should remain committed to the "women of America, and their health and their lives and their rights." Feldt said she had spoken to Kerry and Roemer, and that both had sought to allay her concerns. Both assured her that the party was not changing its stance on abortion, but merely wanted to be more "inclusive."

The debate among Democrats comes at a time when abortion rights supporters are feeling particularly vulnerable. Congress passed a ban on what critics call "partial-birth" abortion last year that Bush signed into law. Last month, abortion opponents were emboldened when four conservative Republicans were elected to the Senate. Also, anticipated retirements from the Supreme Court could give Bush the chance to nominate justices that would tilt the court against Roe vs. Wade.

The race for Democratic Party chairman remains wide open among Dean, Roemer and several other contenders, including longtime operative Harold M. Ickes, New Democrat Network head Simon Rosenberg and South Carolina political strategist Donald L. Fowler Jr. The field of candidates is likely to remain in flux until days before the February vote.

In an interview, Roemer said he would not try to change the minds of abortion rights supporters. But he also said he would encourage the party to eliminate its "moral blind spot" when it comes to late-term abortions. "We should be talking more about adoption as an alternative, and working with our churches to sponsor some of those adoptions," Roemer said Wednesday from his Washington office. He said he was calling 40 to 50 delegates a day to make his pitch. Most of all, he said, he thinks that abortion opponents would be more comfortable if the party talked about the issue in a more open-minded manner.

Dean joins a field that includes former Indiana Representative Tim Roemer, former Texas Representative Martin Frost, Democratic activists Simon Rosenberg and Donnie Fowler, former Denver Mayor Wellington Webb and former Ohio Democratic Party chairman David Leland.

CIVIL RIGHTS LEADER JAMES FORMAN DIES

from a Washington Post article

James Forman, 76, who as executive secretary of the Student Nonviolent Coordinating Committee in the early 1960s dispatched cadres of organizers, demonstrators and Freedom Riders into the most dangerous redoubts of the Deep South, died Jan. 10 of colon cancer.

At the height of the civil rights movement, Mr. Forman hammered out a role for SNCC among the so-called Big Five, the established civil rights organizations that included the National Association for the Advancement of Colored People, the NAACP Legal Defense and Education Fund, the Congress of Racial Equality and the Southern Christian Leadership Conference. SNCC in those years was the edgier, more aggressive organization, pushing the South specifically and the nation generally toward change.

On numerous occasions, Mr. Forman himself was harassed, jailed and beaten during forays to register voters and organize protests in communities willing to use any means necessary, including terror, intimidation and murder, to resist the dismantling of the region's rigid system of apartheid.

"Accumulating experiences with Southern 'law and order' were turning me into a full-fledged revolutionary," Mr. Forman wrote, recalling his experiences of 1962-63. Although he moved increasingly leftward during his years at SNCC, he was edged out of the organization in the late 1960s when Stokely Carmichael, H. Rap Brown and other, younger members considered him insufficiently militant.

When Mr. Forman joined SNCC in 1961, it was a loose federation of student organizations housed in a grubby, windowless room in Atlanta, across the street from the offices of the Southern Christian Leadership Conference on Auburn Avenue. He moved to Atlanta at the urging of Ella Jo Baker, who had been the SCLC's first executive director. She believed the students, most from black colleges in the South, some of them veterans of sit-ins in Nashville, Tenn., and elsewhere, needed a separate organization to channel their energy and dedication.

As an Air Force veteran who was about a decade older than most of those involved with SNCC, he had the drive and experience, and the administrative abilities, to give focus to the organization, universally pronounced "Snick." Appointed executive secretary within a week of his arrival, he set about paying old bills, radically expanding the staff and planning logistics for direct-action efforts and voter-registration drives in Mississippi, Alabama, Georgia and elsewhere.

For the next four years, working in southern towns that are now touchstones of the civil rights movement, he was responsible for making sure that SNCC organizers were fed, housed and transported from one place of engagement to another, getting them out of jail and raising money for the organization's continued existence.

"He imbued the organization with a camaraderie and collegiality that I've never seen in any organization before or since," said Julian Bond, chairman of the NAACP and SNCC's communications director during Mr. Forman's tenure.

"Jim performed an organizational miracle in holding together a loose band of nonviolent revolutionaries who simply wanted to act together to eliminate racial discrimination and terror," said Del. Eleanor Holmes Norton (D-D.C.), who was a member of SNCC. "As a result, SNCC had an equal place at the table with all the major civil rights organizations of the 1960s. Americans may not known Jim's name as a household word, but if they look around them at the racial change in our country, they will know Jim by his work."

In the summer of 1961, he was jailed with SNCC-organized Freedom Riders who were protesting segregated facilities in Monroe, N.C. After his sentence was suspended, he went to work full time for SNCC.

"Forman was pivotal in keeping various factions of SNCC in action rather than concentrating on protecting their own turfs," said Lawrence Guyot, a longtime SNCC member and chairman of the Mississippi Freedom Democratic Party.

One of Mr. Forman's early challenges was to referee an internal dispute between SNCC activists who believed in direct action — sit-ins, demonstrations and other forms of confrontation— and those who believed voter registration was the most effective path to political empowerment. Mr. Forman maintained there really was no distinction.

"The brutal Southern sheriffs," he wrote a few years later, "didn't care what kind of 'outside agitator' you were; you were black and making trouble and that was enough for them."

In the summer of 1964, Mr. Forman's SNCC brought almost a thousand young volunteers, black and white, to register voters, set up "freedom schools," establish community centers and build the new Mississippi Freedom Democratic Party. Among those volunteers were Andrew Goodman, James Chaney and Michael Schwerner, the three young men murdered along a muddy road near Philadelphia, Miss., in June 1964. (According to Julian Bond, Mr. Forman was probably not aware in the last days of his life that Edgar Ray Killen, a preacher and sawmill operator, had been charged with the murders.)

Later that summer, Mr. Forman journeyed to Atlantic City, where he worked to persuade Democratic Party officials to recognize the Mississippi Freedom Democratic Party at the Democratic National Convention. Despite his efforts and despite the powerful testimony of Fannie Lou Hamer, who told of being fired by her boss and beaten unconscious by the police for her work in support of MFDP, the upstart party failed in its efforts to supplant the state's party regulars. "Atlantic City was a powerful lesson, not only for the black people from Mississippi but for all of SNCC and many other people as well," Mr. Forman wrote. "No longer was there any hope, among those who still had it, that the federal government would change the situation in the Deep South."

On a Sunday morning in May, 1969, Mr. Forman interrupted services at New York City's Riverside Church to demand $500 million in reparations from white churches to make up for injustices African Americans had suffered over the centuries. Although Riverside's preaching minister, the Rev. Ernest T. Campbell, termed the demands "exorbitant and fanciful," he was in sympathy with the impulse, if not the tactic. Later, the church agreed to donate a fixed percentage of its annual income to anti-poverty efforts.

SHARON CUTS OFF TALKS WITH ABBAS

AP—In a startling reversal, Israeli Prime Minister Ariel Sharon cut all contact Friday with the newly elected Palestinian leader and said Mahmoud Abbas must halt militant attacks if he wants peace talks. The timing of the decision—on the eve of Abbas' inauguration—was a major snub.

Sharon's action came after Palestinian militants killed six Israelis in a bombing and shooting attack at a Gaza Strip crossing and dampened hopes the two sides would quickly return to the negotiating table after four years of conflict.

The Israeli leadership had initially said it would not retaliate for Thursday's attack and would give Abbas time to rein in the militants, though one Israeli lawmaker warned Abbas "does not have 100 days of grace."

But later Friday, Sharon's spokesman announced the Israeli leader was severing contact with Abbas until he acts against the militants.

TORTURE'S PAPER TRAIL: THE ROAD TO ABU GHRAIB

From *The Chronicle of Higher Education*

A new collection of government memoranda, some written by professors, shows how officials justified prisoner abuse in the campaign against terrorists. SOURCE: *The Torture Papers: The Road to Abu Ghraib*

NOTABLE MOMENTS IN THE TORTURE DEBATE

Memorandum to the general counsel of the U.S. Department of Defense from John C. Yoo, then deputy assistant attorney general, January 9, 2002. (Mr. Yoo is now a professor of law at the University of California at Berkeley.):

Regarding the treatment of Al Qaeda detainee

"Al Qaeda is merely a violent political movement or organization and not a nation-state. As a result, it is ineligible to be a signatory to any treaty."

"Al Qaeda members have clearly demonstrated that they will not follow these basic requirements of lawful warfare. They have attacked purely civilian targets of no military value, they refused to wear uniform or insignia or carry arms openly, but instead hijacked civilian airliners, took hostages, and killed them, they have deliberately targeted and killed thousands of civilians, and they themselves do not obey the laws of war concerning the protection of the lives of civilians or the means of legitimate combat."

Regarding the treatment of captured members of the Taliban militia:

"We believe that the Geneva Conventions do not apply for several reasons. First, the Taliban was not a government, and Afghanistan was not— even prior to the beginning of the present conflict—a functioning state during the period in which they engaged in hostilities against the United States and its allies. Afghanistan's status as a failed state is ground alone to find that members of the Taliban militia are not entitled to enemy POW status under the Geneva Conventions. Further, it is clear that the president has the constitutional authority to suspend our treaties with Afghanistan pending the restoration of a legitimate government capable of performing Afghanistan's treaty obligations."

***

Memorandum to the counsel to the president and the assistant to the president for national security affairs from Colin L. Powell, secretary of state, January 26, 2002:

Regarding the option of stating that the Geneva Conventions did not apply to the Afghanistan conflict:

"Pros: This is an across-the-board approach that on its face provides maximum flexibility, removing any question of case-by-case determination for individuals.

"Cons:

It will reverse over a century of U.S. policy and practice in supporting the Geneva Conventions and undermine the protections of the law of war for our troops, both in this specific conflict and in general.

—It has a high cost in terms of negative international reaction, with immediate adverse consequences for our conduct of foreign policy.

—It will undermine public support among critical allies, making military cooperation more difficult to sustain.

—Europeans and others will likely have legal problems with extradition or other forms of cooperation in law enforcement, including bringing terrorists to justice.

—It may provoke some individual prosecutors to investigate and prosecute our officials and troops.

—It will make us more vulnerable to domestic and international legal challenge and deprives us of important legal options...

BUSH AIDE ARGUES FOR SOCIAL SECURITY CUTS

From an AP Article

A White House e-mail argues the case for cutting Social Security benefits promised in the future and says support must be built for investment accounts by convincing the public the system is "heading for an iceberg."

Calling President Bush's effort "one of the most important conservative undertakings of modern times," Karl Rove deputy Peter Wehner says in the e-mail that "the Social Security battle is one we can win." Doing so would advance the idea of limited government and could transform the nation's political landscape, he said.

White House spokesman Scott McClellan said the e-mail was sent Monday to "opinion leaders" to lay out "the challenges we face and the importance of seizing this opportunity to strengthen Social Security for our children and grandchildren and provide them with some ownership over their retirement savings."

In the e-mail, Wehner, director of White House Strategic Initiatives, urged cuts in future promised benefits as the best approach to overhaul the system to private investment accounts. Failure to make the cuts would cause "short-term economic consequences," he wrote. The e-mail outlines some of the difficult financial tradeoffs required to carve out accounts from the system — details the administration has so far refused to discuss publicly.

Bush's 2001 Social Security commission, in a plan serving as a blueprint for the overhaul, proposed changing the formula used to calculate benefits, resulting in cuts in promised benefits of 0.9 percent to nearly 46 percent. The investment accounts, which would be similar to 401(k)s, are expected to make up the income loss.

McClellan cautioned that Bush had not decided on an approach. But Wehner's e-mail implied that the White House was further along in its planning than it has claimed. "At the end of the day, we want to promote both an ownership society and advance the idea of limited government," the e-mail said. "It seems to me our plan will do so; the plan of some others won't."

The administration is focusing on a proposal that would let workers divert two-thirds of their payroll taxes into investment accounts, up to an annual limit of $1,000 to $1,300, an administration official told The Associated Press on Tuesday.

But to achieve the overhaul, the administration must "establish an important premise: the current system is heading toward an iceberg," Wehner's e-mail said. Supporters and opponents agree the future financial shortfall must be addressed, but they sharply differ on the severity and the solutions. Social Security is projected to start paying out more in benefits than it collects in taxes in 2018, according to Social Security trustees. It can pay full promised benefits until 2042. Then, it can cover about 73 percent of promised benefits. The nonpartisan Congressional Budget Office predicts solvency until 2052.

Besides cutting future promised benefits, the administration may be forced to borrow $1 trillion to $2 trillion to continue paying benefits to current retirees if tax revenue is diverted into personal accounts for younger workers. If the benefits are not reduced for those younger workers when they retire and the government has borrowed "trillions," an economic disaster could occur: "the markets go south, interest rates go up, and the economy stalls out," the e-mail said. "To ignore the structural fiscal issues — to wholly ignore the matter of the current system's benefit formula — would be irresponsible."

The message said that implementing the accounts and avoiding the benefit cuts would require tax increases or raising the full retirement age, which is already up to 66 for people who are turning 62 this year and thus eligible to draw reduced benefits. Under current law, the full retirement age moves to 67 in subsequent years.

GRANER FOUND GUILTY FOR PRISONER ABUSE

From an AP article

FORT HOOD, Texas—Army Spc. Charles Graner Jr., the reputed ringleader of a band of rogue guards at the Abu Ghraib prison, was convicted Friday of abusing Iraqi detainees in a case that sparked international outrage when photographs were released that showed reservists gleefully abusing prisoners.

Graner, the first soldier to be tried on charges arising from the scandal, was convicted of all five charges and faces up to 15 1/2 years behind bars. Graner stood at attention and looked straight ahead without expression as each verdict was read. His parents, Charles and Irma Graner, held hands tightly as they listened. The jury took less than five hours to reach the verdict, and was to begin the sentencing phase Friday evening.

Both prosecutors and the defense are permitted to put on witnesses during a sentencing hearing. Graner can also testify, which he declined to do during the trial. The verdict came after a 4 1/2-day trial in which prosecutors depicted Graner as a sadistic soldier who took great pleasure in seeing detainees suffer. He was accused of stacking naked prisoners in a human pyramid and later ordering them to masturbate while other soldiers took photographs. He also allegedly punched one man in the head hard enough to knock him out, and struck an injured prisoner with a collapsible metal stick.

The jury of four Army officers and six senior enlisted men rejected the defense argument that Graner and other guards were merely following orders from intelligence agents at Abu Ghraib when they roughed up the detainees. Graner, a 36-year-old reservist from Uniontown, Pa., faced 10 counts under five separate charges: Assault, conspiracy, maltreatment of detainees, committing indecent acts and dereliction of duty. He was found guilty on all counts, except that one assault count was downgraded to battery.

"It was for sport, for laughs," Graveline told jurors. "What we have here is plain abuse. There is no justification." One witness, Syrian prisoner Amin al-Sheikh, had characterized Graner as the "primary torturer," who merrily whistled, sang and laughed while brutalizing him and forced him to eat pork and drink alcohol in violation of his Muslim faith.

An Iraqi detainee told the court that he was among a group of prisoners stripped by Graner and other Abu Ghraib guards, stacked up naked in a human pyramid while female soldiers watched, and later told to masturbate. "I couldn't imagine it in the beginning," Hussein Mutar testified. "I could kill myself because no one over there was stopping it from happening."

Graner's attorney, Guy Womack, contended that his client and other Abu Ghraib guards were under extreme pressure from intelligence agents to use physical violence to prepare detainees for questioning. "It was a persistent, consistent set of orders," Womack said in his closing argument. "To soften up the detainees, to do things so we can interrogate them successfully in support of our mission. ... We had men and women being killed."

Womack described the notorious photos taken inside the prison as "gallows humor" arising from unrelenting stress felt by the Abu Ghraib guards. He reminded jurors that Saddam Hussein was not yet in U.S. custody when the alleged abuse happened.

"There was somebody very important on everybody's mind," Womack said. "Wouldn't it be logical to have your interrogators use pressure to get information to try to find him?"

He also tried to plant the seed that Graner and the other low-level guards were being used in a cover-up to protect Army officers once those photos went public. The shocking photos of reservists abusing and sexually humiliating prisoners were first broadcast on CBS's "60 Minutes II" in April. The photos showed naked detainees posed in sexual positions, hooked to electrodes and tethered to a leash.

TSUNAMI WARNINGS IGNORED BECAUSE OF TOURISM

AP

Until two weeks ago, Smith Thammasaroj was a prophet without honor. As chief of Thailand's meteorological department in 1998, he was accused of scaremongering when he warned that the country's southwest coast could face a deadly tsunami. He retired from his post under a shadow, dismissed as a crackpot, accused of causing panic and jeopardizing a critical tourist industry that grew up around the tropical resort island of Phuket.

Today, Smith is being lionized for his foresight after the devastating Dec. 26 Indian Ocean tsunami, which killed more than 150,000 people around the region, including 5,300 in Thailand, where another 3,600 are listed as missing. Less than a week after the tragedy, Prime Minister Thaksin Shinawatra appointed Smith as a vice minister and put him in charge of the newly established National Disaster Warning Office, which will work with local and foreign seismologists to establish a tsunami early warning system.

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25-CHICAGO FEST
26-CHICAGO FEST
27-MINNEAPOLIS
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31-PORTLAND W/NIGHTMARE

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2-OAKLAND
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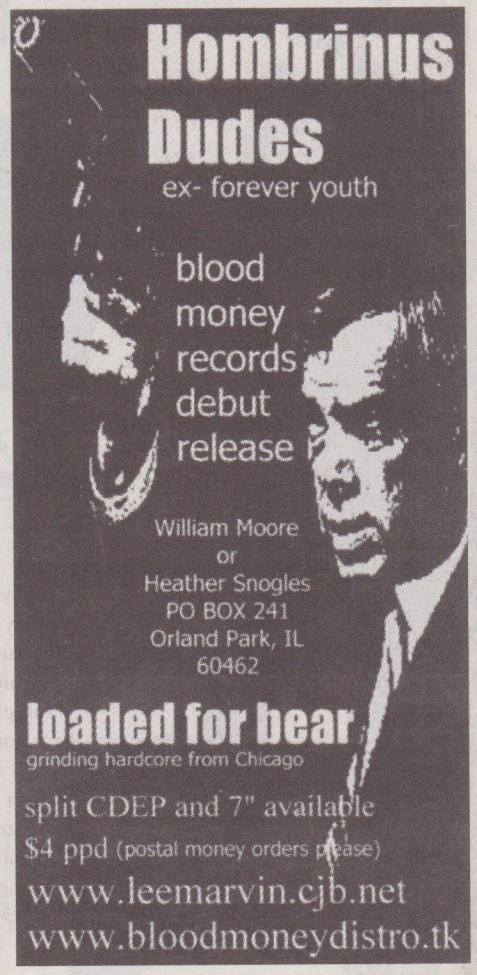

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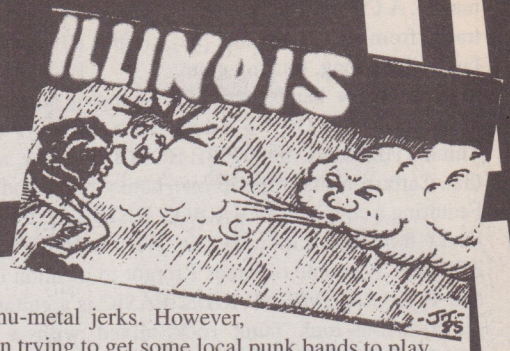


Hello from Carbondale Ice City! Right now the weather is insane and we have about a foot of snow hanging around town. The general consensus has been " fuck this shit." We're just not used to this kind of crap. Now with small talk out of the way, lets get down to business...

Crimefest was a destructively good time. Thanks to the Criminal IQ Records stable of stars, we had a great night that most people forgot. MANACONDA managed to cover half the Lost Cross basement in fake blood. But, karma kicked in when at the second show of the night, their bassist puked on everything and got himself kicked out—what a lightweight. The early show at Lost Cross went over well. PANIC DISORDER, IT BURNS, and HANG 'EM HIGH all played as well, proving once again that Carbondale's ability to get wasted sometimes outweighs our ability to play music correctly. MOTO, THE KRUNCHIES, THE COPYRIGHTS, and VEE DEE all played the late show at Big Boys.

MOTO surprised us all by having a secret fill-in bassist-none other than Criminal IQ head geezer Darius Hurley. THE KRUNCHIES set was going great until the sound guy decided to turn down Amanda's vocals-not that it kept her from being heard as everyone screamed along, and also danced and fell down. THE COPYRIGHTS set ended with Adam Beaver, of TRUCKER'S BLOOD, wrongfully thrown out by the owner and someone kicking out a ceiling light. Matt from VEE DEE almost incurred the wrath of Carbondale's antiquated nipple laws and was forced to put his shirt back on. Too bad, because the upside down cross painted on his chest was gorgeous. But, the most memorable part of the night was the couple that was kicked out for trying to fuck against the bar-anonymous punk rock sex at its finest.

There have been a few other great shows besides Crimefest. One in particular, THE MODERN MACHINES who finally got to rock out at Lost Cross, was great as their recent bar shows had them out of their element. A dingy basement is where they belong. The guys in 99 STABWOUNDS threw another Champagne Jam at The Cross, but this time with DOWN GOES FRAZIER and THE BEAUTIFUL DOWN. The mix of hardcore and cheap champagne was pretty taxing, but thankfully a few girls brought a cooler full of food and made grilled cheese sandwiches for everyone at 2 AM.

THE VEHICLE HOUSE played their first show in months. House residents VIVA
VENDETTA and BASIC played, and THE COPYRIGHTS filmed parts of their set for a music video. Watch out MTV, here come the gorgeous COPYRIGHTS! Adam is the cute one! Luke is the quiet one! Nick is the young one! Brett is the goofy one! Clear space in your lockers, girls, because here they come!

Besides that, the bar shows have been pretty average. THE BOURBON KNIGHTS have finally decided that playing for 3 hours straight every show gets old, so they are now having bands open for them more regularly. IT BURNS and THE SAPS, from Chicago, both have had the honors. Personally, I'm glad the BKs are doing this. They have a huge draw beyond the local punk scene and it's a good way for bands to be heard.

There's a new local promoter from the area who goes by the name *Dirty Hall*. He is an odd fellow who never actually goes to shows, but keeps up on them via message boards and websites. He has been throwing together some pretty shady/lame shows and deals mostly with the Southern Illinois Metal Collective (SIMC)-a group of goateed, camouflage
short sporting, nu-metal jerks. However,
lately he has been trying to get some local punk bands to play his crap-fests. Unfortunately, 99 STABWOUNDS played one and it ended up being one of the lamest, dumbest shows I've been to in years. Hall seems like a nice enough guy with his heart in the right place but he doesn't seem to know what the fuck he's doing. There is hardly any flyering, no promotions, nothing. He just okays a slot at a bar and calls it a show. So, to all you touring bands, I'd avoid this guy until he gets his act together.

In local band news, THE BROKEN BOYS have, well, broken up. Not too devastating to anyone, considering they hadn't played a show in months. THE PLUS also just broke up, but I think they're calling it an " extended hiatus." All I know for sure is that they're not playing out anytime in the near future. Their drummer, Jarid, is playing in VIVA VENDETTA and Marty started a new band. So we'll be hearing from those guys at least. THE ACCELERATORS acquired a new drummer, and from out of nowhere, rumors are CASH GAL is getting back together. Hopefully they finally will release that last album they recorded-the one that required them to drive all the way to New York.

In other recording news, THE COPYRIGHTS are heading to Sonic Iguana in January to record their second full length. It'll be the first recording with their *new* guitarist, Nick. IT BURNS is heading into the studio also to record some material for a seven-inch. They already have material ready for a split seven-inch with THE PHENOMS, which will be released sometime in the near future. But, still no word on when the second IT BURNS full length will be released. The date always seems to be " soon." The same

can be said about the third Lost Cross comp. Initially planned to be out in August, it's now expecting a January, possibly February release, maybe. A Criminal IQ/Lost Cross comp was made for Crimefest, with tracks from every band that played (plus a few extras), but those went fast and are long, fucking gone.

A few new bands have been popping up since the last report. TRUCKER'S BLOOD is a three piece that plays kickass, jangly punk. Think THIS BIKE IS A PIPE BOMB, TULSA, and other things like that. Carbondale now has its own honky-tonk band, HANG EM HIGH. Featuring a couple of BOURBON KNIGHTS, they play straight ahead honky-tonk with a more HANK WILLIAMS, SR. than BRIAN SETZER feel. A couple of bands I forgot to mention last time are BASIC and THE COLUMBINE KIDS. BASIC is a guitar and drum duo that plays fast-as-fuck punk rock mixed with a little blues. THE COLUMBINE KIDS are influenced by LEFTOVER CRACK and OP-IVY and have been playing around for a bit. There were a few problems between them and some other bands a few years ago, mostly because of lyrical content and onstage remarks, but all of that seems to have been forgotten or worked out.

There's been a rash of Internet geekery lately and you can now befriend Lost Cross, IT BURNS, THE COPYRIGHTS, THE BOURBON KNIGHTS, THE HANGAROUNDS, PANIC DISORDER, 99 STABWOUNDS, and THE PLUS on www.myspace.com-MP3's abound! THE DAMMIT BOYS have a new site at www.dammit-boys.com.

Oh, and everyone should go out and pick up the new issue of *Blurt!* #2. Lew stayed here in Carbondale with THE COPYRIGHTS, for a couple of months, while putting together the issue and it is really good.

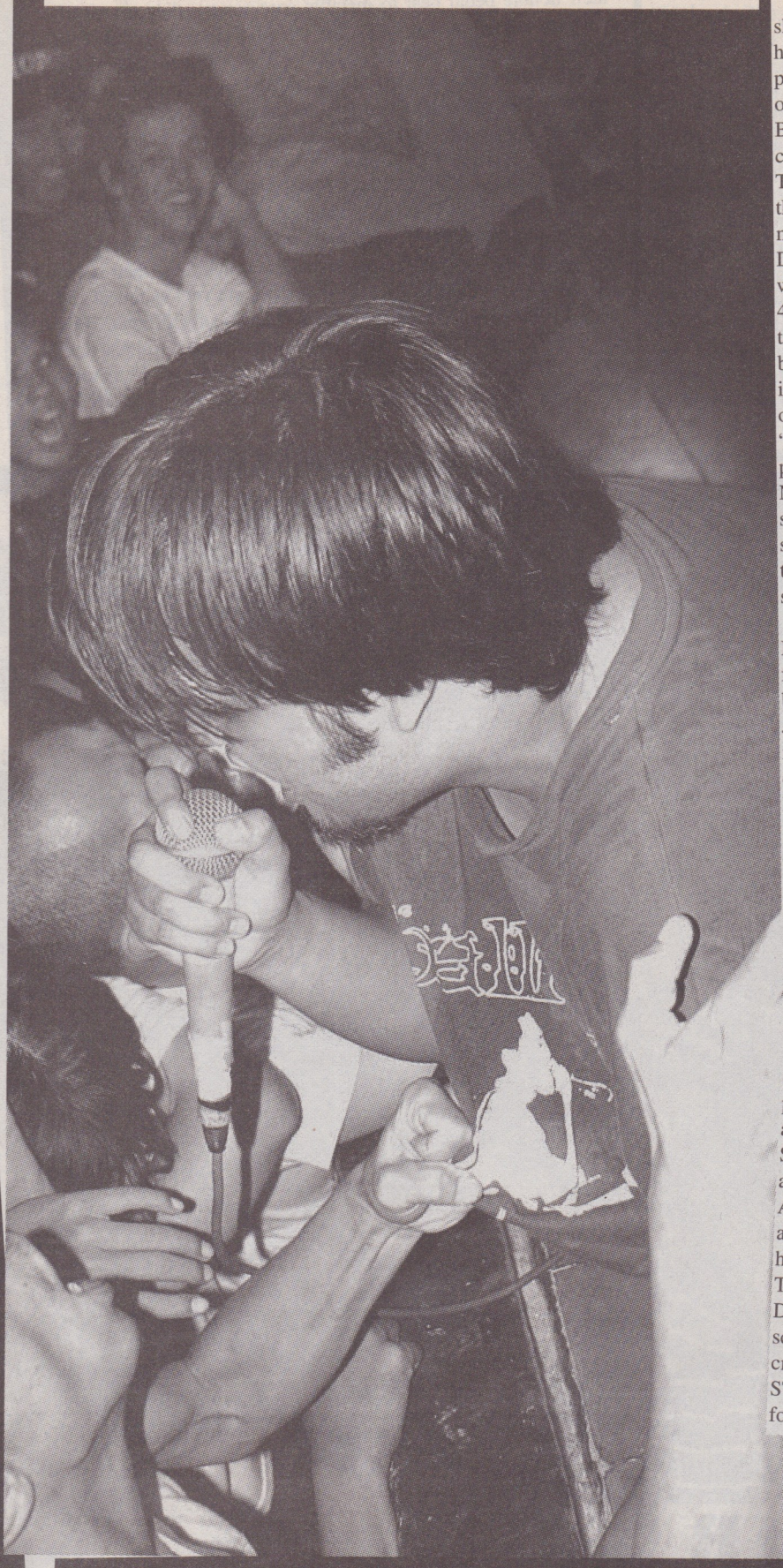
That's all I have to say for now. Visit the Lost Cross message board (http://www.geocities.com/bollman1) and feel free to send us anything (postcards, letters, mixtapes, cat toys for our new kitten Magna Carta) at 407 W. Elm, Carbondale IL, 62901. We like receiving mail. We'll even send you back something cool! Remember to always *pogo you fuckers*!
Ray Suburbia.

INDONESIAN PUNK FEST

FOR THE KIDS FEST : A TWO DAY HARDCORE PUNK SHOW !
Reported by Wahyu Nugroho aka Acum.

At last! The first hardcore fest was held in Jogja. It took place at the Hall of the National University of Jogjakarta, and was attended by eighteen hardcore bands and four emo bands, who came from Jogja and other cities in Indonesia such from Jakarta, Depok, Semarang and Delanggu. This entire fest was held in two days Saturday (18/12) and Sunday (19/12). OK, let me take you guys to the atmosphere of this fest!

STRENGTH TO STRENGTH

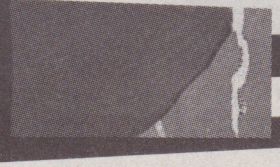


Day One:

I was kinda late (doors opened at 7 pm), but the show was an hour late to start. There were lots of hardcore kids as well as a few skinheads and punkers at the show (but there were more skinheads on day two). At exactly 8 pm, THE CANNONBALL opened the show with some old school hardcore songs, melodically reminding me of CIV. Then came REFLEXI DIRI, a straight edge band that played new school hardcore with sXe and animal liberation messages in their lyrics. REFLEXI DIRI really triggered me up until the last song, which was an EARTH CRISIS cover. Next was AK 47 from Semarang, who fired up the crowd with their fast, old school hardcore. At one point, they brought Aca (ex-STRAIGHT ANSWER's vocalist) in as a guest vocalist. I smiled when they covered one of Morrissey's songs, "Alma mater." "Morrissey is hardcore," Aca said before they played the song. Then, another local band named NOTHING played after AK47. NOTHING is new school hardcore with female vocals. During the show, they surprisingly triggered a mosh pit with their fast, guitar-driven hardcore. They remind me sonically of STRIFE and WALLS OF JERICHO.

Following NOTHING was NATALIE PORTMAN, who stabilized the crowd with their powerful emo songs. They also covered several numbers by THURDAY. Next was DAGGER STAB from Jakarta. They play very emotional, emo-metal musical atmospheres. This band was on the emo compilation called *Anthems of Tomorrow*, which has just released by dE records. STRENGTH-TO-STRENGTH from Jogja was the next band. That were the climax of the show. The kids were spread from the bottom to top of the stage; they were stage

diving to almost every song, especially when they played 7 SECOND'S "99 Red Balloons" (which actually an old song once covered by 7 SECONDS). STRENGTH-TO-STRENGTH, together with several bands like NOTHING, REFLEXI DIRI, THINK AGAIN, and STRONGHOLD has just appeared on a compilation released by Halang Rintang records, a hardcore label owned by xNandax, STRENGTH-TO-STRENGTH'S lead vocalist. Next was DEMOCRAZY, a band from Jakarta who play old school hardcore with a female vocalist, Although the crowd wasn't so full as for STRENGTH TO STRENGTH, this band was very clean and performed perfectly. The vocal sound reminded me of



SHUTDOWN.

STRONGER THAN BEFORE played next with their old school songs. SUFFEREDGE from Depok then played very powerful metallic hardcore sounds. HANDS UPON SALVATION, another local band closed out the show on day one with a few numbers of metallic, fast hardcore from their debut EP (which has just been released by Diorama records).

Day Two:

It's a pity that because of the rain, I missed two emo bands, X-12 and DREAMS OF TOMORROW. In day two, I saw more skinheads than were there on the first day. My intuition said that they came for SOMETHING WRONG, a local old school hardcore punk band with four members, whose guitarist is also a skinhead. At 9 pm I entered the show exactly when the local hardcore band THINK AGAIN played. They played old school hardcore. FULL STRICKEN from Delanggu city (a city between Jogja and Solo) gave me a headache with their brand of metallic hardcore. Next was STRUGGLE THAN BEFORE from Tangerang (a city near Jakarta), who played old school style hardcore, like WIDE AWAKE. They closed their performance with a cover song from TEN YARD FIGHT's "Hardcore Pride." STRONGHOLD was the next performer. This band played 80s old school hardcore like MINOR THREAT and AGNOSTIC FRONT. DISAGREE from Jakarta bulldozed the entire room with their double pedal beat to metallic core songs—they practically gave me a heart attack. Following DISAGREE was NOISE FOR VIOLENCE. This band played old school hardcore like WARZONE with lots of energy. They already have an album called *Back On The Street* on Comberan Records. The vocalist dynamically stage dove into the mosh pit throughout their set. It's sad, but they only played five songs because their vocalist was too drunk to sing. Local band, ENDLESS JOURNEY OF LEVIATHAN (gosh! what a name) played hardcore metal like POISON THE WELL.

The only band that amazed me was CRANIAL INCISORED. This local band played chaotic metalcore songs from their debut LP, which was released in April 2004. They are very technical and guitar driven, and the drumbeat was mathematically difficult. They even snuck in some jazz swing and bossa-nova beats. Not just that, they even covered THE CURE's "Friday I'm in Love" in a brutal and technical way. Full applause for this band! Next was MOR-

DAGGER STAB

TAL COMBAT with their old school fast core. They are really, really fast, like CHARLES BRONSON (they also already had several EPs, released by Comberan Records, a label owned by Oji, the band's guitarist). Last up was SOMETHING WRONG, a local hardcore band that started in 1996. When they played, the mosh pit was full of punks and skinheads (my intuition was right that they came for this band!). SOMETHING WRONG sang some old school hardcore numbers from their albums *Get off My Back*, which was released by NaPI records, a hardcore punk label from Bandung. They remind me of AGNOSTIC FRONT or CRO MAGS. Many skinheads, punks, and hardcore kids joined in the mosh pit together.

So it goes, everything was under control during the entire two days of the hardcore fest. I walked outside with guys who look very tired of diving along to the show. The rest of the time was spent talking with some bands and zine writers whom I met during this fest. Enough said, I hope for another fest next year, congrats! (*)

Here's my list of the best performance (according to me :))

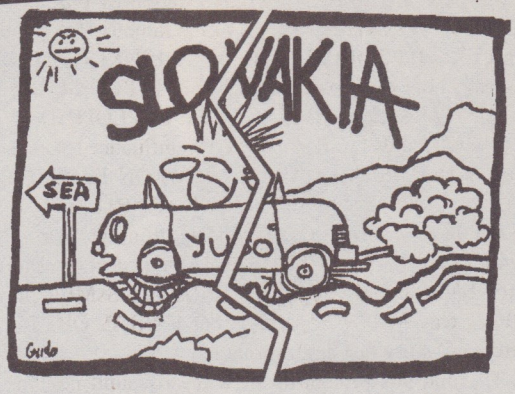
Day One:

Best mosh pit: STRENGTH-TO-STRENGTH
Best clean-performance: DEMOCRAZY
Best trigger: NOTHING / AK 47

Day 2

Best mosh pit: NOISE FOR VIOLENCE
Best clean-performance: CRANIAL INCISORED
Best trigger: NOISE FOR VIOLENCE

SLOVAKIA



PUNK AND HARDCORE IN SLOVAKIA

Remember the rebellious attitude that formed during the early 70s in the US and UK punk movement? This was also happening in my country. The earliest information about the punk movement came from Austria, for kids who got better TV reception. The first punk band that played in Bratislava was called TIP (1980-1981). Members of this band still play today, but in other bands. The earliest bands formed in Bacity—KÓTA 22, PARADOX, CONTAINER, TLAK, and others. A second wave of bands came in the late 80s—DAVOVA PSYCHOZA, ZÓNA A, LORD ALEX, SITNAN, SLOBODNA EUROPA, and many others. The times were hard before the Tender Revolution of '89 as the police/state and school did not care for young punkers and the lifestyle. They viewed it as something bad because it was against the communist system. Young punkers were marked as useless—no future for them in the communist state.

After 1989, there were different (though fewer) problems for the punkers, with the rise of the new capitalist system. The most important band that began to experiment with hardcore a la BLACK FLAG was MLADE ROZLETY. In the early 90s, the HC and sXe scene became one. There were a lot of metal bands that experimented with hardcore riffs. The most well known were: TESTIMONY, YELLOW CAGE, PUNISHMENT, SPRAVNY SMER, NONCONFORMIST, MENTALLY PARAZITES, SOCIAL SILENCE, CLANDESTINE, ACHERON, CANDY CORE, and EDITOR.

Hardcore punk scene, now!

What's happening today? Nothing special.

After the revolution, the scene began to separate. During the communist era, the punks and skinheads were close. Oddly, under communism, punk in Slovakia was very racist because the communist party was anti-racist. Everything from the west that was on Slovakian TV news presented racial abuse, strikes, and fights with police. In turn, this was the punks and skinheads own form of rebellion. So, after the revolution the scenes split, which is pretty a good thing. There was a band called KRATKY PROCES that had racist lyrics but still played at punk shows. After the revolution this band was the first nazi band and formed the nazi scum movement. Anyway the punk scene and hardcore scene was expanding rapidly. Different styles, ideas, and activities were coming from the west on an almost daily basis. The first environmental groups were pro-animal liberation or Green Peace, and many people were politically active and went to shows.

The first punk rock band in Slovakia was from the capital Bratislava called TIP (1978-84). They are still playing classic, RAMONES-styled punk rock, but with a different lineup now They now call themselves EXTIP. The next most famous older band is PARADOX, who plays classic, English, '77 punk rock. BARBUS (1985-87) is a punk rock band whose later members established LORD ALEX, a legendary Bratislava city band now playing reunion shows. The next and the most famous punk band in Slovakia that is still playing is ZONA A. They play old, '77 style punk, but remain close to the RAMONES style. All of these bands hail from Bratislava.

Another older band that still plays today is called SPRAY. Established in 1981, they are classic, pub style, punk rock. TLAK (1983) is a punk rock band with members of DAVOVA PSYCHOZA and KOTA 22. KOLAPS (1991) punk rock. MORBID PIG (1990-98) is more of an art students' project—very sarcastic and funny and influenced by THE RAMONES. After they broke-up the members started a new project with friends called THE REMONES, a RAMONES cover band, and play occasionally on birthday parties for friends. LUES DE FUNES plays fast, HC punk, and have released a few new demos that rip. SLOBODNA EUROPA began in 1990 and consists of members of older punk rock bands, still play, and are one of the most popular bands as well. They play nice, melodic punk rock with really catchy riffs. MLADE ROZLETY started in 1988 and was the first HC band in Slovakia. When they were together, they would play covers of BLACK FLAG, DEAD KENNEDYS, or others, and are now playing the occasional reunion

show. Members of this band started KARPINA, a really funny punk rock band with funny, sarcastic, and ironic lyrics about politics. CONTAINER, who began in 1989 but are no longer around, started by playing anarcho-punk with metal riffs. HOGO POGO, members of the famous rock band HEX, used to play lo-fi punk rock. BSC, aka BRATISLAVA DRINKING COMMANDO, began in 1991 and still play today with members of PITTY OF INSTRUMENTS. They play classic punk rock in the vein of THE EXPLOITED.

The early 90s brought a more HC influence to our scene. The bands began to play faster, harder, and dirtier. HELL ON EARTH played d-beat style punk. PIGURA (1993-99) used BIOHAZARD and RAGE AGAINST THE MACHINE riffs in their music. The drummer also played in a female-fronted band called FATAL ERROR, while the rest of the PIGURA members are more into graffiti and hip-hop stuff. SPRAVNY SsMER played HC punk. PUNISHMENT was a HC, garage-punk band. NIHIL OBSTAT was extremely raw and hardcore—very fast and furious.

The mid-90s brought a more metal sound into the hardcore scene and the bands began playing with more speed-metal riffs. One of the most famous bands was TESTIMONY (1994-2001). After a break of three years, they are going to play two or three shows for old friends and fans. They were heavily influenced by metal bands but still retained HC punk ethics. Later, the members established new bands. Another band from that era that played with TESTIMONY was ACHERON (1994-99). They also played HC and metal, but with a keyboard—similar to CLAWFINGER. The next band was CANDY CORE (1995-99), crossover metalcore ala LIFE OF AGONY. PITTY OF INSTRUMENTS was a pretty amazing band with very humorous lyrics. They were more metal than hardcore, but at this time, the scene was fairly united and open to all different types of bands. PITTY OF INSTRUMENTS eventually brought grind riffs into their music. UKRYT is an Oi-punk band that began in 1997. CENZURA is another Oi-punk band, and have been around since 2000.

The end of the 90s saw the reformation of the second sXe movement. There were no purely sXe bands in Slovakia, and there are still no still sXe bands, but people began discussing and practicing sXe ideas, making them a reality. The first wave formed around 1993 and lasted till 1995/96. But, this was a big deal as you have to understand the conditions of our country—everyone drinks and it is not frowned upon. Eventually, everyone began to drink again.

CRY OUT began in 1998 but has since disbanded. The frontman was sXe, sang about it, and pretty much started the second sXe movement. More people have become involved, and a sXe fanzine was started—*Brotherhood*. The next band, CORE FUCKING SYSTEM, soon shortened to COFS, and are now called RUMBURAX, play nü-metal riffs. CANIS LUPUS (1999-2001) was a metal grindcore band. ZELEZNA KOLONA, an anarcho-punk band from Bratislava, is still playing. INE KAFE is playing FatWreck, pop punk, and the first album was amazing—somewhere between GOOD RIDDANCE and BAD RELIGION. While they eventually broke-up, two of the members started PLUS MINUS. They still play fast, melodic, California punk rock, and now have a member of TESTIMONY on guitar. Members of PLUS MINUS also have a project called WAY 2 WAY, which is faster then PLUS MINUS. ABHORRENCE is the best new, youth crew HC band. They have brought a new influence to Slovakian HC. They play in the style of German and Belgian metal-mosh bands, and are also very pro-animal rights and vegan. Two of the members with one other person run Deadbutcher Records and distribution. PTERODAKTIL, who are no longer around, played dirty, grindy metal. They later renamed themselves RATTHOS. They now called INERNATIONAL KARATE, and are really nice guys. They host local shows in their garage. SIKA is a fast, d-beat, thrash, HC band, a la early 80s American bands. People from this band were also in RIOT IN OPERA, ROVNOU CHODBOU, and BOZOKA. Not sure but some of these bands may still be around. ANAL CIRCUS is aggressive and furious grindcore and are crust as fuck.

These next bands only began recently—post 2000:

PANDANA plays punk rock; ZIGAUNER, punk rock with members of ZONA A; JEZISOVI PIVO NENALIEVAJ, pagan punk rock; IMUNITA, melodic punk rock; NOSEPICKER, Fat Wreck punk; GOOD REASON, neo-punk; ACORNHOEK, grunge-rock. VANILLA CLUB plays neo-pop-punk, and members used to play in INSTANT THUNDER, who is still around and sound like LIMP BIZKIT.

ROZPOR, an oi-punk rock band established around 1999, has influenced many with their anti-racist sentiments. ADACTA plays crusty fastcore with female vocals. The old drummer of DAVOVA PSYCHOZA plays with them-good lyrics and very nice people. RAJNEESH is a side project with the singer from TESTIMONY and drummer and guitarist of ACHERON. It's more esoteric then their other band but really nice to listen to. PROJECT SEVENTY SEVEN is punk rock with female vocals—singer from FATAL ERROR, bass player of CRYOUT, Lochy of TESTIMONY and some other guys from DAVOVA PSYCHOZA. FATAL ERROR, who is no longer around, used to play melodic hard rock. While they grew up on HC punk, they were able to get through to people better with the hard rock sound. I still love them to this day. NAIVE FIGHTERS plays folk-punk with anarchist lyrics. Some of the members also are involved in various noise projects.

More noise groups: DEVIANT VIRAL OURCE, noise core; URBANOX, harsh noise but no longer around; URBANFAILURE, experimental noise, no longer around.

Some new bands in Bratislava: AGREGATH, grindcore and crusty hardcore with members of CLANDESTINE, FORPAIN consists of people from AGREGATH, who play covers of PROPAIN, MÖTORHEAD, and others, and guys from BARBAROSA, an old experimental band from Liptovsky Mikulas; TOTAL PRIMITIVS play crazy punk rock; WITH EVIL OUT used to play old school hardcore mixed with rock 'n' roll and metal and their bass player now plays in the neo-pop-punk band TRANSPANAMA.

There is another project with ex-members of ZONA A, EXTIP, and PRINCOVIA that plays RAMONES style punk. I think there are many more bands that I am missing, but this will be updated later.

Near Bratislava city is small village called Svety Jur, the hometown of the famous grind core band CAD. They started in 1993-94 and I think are one of the best grind-fun-core bands in the world. They play really funny shows and typically use non-orthodox instruments—toilet pipe, etc. The next project from these people is VANDALI, which translates to "Misfits," and is a tribute to that band. They play amazing rock 'n' roll punk with Slovakian lyrics—great, great, great! Before VANDALI, there had another project, called BILL CLINTON, which was grind-noise-terror. Also from this same town is a crossover band called SNEHULIENKA.

ATRIA, from Dunajska Luzna, a village near Bratislava, is a band that should go to hell since some of their members became nazis. It's sad because when they started, 1994-95, they played the best old school NYC. They were then pro-unity and anti-fascist. But, around 1999-2000, they got involved with the nazi scene and that was their end in the HC underground.

Nitra, my parents' hometown, has always had a rock 'n' roll history. NEW KIDS ON THE BOLLOCK (1998-95) played HC punk. HORKYZE SLIZE began in 1992 and is still playing their funny punk mixed with hard rock. Another great and funny band from this area was called CREASING GREASE (1994-99), fast hardcore punk with crossover riffs. DPH is a punk rock band, established in 1997, and is still playing. Other bands from the area: HAPPY COCKS, punk rock, are still alive; DERATIZACIA play punk rock; ZHODA NAHOD play punk rock; ABORTION, established in 1990, is a happy, grindcore band.

ATTITUDE, established in 2000, is HC punk with two women sharing vocal duties—amazing and lovely. Their members are in another band called BANDA/SKA.

Topolcany city is home to ZACIATOK KONCA, a HC, oi, punk band with very nice people. OSTROV P was a nice punk rock band and maybe one of the first of its kind in the area. After they broke up some of the members started another band called ILLEGALITY and have been playing since-a very long time! LS (1994-98) is one of the best bands I've ever seen. With live shows full of energy, they used to play classic hardcore, ala BIOHAZARD, and did it very well.

Trnava, my hometown, is home to: TRUELIGHT, crossover metalcore; KUNDOTKOV SYNDROM play happy punk rock; SOUND OF EDEN play melodic rock; SAIT are a HC band.

From Galanta is the most beautiful band—DAUNTLESS-which began the same time as CRY OUT. They used to play together, and played HC a la 25 TA LIFE. They were very good—excellent music to mosh to and great musicians. And the singer was sXe. INCURABLE plays grindcore and began in 1998. IN DESPAIR (1998-2001) began as an old school, crust band, but changed to a more metalcore sound and have female vocals. THE FLAME STILL BURNS is a youth crew, old school, HC punk band whose drummer was in IN DESPAIR.

Dunajska Streda is near the Hungarian border, and the Hungarian influences can be heard. SUFFOCATE plays deathcore grind with funny lyrics. LAST WILL (1996-2001) played hatecore, and these members later established LAST CHANCE with the singer from DAUNTLESS. The singer from LAST WILL used to sing in a band called H8, NYHC. AMAZONKY, an all-woman band, used to play nice catchy punk. The next punk rock bands from this area are: AZYL from Sala and played punk rock; ROMEO VERZIK from Samorin whose members later established KONFLIKT A, and after some personnel changes renamed themselves to KONFLIKT, maintaining their classic, EXPLOITED sound.

Cadca is very famous in Slovakia for its huge crust scene. Many of these bands helped establish the Slovakian punk scene! TRI GROSE began in 1989 playing classic punk rock and still plays the same shit. THE PUBLIC is the most famous band in Slovakia that play emo, crust-violence, HC. Members have also played in other projects; SUPERAPE X is one of these projects. It's very bizarre punk rock with keyboards. NPV is a political, grind, noise band. DEMENTOS ORCHESTROS is a project from the same guys who are playing *blues-chaos-rock*.

Here are some other bands no longer around and from different parts of Slovakia: YELLOW CAKE from Dubnica were one of the early 90s bands that used to play pure hardcore; STRIKE from Velky Biel, near the capital used to play RAGE AGAINST THE MACHINE rapcore, but had some grind in their sound; VERDIKT P from Sahy began in 1999 and I think are still playing their brand of HC punk; MASOVA ONANIA is from Hlohovec city and plays pogo, punk rock; NEKULTURA, ex-MASOVA ONANIA, plays classic punk; STREET SPIRIT from Myjava play punk rock; MASO from Zvolen have been playing for more than 12 years, use samplers and noise boxes, and plays metal versions of MINOR THREAT and TESTIMONY-fucking awesome; THAY GETTO from Zvolen are a chaotic, extreme grind band; WAYMANYKA SHASTRA were members of MSR and PLASTICFUTURE and from Zvolen, played something between crossover and hardcore; STICFUTU is a brand new band from Banska Bystrica and plays something between metalcore and LIMP BIZKIT; SCREAMING BUTTERFLY from Lucenec plays nü-metal, ala early KORN or MACHINE HEAD; PEXESO, punk rock; PICASSO BLOT, punk rock;

TOMCAT from Lucenec plays alcohol-fueled, '77 style punk rock; DR.PAKO from Partizanske are punk rock as fuck.

Zilina city aka Slotohrad. Many bands from this city are very political because it is the hometown of the Slovakian national party. Also, the governor of Zilina is a fucking dickhead. So, most of the bands are pretty crazy and upset, which is good. The best band is definitely JUNK-the first and probably last sXe band in Slovakia. They used to play in the early 90s when hardcore first came to Slovakia. They mixed sXe lyrics with Krishna ideas, akin to 108 or Shelter, but the sound was more similar to early SNAPCASE. They released a 7" on Day After Records in the Czech Republic. Other bands: HT are punk as fuck; COEXIST (1993-94) played hardcore punk; VEC were grindcore maniacs; DISCOREDRIBBLING played HC punk; BRIGADA play oi, punk rock; KLEMONES plays old school punk rock with members of BRIGADA; DIES IRAE plays hardcore-emo; KHROCH are noisecore; SABOTAGE are grindcore; P.I.T are grindcore; VNUTROMATERNICOVY KANIBALIZMUS were crazy porno/gore-grind chaos; LYKANTROD are crust core.

From Banska Bystrica city: HASIACI PRISTROJ began in 1990 and plays classic punk rock with rock 'n' roll riffs; MSR aka MRVIACE SA ROZKY is one of the longest playing bands in Slovakia and sound like SICK OF IT ALL or PROPAIN; TOY PISTOLS began in 1995; P.B.K. were industrial noise; AVIDYA is an old sXe HC band that now do hip-hop; EMBOLISM play grindcore; NO A CO? played punk rock; 12% played punk rock; DISIDENT were punk as fuck; STROP played punk rock.

Kosice city is located on the east side of Slovakia, probably has the best scene in our country. Bands from here are: NONCONFORMIST, who began in 1990, is a political and pro-animal rights, pro-choice HC punk band; MENTALLY PARASITES was hardcore punk mixed with grind, began in 1990 as well, and released a split tape with Testimony years ago; SOCIAL SILENCE had members in S3A and FIRESTARS-pure hardcore; 4PUNX were an oi punk band; STONE COLD BITCH from the mid 90s, used to play crossover, HC metal; CHROMATIC ABSURDITY played grindcore; DECOMPOSITION played grindcore and began in 1998; THORWALD played grindcore and began in 1999; BAD DAY began in 2001 and used to play funky, melodic punk rock with a saxophone; FIRESTARS played amazing melodic old school HC began in 2001 and were an all star band with members of BAD DAY, S3A, and STONE COLD BITCH; PROS & CONS were new-wave metal with HC riffs; NASA VEC were metallic, crossover HC.

From Presov city: SAPROPHYTE played great NYC style hardcore with strong and hard metallic guitars, two vocalists, and fast drums; SKAZA played ska punk; ONE VOICE is a new band and plays hard, metal, moshcore with SAPROPHYTE members..

Fron Vranov nad Toplou city: LEN TAK TAK began in the early 90s and play fast, crust, HC with female and male vocals; HIPPIE KILLER are members of LEN TAK TAK and have a similar sound; ZME-TAK played chaotic punk rock; PUNKREAS is hard, anti-nazi punk; NO FUTURE plays punk rock; KONIEC KONCOV from Tvrdosin city played punk rock; EMOR also from Tvrdosin plays sludgy, emocore.

Spiska Nova Ves city, is famous for its noise projects: SHITOBA, noise core; N.N.P.V.O.S., noise core; B.B.H.S.D.U.K., noise core.

From Bardejov come I.B.F.S., punk as fuck style and PODME DO PRACE punk oi rock.

Well, I guess that's it from our scene. I'm still on the lookout for old and new bands because there are so many, and sadly, quite a few of them only play in their hometowns. Usually they are too poor to go on tour or buy good equipment, so most of them only play parties for their friends. We need to encourage them to play out more! It's the classic complex of our nation: we don't know how to sell ourselves; we don't know how to utilize our skills.

Here are a few websites that document our scene. Please check them and have fun:
www.prasopal.sk (contacts, venues, distros, zine and other things of interest); www.sxehc.sk (sXe of slovakia-tons of photos from our local shows and articles); www.deadbutcher.sk (new record label and booking agency); www.undergrinding.host.sk (extreme grindcore scene, but with hardcore attitude); www.unity.host.sk (oi, punk page, full of photos and oi punk bands from Slovakia); www.rasizmus.sk (anti-racism page, links to food not bombs slovakia, etc.)

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THE GIG WAS ON DECEMBER 4, 2004, AND WAS ORGANIZED BY UNITED CRUSTIES DIY GIG COLLECTIVE.
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Pulverizing Brazilian fast attack

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Scorching fast NY power violence

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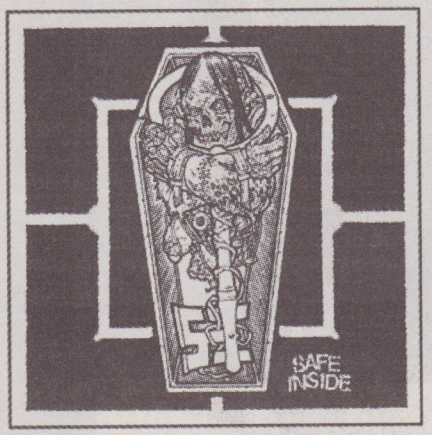
BM-003: Safe Inside: *Self-Titled* 7" EP



Safe Inside deliver 14 tracks of raw punk/hardcore on this, their debut 7". They have sworn a blood oath to keep each song under one minute... Total fury, unleashed. A clean production drives the chaotic sound. **Cover artwork by Mike Sutfin of the Killers.** Limited edition mail order copies will be available on a first come, first serve basis. ..... $5/$6

BM-002:
The Assailant: *Self-Titled* CD

The Assailant bring the highly frenetic song structures of **Crom Tech**, **The Assistant**, the **Dillenger Escape Plan** and the full-on cacophonous pounding of **The Locust**, while never losing what unique character and energy is built early on in the listen. Our hands are left full; never with the instinct to shake loose what random, cold technicality is strewn around in cases where bands are more concerned with the analytical..... $6

BM-001:
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This 25 song CD is more diverse than anything they have released, and may challenge stale hardcore purists. The incorporation of relentlessly fast/tight hardcore, double-bass, and [no lack of] screaming and growling will get thrashers going, while the naturally flowing melodic aspects appeal to what so many stifle. Their musicianship has further developed, as has their ability to lyrically articulate battle cries and furious laments..... $10

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FRANTIX

Aurora, Colorado may not be the first place people mention when they talk about raw punk or rock 'n' roll, but the Frantix made sure that it would not be the last. Together for all-too-briefly in the early 80s, they left two EPs and a demo tape of crazed, primitive punk rock that is neither easy to describe nor imitate. Now, their music is widely available again for the first time in 20 years thanks to a discography CD, and they took some time to answer some questions for Maximumrocknroll. Interview by Golnar Nikpour, flyers from the collection of the Frantix.

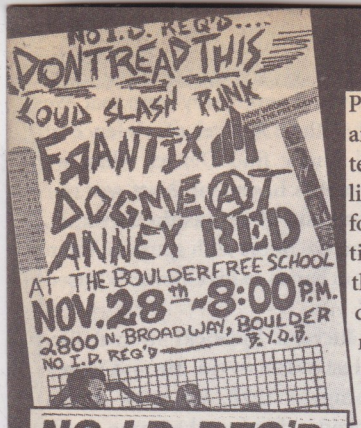
MRR: First off, introduce yourselves and run through a brief history of the band.

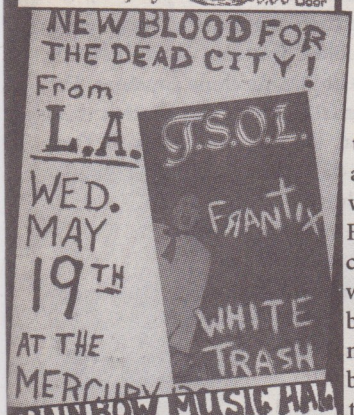
DAVEY: I'm Davey Dynohut, and I'm the Frantix drummer. I started the band with Rick and Danny, playing in my mom's basement every day after school in 1979. Rick soon found his hooks, and we were ready to find a bass player to begin our assault on the local rock scene. Piece by piece we found louder equipment and a fill-in bass player.

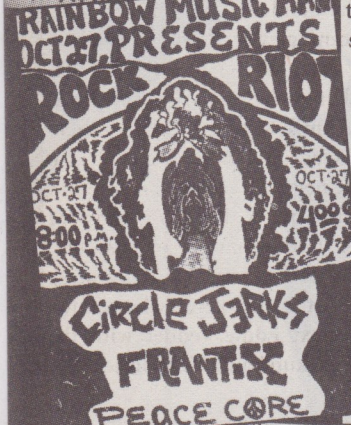
I had grown up fighting and fucking shit up since kindergarten, and had found motocross as my holy grail and savior in the early 70s. By the time this band was formed, I was a local expert at racing the most violent sport you could find, week in and out at the top level. This chimed in perfectly with punk rock, as I had also been passionately hooked on rock'n'roll from the earliest days that I can remember. My first concert was seeing Mountain in 1971 at the age of ten at the Denver Coliseum, when one of my stepbrother's pals missed his ride and they took me along instead. I then got tuned into stuff like Alice Cooper. Rick and I met at baseball practice in the 6th grade and have never looked back! He turned me on to the first Ramones record when it came out, and when the West Coast shit hit the fan not long after, we knew we had found home. We were still kids, but the whole LA thing with the Germs, Black Flag, Circle Jerks, TSOL, along with the Nor-Cal deal with the DKs and the Avengers sent us searching for any info we could soak up about punk rock. We knew what we had found our sound and energy early on, and would never stray from that. We also knew that the LA level of violence at shows would finally find Denver when we came out of mom's basement. Matt was our new bass player and Marc was the screamer, wearing motocross boots with spurs on them and spikes from hands to his elbows: "Pleased to meet you."

RICKY: I'm Richard Kulwicki in real life, Ricky to the rest of the world. Me and Davey began jamming in 1978. We grew up in Aurora, Colorado digging the same stuff: cars, cycles, baseball, hockey, fighting, and most of all, rock'n'roll! These were our early bonding mechanisms, as most of our classmates never knew what the hell we were talking about. Sure, anyone can throw a rock at the school bus driving by, but did it go through an open window? Better yet, did it hit the driver in the face? You see, we measured these things as a ladder to a better story. Like in football, when after a play ends, you give a quick punch to the throat, an eye gouge, or a full-on five-finger pinch to the inner thigh of your opponent.

The first time I met Davey, he was wearing a Hooker headers t-shirt. Instantly, my world wasn't just me alone anymore. This was in 1973 or 1974. Music was another thing that we shared. We were into Sabbath, Deep







Purple, Alice Cooper, T-Rex, Mountain—just about anything we could get our ears on. Our peers were listening to what the usual AM format was playing. Stuff like Tony Orlando and Dawn. We were always looking for more. Back then in Denver, we had a few radio stations that were very cool. None of our peers were hip to this, which let me know at a very early age that I was different, and that there was actually a bridge between me and the general public. As we got a little older, we got weirder by the day, and then all of a sudden, boom! The Ramones released their first record. All of a sudden, it was called punk but we didn't care what they called it, this is what we knew. The Ramones sounded like a top fuel dragster compared to what was being offered at the time. Soon after, I got my first amp and guitar, and we were off and running. Davey had this drum kit with his personally designed "Dave Steward Band" logo, complete with a perfectly drawn marijuana leaf right in the middle of the kick drum. He also had an old Schlitz beer tray for a cymbal! This is how we started—completely from scratch. I can't even imagine the racket we made. God bless Davey's mom Sally for allowing this to take place in her basement. The neighbors as well, since the cops were never called.

Later we put some songs together and recruited our first bass player, Paul Katapodes. Paul handled that task rather well, considering that the tunes we worked up were pretty out there. I didn't even know what the notes were, so I told him to do this here and that there—"trust me, it works!" Right then, the first Flag and Circle Jerks records came out, and we found out we weren't alone in our sound. Paul was into the usual FM radio fare, like Nugent, Skynard, etc, which was cool and all, but I couldn't even pretend to play that well. At the time, I didn't even try to play Pistols songs because they actually knew what they were doing! I made my own chords with my own tunings. We had a bunch of friends who were skaters and a few were into the same music. Skaters pretty much knew each other, so we knew kids from all over Denver and Boulder. The Boulder bunch formed White Trash, and they were in constant disarray, so we kind of stole Matt Bischoff from them rather covertly. The dude could actually play, plus he was an oddball like us. Soon after, I realized that I couldn't play as well while trying to "sing." We added Davey's neighbor Marc to scream, and it was the right combination for our weapon: Th'Frantix.

MRR: How involved were the Frantix in the rest of the Colorado punk scene? Was there a sense of camaraderie between you and other Colorado bands like the Rok-Tots, Bum Kon, White Trash, et al?

DAVEY: Well, to be sure, we were close to the Colorado punk scene in a way, as we did many shows with the new underground bands and made sure that the younger kids and their bands would play at our brewhaus. Though we made many lifetime friends during that time, our trip was so focused on blowing the walls out of the next hall, it seemed like we were the odd ducks—Quack Quack! Funny, though, that you should mention the Rok-Tots, as they were and are today the baddest motherfucking rock'n'roll band on the face of the earth! To compare anything any of us have done from the Frantix to the Fluid and beyond to that fantastic band is scary and absurd!

RICKY: The Denver/Boulder punk scene was very much, in my mind, a sense of belonging for weirdoes and lovers of rock'n'roll at its purest form. Nobody was looked down upon for musical incompetence, as we were all learning. As far as we were concerned, the bar was set so high that we couldn't even imagine getting to where the Rok-Tots were at the time.

The scene was one big family for me. I still have very fond memories of those who were there at the time. It was then that it dawned on me that I didn't have to be a great player or anything like that, just competent enough to play our songs. That being said, so many other bands were started and had the same thing going on. When we first started, my favorite local bands were the Rok-Tots, the Jonny 3, the Gluons, the Defex, the Transistors, Zebra 123, Young Weasels, the Violators, and the Demos. After that, so many bands started up that I would have a hard time coming up with them all, but they were all loved.

MRR: The Frantix two EPs both came out on Local Anesthetic records, who also put out records by Bum Kon, White Trash, and other Colorado punk bands. Who did the Local Anesthetic label, and how did the partnership between Frantix and Local Anesthetic come about? How many copies of each Frantix EP were pressed?

DAVEY: The Local Anesthetic label was based out of the Wax Trax record store in downtown Denver. They were and still are the "hub of the urban vibe" in town. Duane Davis, one of the co-owners, was instrumental in putting local bands on vinyl, with a dearth of local talent to choose from. He also had a local radio program on KFML, where he and other employees would play the latest music. The songs from a little cassette we recorded and gave them [the Insane Tunnel demo] were soon on the airwaves, and next thing we knew, he asked us to do a single. The first one cost $39 to record and sounded like shit. But, even after we started really fucking halls up, drawing crowds, being told never to come back again, and playing the "Alcoholic" tune as the last song, he was still the perfect gentleman and intellectual father figure, and suggested that we do another record. It was recorded in my mom's family room with a four-track cassette deck and five microphones after an afternoon of full neighborhood tackle football in the front yard. It all went down in one take, recorded by our pal "Bad" Bob Ferbrache. About 1000 copies of each record were pressed but later on, the second record hit the shelves with a different color label? Whatever.

RICKY: Duane Davis was behind it all. Also, Steve Knutsen, who forgot more about rock than we'll ever know. When Bob Seger was selling five billion copies of his record, these guys were pushing upstarts such as

Elvis Costello, the Sex Pistols, Nick Lowe, and god forbid, the Ramones. We gave Duane a copy of our first recording and he played it between Black Flag's "Louie Louie" and the Adolescents "Welcome to Reality" on his radio show, which was called Rock Pile. He told the listening audience who was responsible for the songs, and plugged our upcoming show in Boulder. That show was the first all-out hardcore blowout with Annex Red, Dogmeat, White Trash, and us. Duane offered us a record and we jumped on it. We tried like hell to make a great recording but nobody in this town knew what we were doing, and we came away with less than stellar results. But that's what we got, and Duane pressed it. Somehow, he gave us another chance, and we did the My Dad's a Fucking Alcoholic single. Thank you Duane!

MRR: I often hear the Frantix being compared to so-called "anti" hardcore bands like Flipper and No Trend. This label always surprised me, because while you guys certainly weren't by-the-numbers hardcore punk, it seems to me that you were playing raw, fucked up rock'n'roll without any pretense either way. Do you agree with this "anti" label, or did you feel some kinship with the hardcore bands you played with?

DAVEY: Finally, someone has hit the nail on the fucking head, thank you! We definitely played "raw, fucked up, rock'n'roll without any pretense either way." This is true. Fuck labels. Yes, we had a clear ear to traditional bands following trends set by the likes of the Buzzcocks, from the UK and the US hardcore contingent, but most of our stuff was coming from our past AM radio childhood, the then-current West Coast punk scene, the crazy garage music of the 60s, the first two Pink Floyd albums, old school country, and a very strong teenage energy with a vehicle called a rock'n'roll band in the palm of our hands.

RICKY: While we were totally into "hardcore," you're right that we weren't limited to doing the typical hardcore-by-the-numbers thing only. By doing what we did (i.e. everything!) we could sneak in an old 60s era Pink Floyd, some Ten Years After, or whatever the hell we wanted to just keep ourselves entertained with the in jokes. We got off on freaking out the bald headed guy with the bandanas all over himself. By the way, we loved Flipper and they made another dot for connecting in our weird musical vocabulary. Being stuck with one label made us feel trapped. I didn't like that, and made sure that we weren't.

MRR: How did the Frantix figure into the Wax Trax scene, if at all?

RICKY: Wax Trax was ground zero for people like me. If you were somewhat different back then, Wax Trax was the hub.

DAVEY: We ventured in from time to time to see if they had the first record by Johnny Winter in stock, the first Soft Boys LP, or the Cosmic Psychos LP.

MRR: What made you decide to start a band? How relatively easy or difficult was it, especially when compared to later projects you were involved in?

DAVEY: It was totally easy, to be honest. I loved, lived and breathed RnR! I was just a young kid growing up with an ear for music. When my song came on AM radio I was pumped to the max! In grade school, they had a band class and I joined on the drums. By 1974, my hair was over my shoulders, and I bought my first shitty kit for $60 and played it into the ground in my bedroom. Then I put the broken bits into my closet. We caught the punk rock bug in 9th grade. At that time, we also knew about every empty pool in town to skate to, and were jamming hard to punk rock. Ricky then bought a guitar, and the drums came out of the closet and the band was born in my bedroom, jamming every day after school.

The other bands that followed after the Frantix were easy as well, until I joined the "mighty" Fluid as an adult with kids, all while never forgetting an old Keith Morris quote from Flipside or MRR stating that all songs should be 2:30 or less. This while looking over the kit at our singer, who wanted to be the next Eddie Vedder with the Frantix as his backup band. Very difficult, to be sure.

RICKY: Starting Frantix was as easy as it is to breathe. If you dig something so much that it is your life, you gotta do it, man! We still listen to all of the new stuff coming out and turn each other onto what we deem noteworthy.

MRR: Your first cassette-only release sounds different than your first EP, which in turn sounds different than your second EP. Did your influences change over time, or was

it a matter of finding the sound that best suited you?

RICKY: We tried as best as we could to find the right recording to capture what we did. I still, to this day, claim that it cannot be done. I guess that some bands should be seen rather than recorded, and I'm comfortable with that. We were a live band and you can't capture "crazy" unless you record it live. We probably should have done that instead, but there would have been some jackass with a dB meter telling me to turn it down so he could mix it "properly." Oh well.

DAVEY: Finding the right sound, you ask. Our sound corresponded with our favorite brand of beer! Beer cold, sound loud!

MRR: Are all of your dads "fucking alcoholics?"

RICKY: This cannot be a joke, can it? The answer is obviously, "yep." Actually, can you name anyone whose dad isn't?!

MRR: Did the Frantix ever tour? What were the best bands you ever played with, and where?

DAVEY: Yep, we toured once for sure, as no matter how many local joints we had been run out of in Denver, they always asked us to open for national touring acts in town for the first time. Because of this, we made connections an d friends that have lasted to this day. The best b a n d s you ask? Pretty much all of them. Black Flag, Circle Jerks, Minutemen, Dead Kennedys, TSOL, and the like. We set a West Coast tour up via the phone, thanks to Tim Yohannan's vast network. He set us up with shows at the Tool and Die and the Mabuhay Gardens in San Francisco and let us sleep and shower at his home.

MRR: Where you guys surprised when you were comped on one of the early Killed By Death LPs? How long after your breakup did that come about?

DAVEY: We really wouldn't know what KBD is any more than we would be able to identify the hubcap on the road that we had just run over.

RICKY: I honestly don't know a thing about that other than they used one of our songs on one of their comps. As I now understand it, this can be viewed as a badge of honor or a total disgrace. Me and Davey don't know and don't care. Cheers to them! The first I heard of it, I thought, "Killed By Death? Pretty good Mötorhead song."

MRR: What bands influenced your style or sound while you were still around? Did you listen to any international punk or hardcore at the time?

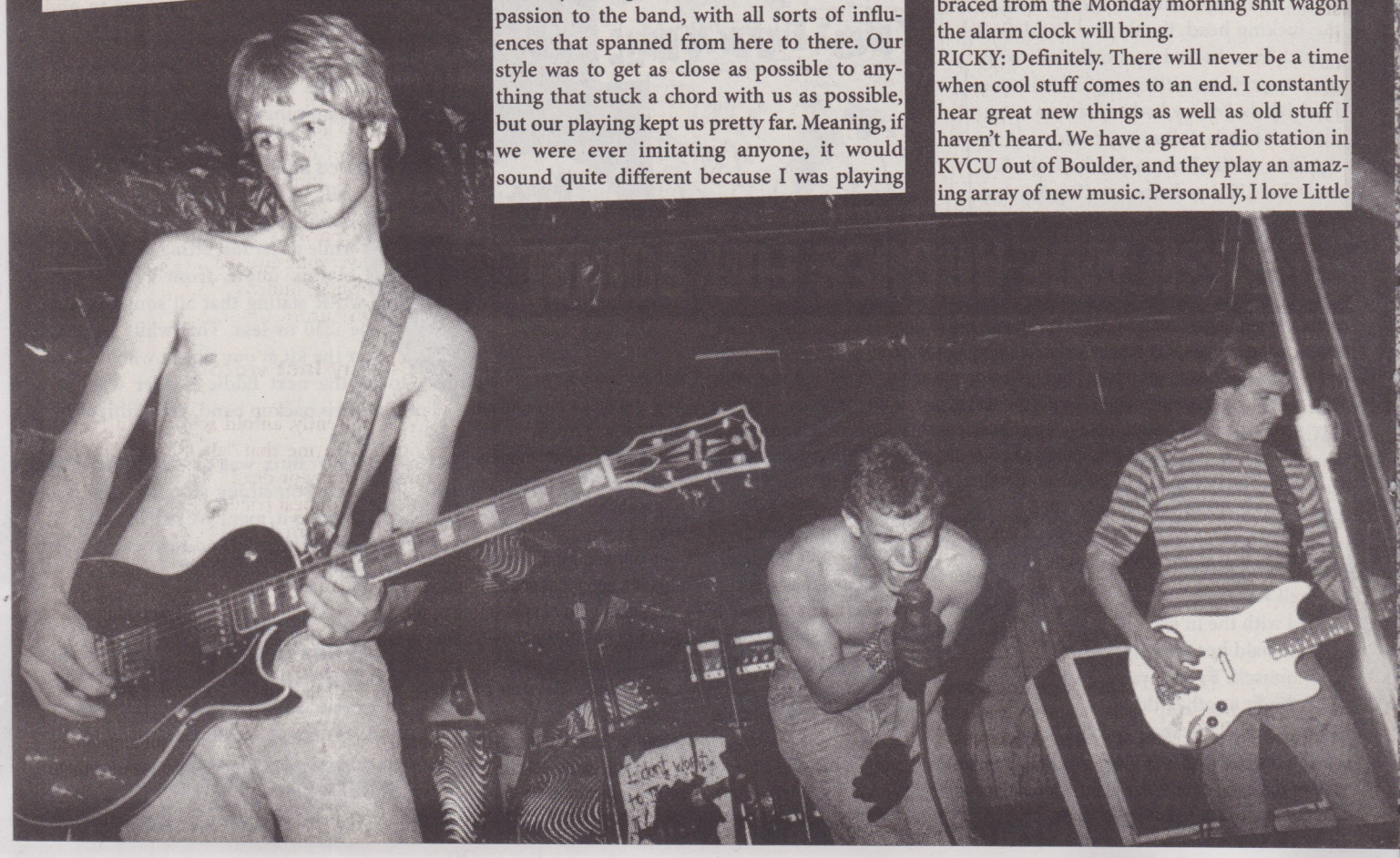
RICKY: This is a question that can be answered in one word: everything. We all collectively brought an incredible amount of passion to the band, with all sorts of influences that spanned from here to there. Our style was to get as close as possible to anything that stuck a chord with us as possible, but our playing kept us pretty far. Meaning, if we were ever imitating anyone, it would sound quite different because I was playing guitar without ever having had a lesson. That's the thing about the band, we recently tried to re-do some of those old songs, and I couldn't even come close to playing the same things I played twenty years before. There is something special about not knowing what you're doing but doing it anyway. I actually had some "real" guitar players ask me what the hell it was I was playing back then, and I would show them, only to have them shake their heads and give me that "hmmm" look. Whatever.

DAVEY: Really, for me, it was after I saw the movie The Kids Are Alright by the Who that I knew that Keith Moon was playing with the same madness on his drums that I was with my band. From that point on, I was never influenced by any other band or style, I just sat behind my drums and let every bit of heart, soul, and passion I had flow through our songs, which produced a wall of volume and energy.

MRR: Are you still into DIY punk or rock'n'roll? What bands in particular?

DAVEY: Are we still into punk or rock'n'roll?!?! Will the sun come up tomorrow?? Of course! We keep ourselves tuned up with a regular diet of underground college radio, old school CDs and DVDs, and a grand helping at all times of the music we grew up with. Then you have to throw in Little Steven's Underground Garage Radio Show, which is on the air every Sunday night at bedtime. This keeps us properly braced from the Monday morning shit wagon the alarm clock will bring.

RICKY: Definitely. There will never be a time when cool stuff comes to an end. I constantly hear great new things as well as old stuff I haven't heard. We have a great radio station in KVCU out of Boulder, and they play an amazing array of new music. Personally, I love Little

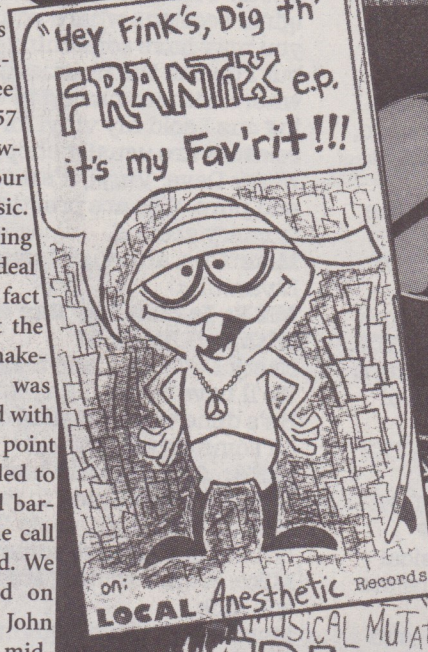


Steven's radio show, the Supersuckers, Nebula, Zeke, and on and on. There is always something that I'll hear or Davey hears, and we can't wait to call and share our glee. We just got the MC5 DVD True Testimony and were blown away. It really doesn't matter to me if it's something new or something old, if it's cool we know it and share what we've heard.

MRR: Tell us about what you did musically after the Frantix split up.

DAVEY: This question is a bit harder to answer, as it references the "after" Frantix. The Frantix were just about to grab the golden ring—whatever that may be for any band—when we found ourselves heading out on the road with a last minute non band member problem, forcing us to leave our heart and soul Danny Einertson waving goodbye on the sidewalk as we pulled out to hit the West coast. The band was done at that point before we even hit the street. After that, Rick and Matt got the Fluid up and going and put every bit of energy they had into that fantastic band. Bless them all as they were great and put Denver on the map. I just chilled until by chance I found a place to fly under the radar with a three-piece band called the Trontils, who would play loud, hard, and sloppy—like the very early Blue Cheer. Later on, Matt and I started drinking a few swinkles as he was tinkering around on the six-string guitar, and we soon found ourselves knee deep with a side project band known as'57 Lesbian. Shortly thereafter, we were drawing the same crowd as the Fluid at our shows and recording some great music. Well, at this point the Fluid were chumming along fine and well with a new record deal on Hollywood records, except for the fact that every person that backed them at the label was fired in the typical industry shakedown before Purplemetalflakemusic was released. They toughed it out on the road with no label backing but they were at this point very tired as a band. When Garrett called to quit the band, I was having a backyard barbeque, and thirty seconds later I got the call and was the new drummer of the Fluid. We still had a guaranteed second record on Hollywood. Well, one night at rehearsal John dropped the microphone on the floor mid-song and said, "I can't scream into the mic anymore," and walked out of the door, and out of the band. Welcome to rock'n'roll class #101.

RICKY: I did the Fluid until I almost dropped dead from non-stop devotion to the trade. After that, Davey, Matt, and I rehearsed a few times as the Frantix. Personally, I didn't have enough time to devote to music as I am raising two rockin' boys currently at the age of nine. We did, however, write some new stuff that will eventually be performed either on tape, or better yet, live on some poor, unknowing club owner's stage with the same carnage, blood, violence, and good ol' times that we are all used to. My favorite "new" song by us is, by now, eight years old, but I can see us recording it at some point cuz it's pretty cool.



MRR: How did the reissue CD on Afterburn come about? How do you feel that, twenty years down the road, an Australian label would put out a discography CD of a bunch of rock'n'roll-damaged fuck-ups from Aurora, Colorado?

DAVEY: Well, the Australian connection came about during a summer BBQ at the Kulwicki ranch, with a backyard full of friends, family, local band members, and many young children running around. A phone call came in asking if it was Rick Kulwicki from the Frantix' home. Rick told his wife, "I told you I don't want to talk to anyone about the old bands." She replied, "This call is from Australia!" Rick gave me a wink and a nod, and I set my beer down and took the call. It was that "old owl hoot Scotti from Melbourne" tracking us down to share a trans-continental meet-and-greet and a few bid ideas over the phone. Soon after that, the CD project was on the go, and we now have in Scotti one of the finest and most passionate rock'n'roll souls ever to walk the earth as a friend and producer. We feel great about the CD for sure, the liner package work from Scotti is perfect, and Bob Ferbrache worked his ass off to clean up a box of old cassette tapes and crap we brought him that became the final mix. Thanks again, Scotti, Bob, and Duane Davis from Wax Trax for all of your help, and to everyone else that has been along for the ride from a "bunch of rock'n'roll damaged fuck-ups from Aurora, Colorado."

MRR: Any last words?

DAVEY: Recently, an old school punk friend mentioned to me that "all the old hardcore punks are crazy or dead." We are none of the above and still best friends as a band. Marc is cool and out of trouble, Matt is cool and looking for trouble, and Rick and myself are still kicking ass, raising kids, and thinking very clearly indeed. We all share a lifelong friendship with each other and many other wonderful people that we've met and loved over the years. You're all Frantix!

Founded in 1997 by Nasty Dave Dalton, Cell Block 5 moved from San Francisco to Southern California in 2000. The band has endured many lineup changes and recently took a six month hiatus. Now, Cell Block 5 is back and stronger than ever. With a thicker sound, new label (Malt Soda Records), and some impressive shows (VIBRATORS Tour 2004, UK SUBS, LURKERS and label mates RKL), Cell Block 5 intends to kick you in the balls. I recently caught up with the boys at a warm up show at Jimmy's in Fullerton. "The perfect music to listen to while driving a stolen car," says Blag of THE DWARVES. Well, Blag got it right. Cell Block 5 killed that night and I was glad to see them come out of the gate so strongly. This is definitely going to be their year.

CELLBLOCKS

MRR: Tell me what your new lineup is and how Cell Block 5 is doing these days. It's been awhile since I've seen you guys.

Nasty Dave: The one constant you can't kill, Nasty Dave on guitar and lead vocals. Shaun "Boots" Coe on drums. Mike Brickman on bass. Liver on lead guitar.

Boots: Cell Block is better than ever. Punk as fuck and played like it used to be back in the day.

Nasty Dave: Cell Block has seen many members float in and out, but this lineup has got what it takes. Besides, it's nice to be with a bunch of guys that can actually make it to the next show!

Mike: I love this band, that's why I joined.

Liver: I was part of Cell Block a year ago, but they kicked me out. Dave brought me back.

Nasty Dave: I always liked you Liver, it was the other two guys that didn't like you...but you're back now.

MRR: So why the change?

Boots: All the other guys died in a freak pie eating contest!

Nasty Dave: There were lots of changes and they all worked to some degree, but this lineup is the shit. I mean, we can talk about everyday life and be bros.

MRR: How did this lineup meet?

Boots: From playing gigs with each other in our other bands and supporting each other's shows.

Nasty Dave: Yup.

Mike: I answered an ad in a music classifieds.

MRR: What other bands have you all played in?

Boots: I could tell you all the bands I haven't been in, but I started with a band called BOOT BOYS about 14 years ago, then MASSINGILL, CODEPENDENTS, and WIFEBEATER (I'm still playing with them).

Nasty Dave: How much time do we have? I started in the early days of SOCIAL UNREST, a stint with JOHNNY THUNDERS in the 80s, GG ALLIN, and later BEAUTY OF DOGS with members of GG Allin's band, SCREAMING BLOODY MARYS in the 90s, and now here with Cell Block 5. I played for a bit with Joey and Frank of CHINA WHITE, but I forgot the name of the band we did. I am also doing a side project with some good people in a different vein of music called RUBY MUSE. It should be fun.

Mike: I was in HIRAX and WHITE TRASH DEBUTANTES primarily, although there have been others.

Liver: INSTEAD, BLACKOUT, WIFEBEATER and FAUST.

MRR: So Cell Block moved from NorCal to SoCal?

Boots: Yeah, what about it? We have the better musical talent and the better bands. Besides, I think Dave prefers palm trees to fog!

Nasty Dave: Fuckin' Aye! There are a lot more places to play down here. It was a good move. I moved down here to be with my girl and she has really held me together.

MRR: I hear Cell Block 5 is working with Malt Soda Records?

Boots: Yeah, you got a fucking problem with that??

Nasty Dave: Ha, ha, ha, Yes we are. I met Scooter while looking at an ad in MRR to be on an RKL comp, and we became fast friends. He's a cool guy. Malt Soda's stable of bands includes Atwar (English Dogs), Fang, RKL, China White, Cross Tops, Assert, Retox, Cell Block 5 and more.

MRR: And they're putting out a live CD for you?

Boots: Yeah, but it's the old line up.

Nasty Dave: Yup, we are doing a live split with ATWAR that we recorded at the Galaxy in Santa Ana, CA when we played with DEAD KENNEDYS and DI. We sent the tape to Scooter and he suggested that we do a live split. It'll be out by the time you read this.

MRR: Any plans to tour or big shows in your future?

Boots: We're doing things the right way. Playing shows that make sense and we can brag about. There are some things in the works for some great shows.

Liver: You bet.

Mike: Well, for starters there's going to be the Malt Soda Bash II in Arizona on Jan 23rd.

Nasty Dave: Yeah, we did the first Bash in San Francisco at the Pound SF last year and it was a hoot. Fang, RKL, and the others kicked ass. Everyone was there. It was like a blast from the past. Like being back at The Farm, Fab Mab, Tool and Die back in the day.

MRR: Personally do you prefer vinyl or CD?

Boots: I like the quality recordings on vinyl that are the original sessions where you can hear someone puke maybe or you may have something that no one else can find... but I do like the practicality of CDs. I can take them anywhere without having to worry about the damn tape breaking cuz I sold my vinyl for food or whatever!! I hate that the reissues are usually chopped and edited to death.

Nasty Dave: Vinyl, it's a collectible thing. Plus it's more raw and pure. CDs are practical and the sound is great and easy to carry around.

Mike: CDs, although I miss great vinyl.

Liver: CDs.

MRR: Is East Bay Ray of Dead Kennedys still working with Cell Block 5?

Nasty Dave: Yes, and maybe Pete from The Adicts as well. We'll have to see if Ray is available since he's always so busy. He's done work on all of our other recordings and appeared on some of our CDs.

MRR: Any plans to have a new studio record out?

Boots: We're looking to record sometime in early 2005.

Nasty Dave: Yeah, early 2005 will be the right time for us. It'll be time to have something new out.

Mike: We are writing some new material and trust me it will kick.

Liver: Yeah, Dave is giving me a lot of room on this record.

MRR: Any last words?

Boots: MRR needs to do a Not So Quiet on the Western Front comp again. Maybe we can be on it?!

Liver: Cell Block 5 will kick your bum.

Nasty Dave: Hmmm...let's just fucking have fun now and take it from there. We will make some noise.

Mike: Thanks, I've been reading MRR since I was a kid- horns up.

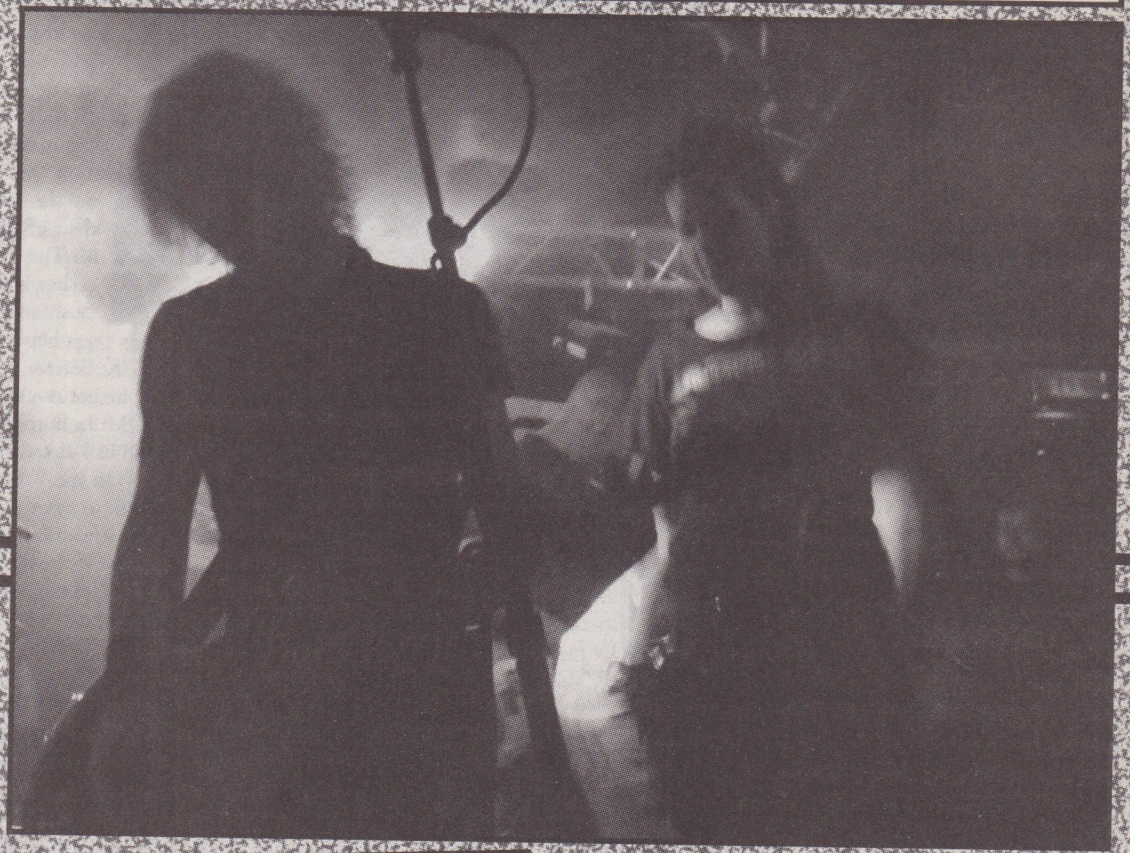
Contact Cell Block 5 at www.Maltsoda.com or NastyScarper@aol.com

TO WHAT END?

In the year 2004, about six different Swedish bands toured the US, and in at least two of these bands, US punks saw members of To What End? attempting to keep up with their busy multi-band lifestyles. Jocke and Dadde, especially, have had a great and crazy year, stopping every now and then in Minneapolis to hang out with one of the biggest Swedish hardcore fan-bases in America, of which I am a member!

Because of practically hundreds of the awesome metal and punk bands from that area of the world, I fell in love with the Swedish scene. While visiting Sweden last year, I came away with a new found respect for the people. Getting to know the kids involved with the scene and being able to talk with people one on one was even better than I could have hoped for. This brings us to To What End?, and my excitement about their upcoming US tour and new album release. These six people will rock your world, and should be a part of your record collections. The will leave a huge imprint on the Swedish scene and punk in general..."To what end might that be?" Interview was conducted via email from Minneapolis to Sweden in Dec '04 by Trisstessa.

To What End? is Dadde (D)—drums, Martin(M)—bass, Elias(EL)—guitar, Jocke(JR)—guitar, Elenor—(EF), and Jon(JK)—vocals.



MRR: I know the sample at the beginning of The Purpose Beyond is from Moby Dick. Is that where you got the name from?

JR: I think Dadde came up with it. On the first gig we did we were called "Ground Zero," and there was also some talk about being called "Officer Down" for a while. We were not 100 percent satisfied with the name Ground Zero. It seemed like some people got upset by it.

D: It was during the same general time as 9/11.

EF: It seemed that Americans took it better than Swedes.

M: Though I don't think we can expect all Americans to feel that way.

JR: True, but the ones we meet at the time...

M: But I think we should say that it wasn't about disrespecting the dead...

JK: I know for instance that Amyl from Imperial Leather and Abductee S.D didn't find the name too witty.

D: I think it was stuff like that that drew us away from the name.

JK: But where did you get "To What End?" from Dadde?

D: I don't remember where I got it. I think I read it in a book or something and it got me thinking. It seemed like a good name for a band and I suggested it and everybody seemed to think it was the best alternative.

JR: It's simply a good name and it looks good in writing. And you get to interpret what it means for yourself.

M: A bad thing about the name is that Swedes have a hard time pronouncing it!

D: Yeah, you really need to arti-cu-late [laughter].

M: What else can we say about the band name?

J: Maybe it's not the ultimate band name but it works.

D: And it's not from the Moby Dick movie.

EF: No, we had already done gigs and a 7" under the name To What End? before The Purpose Beyond.

J: It's not like we are big Moby Dick fans either, it just

seemed like a cool thing to sample.
EL: Pretty tragic though...
M: And it's not from the Neurosis song either.
D: Yeah, I came to think of that song too late. Bummer.
MRR: I heard there was a band in the states called To What End as well, do you guys ever get mistaken for them?
D: No, not that I know of. There might come a couple of emo kids at our gigs on the upcoming tour because they believe we are To What End (without the question mark) from San Diego.
M: It's not like it's uncommon that there are bands with the same names, it happens from time to time
D: Exactly, I mean there has been a bunch of bands called Detestation and there's been a bunch of bands called Despite, etc. Shit happens.
M: Yeah, there are seven different From Ashes Rise in Sweden. (Laughter)
JK: My little brother plays in two of them! No, but seriously speaking, the only time I've come across the other band is when I've searched for our name on the internet. I don't think it bothers us that much.
D: The bastards stole the dot.com address though!
JK: But it doesn't matter cause now we have registered the dot.se address, and that's a little bit more "Swedish D-beat" than those American emo-rock kids! [laughter]
MRR: Are you guys excited about touring the states? What areas are you travelling to?
EF: Yes!!
EL: Yes, yes, yes.
D: I'm extremely excited about the tour.
JR: Yeah, it's gonna be fun to show everybody how it's supposed to be done. (laughter)
M: And it will be fun to be drunk somewhere else than at home! (laughter)
EF: It's a bit of a drag that we're not doing the other coast too...
JK: Yeah, we are just doing the East Coast / 50% of the country.
M: We're flying into Chicago and then we play our way down to Texas and then up again.
M: Oh, and notice that we are playing Denver. Apparently they've been feeling ignored by a bunch of Swedish bands lately, so now we will get them what they deserve...
JK: Really bad Swedish punk. [laughter]
D: We are playing Chicago Fest as our last gig on the tour, and it's gonna be awesome. I strongly suggest everyone on the west coast that is bummed about not being able to see us, to go there. Besides us there's a shitload of other really good bands like Riistetyt, World Burns to Death, Signal Lost, Caustic Christ...
JK: Kick ass bands.
MRR: With all the connections you've made (Artimus Pyle, Havoc, etc.) do you feel a bit more comfortable coming into the US? Where do you think you (Dadde and Jocke) had the most fun while you were here last?
D: Of course, it's good for us that we have connections that we've made from our earlier/other bands, like Robert Collins, Michele, and Felix Havoc,. If we were a band with no so-called "qualifications," things would be a lot more complicated.
JR: We've been playing in bands so long that we've made friends all over the world. we know a lot of labels and so on.
JK: Yeah, it's made things overall easier. We haven't had any big problems with finding labels to release our records...
M: I guess you could say that it is some kind of "repayment" for being a part of the scene for a long time.
EL: I think we've had it pretty easy, actually. We're almost a bit spoiled!
JR: Yeah, we've always gotten good responses from people.
JK: It motivates you.
D: Yeah, the good responses we've have been really encouraging.
EF: It's kinda, funny, we haven't even done a proper European tour—the first thing we decided to do a three week US tour!
EL: We haven't really had that many gigs either.
M: Sixteen.
JR: And now we go to America to do twenty-one.
D: The most gigs we have done in a row as a band is three, and now we will be doing a lot more than that. It will sound like shit, but it will be fun! [laughter]
JR: About last time I was in the US…It's hard to point out some highlights about that trip. We (Wolfbrigade) did three shows that were super. We had a great stay with Michele, Felix, Tristessa, and the others at their house in Minneapolis, a great time in Chicago at Mariam's place. We had fun together, and the people and the parties were awesome. It was a great week.
D: Besides the Wolfbrigade shows, I did a tour with Bruce Banner last summer as a stand in drummer and it was great. Almost all of my favorite places from that tour are gonna be destroyed on the TWE? tour as well. Pittsburgh, Philly, Minneapolis, etc. It's a shame we don't come to the other coast this time. Next time, hopefully.
M: I'd like to add that there was no way for us to do both coasts this time.
MRR: To change the subject to politics, do you have any comments on the "situation" our government is in right now, and do you think a lot of bands stay clear of touring here because of it?
M: The first thing that come to my mind is that if there was an election between Bush and Kerry in Europe, Bush would get between 5 and 10 % of the votes.
JK: For me, as European, it's like a joke that he got re-elected.
M: In Europe he's seen as a kind of extremist, but I also think it's about what information you get. I think we get different information than what Americans get, so it's pretty hard for us to understand.
JK: I've even read that Bush's website is restricted over here, that some stuff is being kept so we won't be able to read it.
JR: Land of the free.
D: I have some friends that doesn't like to tour the US because of all the trouble you have to go through to get in. I guess you could say that that is a because of the government.
JK: When we went over with Imperial Leather, I know that Peder wasn't that keen on it just because it was the US.
M: I think a lot of Europeans have a pretty stereotypical picture of the United States as an unpleasant and disgusting country, but when you are there you'll realise that it's a gigantic country that holds everything, maybe even the biggest resistance.
EL: And the kind of people we will play in front of and hang out with won't be Bush kind of people.
EF: The situation won't change if we stay at home. The people we'll play in front are presumably not so fond of Bush either.
JK: But I do find myself thinking that it is a little more confusing to visit the US now than before the re-election, considering all the shit he caused the first time around.
EF: But on the other hand, how many governments do you actually think are good? How many countries have governments that

TO WHAT END?

don't fuck people over? You can analyze this for hours. Germany and Italy don't have a history to be proud of and we've played there.
M: Or even Sweden. I really don't think Sweden is perfect in anyway.
JK: For example, Israel is a country I know people hesitate to visit…
D: I would consider playing there if were close by and on tour, but it's a tricky question.
MRR: Do you think people are becoming a bit overwhelmed with all the bands touring from Sweden within the last year? And do you feel like you might "miss the boat," so to speak on the whole interest/draw of the Swedish music scene?
D: I don't think the fact that we are from Sweden is the question here. If people are overwhelmed, it's more about the current trend to call everything d-beat or Swedish d-beat. I'm pretty sure we will be called this a number of times on this tour, instead of crust or Swedish hardcore, or whatever has been the "selling" genre of the moment during the years. It's the same scenario as what we saw with the powerviolence trend a couple of years ago. Everything was being called powerviolence even if it was something else, 'cause it sells.
M: It's not really our problem though. We do our thing and people can call it whatever they want.
D: I don't think that the fact that we are from Sweden and on tour will turn people away from us.
JK: And some organizers will probably use it as a selling point.
D: Yeah, they're probably gonna mention our old bands too...
M: I don't think it's totally irrelevant though. I think it says something about what they can expect when the members in a new band have played in fairly good bands before...
EF: "Fairly good"... [laughter]
JK: "Will you marry me? I was married to that girl before, and she's a pretty nice person"... [laughter]
D: I don't think we'll miss the boat if we don't go now. It basically has to happen now, everybody was able to take time of work and school, and we will release our new album Concealed Below the Surface in February. I think it's a perfect time for us to tour the US.
JK: It doesn't have anything to do with some kind of "Swedish wave" that we're doing this tour right now.
M: There is something I don't understand. OK, there are a lot of good bands from Sweden right now, and every now and then a new band enter the scene and impresses you, but it doesn't feel like we are a part of some "vigorous" scene, as some seem to think. I mean, there are bunch of bands rehearsing at our practice place, but that's about it. Sweden is pretty big and there are different scenes in every town. I think it's easy to put one and one together if you are from America. Like that Daniel Dellamorte (ex-Diskonto, Dellamorte, etc.) dude for instance. He was on that reality TV show, some people might think that we come from the same scene.
JR: We don't sound like Skitsystem or Wolfbrigade or Bruce Banner or whatever, but still we read comparisons like that from time to time.
MRR: Do you guys have any new favorite bands coming up in your area at all?
JR: Sanctuary in Blasphemy!
EL: Yeah, I thought about them as well.
D: They are really good stoner/sludge with a hardcore punk edge from Sunday Morning Einsteins / Martyrdöd / Skitsystem folks.
JR: They have recorded two demos, but I don't know if they have sent it around.
D: I also like one of Jon's other bands a lot, Stajnas Lobos. They are more punk rock with pop melodies. Really good.
EF: Martin, I liked your friends when I saw them what were they called?
M: Fingerspitzengehfül.
EL: There have also been some bands that were good that weren't around for that long, like Hetsapan.
JK: But other than that I don't know…
M: That's what I'm saying, there are some bands but far from a lot!
EL: The inbreeding has to stop at some point!
MRR: Have you been getting good feed back on your new material? Played any shows recently?
EF: We played one show after the recording.
M: Yeah, we have only played one show in six months or so.
JK: We have been concentrating on writing and recording the songs for the album.
M: The response on the new songs has been really good!
D: And the people I've played the new

album to really like it. I'm anxious to hear what other people will say! It's easily the best record I've ever been involved with.
JR: Same here.
D: Until we make the next one! [laughter]
MRR: Are there any specific themes or goals you intend to concentrate on for the upcoming album?
M: When we had finished writing the lyrics, it struck us that many of the songs mentioned anti-depressives and chemical content, something that many members of the band have experienced since and during the last record.
EF: And about being unhappy. That's why you take medicine.
EL: Well, partly…

[laughter]
M: But I think we have to point out that we're not some kind of pill nibbling crackpots who are low all the time and boring to be around. That's not the picture we want to give either.
JK: But it's not only about us, it's about seeing what friends are going through. I would also like to add that it's been pretty difficult getting everything together for this record. It's been a real drag. I'm glad we don't do a new record every month!
D: It's been a real process. I've gone through times when I've hated the recording and the songs, and times when I thought that it would become an at least an OK record. The state I'm in right now, I'm really fucking proud of the record.
JR: I think we went into the studio with the idea of making a rougher record sound wise than the last one. Rawer.
JK: But at the same time there are more melodies and refinement. More variation. I had only been in the band for a month before we recorded The Purpose Beyond. We are more of a band now.
EL: I actually remember this recording! [laughter]
EF: I think our goal was to do a great album!
EL: I think it might be hard to put a certain label on us as a band.
JK: I've heard people say that we're more metal on this record.
EF: One goal is to play a show with Entombed!
JK: Yeah, that would be cool. I want to do more shows in general.
D: And a 7" or a split 7" in the future.
JK: Yeah a smaller project would be nice.
EF: A European tour too.
MRR: Who usually writes all the lyrics?
EF: Everyone in the band has contributed in one way or the other, even though some members have written more than others.
JR: I think the ones that have written the most are Dadde and Jon, but everyone has done some songs or some lines at least.
EF: Yeah,

and everybody reads the lyrics, and if something seems strange we discuss it. It's not just one person's thoughts and views.
M: Can we agree that we each write different kind of lyrics? I feel that I've been writing kind of political lyrics.
JK: While I tend to write more personal ones about different situations I've been in.
EF: My lyrics have been about certain things, but you can interpret them differently.
JK: Yeah, for instance I wrote a song when I got irritated by spam email I got, but it's not like it's about spam mails...
JR: "Fuck you, spam email!" [makes guitar sound]
JK: I think we try to write lyrics that are not so cliché.
M: I've written about war!
D: Me too actually! Maybe it's not so much what you write about, but how you write it.
MRR: I know Micke (Wolfbrigade) sang on your earlier recordings. Is he singing on anything new?
EF: Yes, he's singing on the song "No One Left to Praise" on the new album. And he does some back ups too.
JR: You'll recognize his sore throat.
M: Even though he's gone through surgery.
D: Micke quit the band after three gigs and the first 7" (And History Repeats Itself). He lived in Mariestad at the time, and it got too complicated and expensive to have a band in Stockholm for him.
MRR: Is there any overall message that you'd like to send out to people who haven't heard any of your recordings yet? What should people expect from To What End?
D: We play pretty catchy crusty hardcore that I think is fairly original.
JK: We are not afraid of melodies.
MRR: Is there another European tour set up yet for when you guys get back to Sweden?
EF: There are proposals and we all want to do a European tour, it's just a matter of time.
D: Some members will spend all their time off work on the upcoming US tour

so it might be hard for us to do something longer, but as Elenor said, we want to.
M: It will probably be shows during the weekends in Sweden and maybe other countries if it's possible.
MRR: Any good stories about being on tour?
JR: Our humour is pretty base.
M: Yeah, we like to joke about poop and other childish stuff. Being on the road with TWE? is pretty much like kindergarten.
D: Martin really likes karaoke and has shown us his talent a few times.
EL: We haven't done a proper tour yet, so we don't have that many tour stories. We'll have some after the tour!
JR: If we exist as a band!
M: I'm not worried about that, We have the advantage of being a six-person band, which means you can hang out in different groups if you want to.
JK: Being a six-person band means you'll only be harassed every sixth day! [laughter]
MRR: Any last thoughts?
All: Thanks to Tristessa and MRR for the interview! See you on tour, and check out Concealed Below the Surface on Crimes Against Humanity/Yellow Dog Records.

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THE ARMITAGE SHANKS

THE SHANKS TOUR OF AMERICA

RECENTLY, THE UK'S BELOVED ONE CHORD WONDERS THE ARMITAGE SHANKS COMPLETED A FUN AND ROWDY WEST COAST TOUR. HERE'S DRUMMER VIC FLANGE'S TOUR DIARY, PRESENTING THE STORY OF THE SHANKS OVER AMERICA IN ALL OF IT'S HEADY GLORY.

You may think it jumping the gun a little for a man of 39 who does not have any children, but when my grandchildren ask me what I ever did with that battered old drumkit, I can stare them in the eye and tell them, "I played in Vegas. Just like Elvis, Frank, and Sammy." Whilst they kept the chicken-in-a-basket masses happy at The Sands and Caesars Palace, I was perched on a drum stool in the Double Down Saloon. At least our name was up in lights outside:

THE ARMITAGE SHANKS.

Vegas is day four, and the third of six shows we're due to play in just over a week. We played our best show of the tour at the Double Down, albeit in front of the smallest audience (our audience no doubt affected by Elton's show just around the corner). They don't serve chicken-in-a-basket at the Double Down Saloon.

The Shanks Tour of America had come about through a chance meeting with James Dunbar at a London gig back in January. An architect by day, James is also singer and guitarist with The Runs, a 'Frisco-based band be fronts with his old college buddy, Scott Carver and their laid back, young drummer, Shawn Kees. The Runs not only put the itinerary together, but they also supported us on five of the six dates. They were perfect hosts and gentlemen throughout.

The Shanks were cut from four to three on the night before we flew over, with founding member and lead guitarist Rod Vomit having to pull out for personal reasons. For him, it meant that he would miss out on the highlight of the band's fourteen-year struggle for recognition. When I say struggle, I mean that despite the patronage and support of Billy Childish, we have been absolutely and totally ignored (as indeed Billy was) for years in the UK. We knew we had fans at MaximumRocknRoll, but had no idea that we had so many fans who had actually bought our discs all over the States.

Still, the show goes on. It must go on. Fuck, think how much better the Clash would have been without that 'erbert, Jones, widdling away over everything.

It is typical of the Shanks, though, that such a thing should happen. The band's leader, Dick Scum, having come through two life-threatening illnesses, is on a weekly shot of chemotherapy for life—even Elvis would have thought twice about tackling his daily dose of medication. The new bass player, Serge Dirtbox, has steel plates in his back and his days upright on two legs are numbered. Me, I'm fit as a fiddle, touch wood, but it still feels like a trip of a lifetime for us all (none of us have ever been to the States). The show goes on...as a trio.

22nd October and I woke up in Sydenham, South-East London. It was 6.30 AM, and my girlfriend Rachael's birthday. That same evening, I would be on stage in Los Angeles. Twenty-five hours after handing Rachael her presents, I was behind the drums (having had no sleep) at 51 Buckingham, an arts cafe in Pomona. Those who were there loved it, but told us afterwards that we should play in LA next time. "We thought we were in LA?!"

Our second date was at the Anarchy Library in Downey (again, we thought it was in LA, but again we were mistaken). A place where you might imagine that anything goes? Well, there's a no-smoking policy for a start. This is one den of anarchy whose bite is meeker than it's bark. A welcoming place where people can pretend anarchy and listen to some wild music.

The proprietor introduced himself as Kevin as we arrived, on schedule, at 8.30 PM. He explained, in a scene reminiscent of the Artie Fufkin disc store scene in Spinal Tap, "I've screwed up. It's all my fault. We've double booked." He doesn't mean they've got another band playing. He means they've double booked two bills of five bands. Where three is the norm in

THE SHANKS TOUR OF AMERICA

England, we had ten, and Armitage Shanks were top of the bill, due on stage at 1 AM. By which time, we had had 5 hours sleep out of 49.

So, we killed time waiting for the likes of Intestinal Strangulation and Putrefication to do their thing, before, eventually, at midnight, things began to improve. Tina, with the huge tattoo of a skull in Indian headdress on her back, was relieved of bar duty as it was now her birthday, and The Guilty Hearts took the stage. Party time. The Hearts turned out to be a wonderfully exciting rhythm 'n' blues band. They're three native Angelinos who've been around for sometime, but have only recently got together. They are Leon Zalez, Edgar Rodriguez, and Hermann Senac, nice guys who knocked out a short but exhilarating set of real R'n'B with a bit of garage punk thrown in the blend. "De-constructive danceable blues," they called it. Amen. Leon urged the crowd to, "stay right where you are, go nowhere, the Shanks are here, they're a great band all the way from England." Such support from people we had never heard of was very touching so far from home.

The Runs followed and showed what a good band they are by playing another hot set—they truly deserve to be heard by a wider audience. "We're very complex people. That's why we write simple songs. See?" Signed to Urban Cheese, their debut album is due out in the spring, yet they're barely known even on their home turf.

Finally, already past 1 AM, it's the Shanks time. I don't think we disappointed anyone with our mixture of trusty (or rusty?) covers and blistering, Scum-penned originals. Afterwards, I met Sarah, a girl who owns David Bowie's coffee table! "Well, my Aunt used to clean for these really wealthy people and one day she got given this coffee table and she didn't even know who he was, some skinny English guy with different coloured eyes and wonky teeth!"

Two down, four to go. Hello America.

The tour was not all rock'n'roll. My spare time in LA was spent trying to retrace the steps of my favourite author, John Fante, who had lived in the Bunker Hill district as a struggling writer in the 1930s. In a city the size of Belgium, our hotel was just a ten-minute walk from this area. Armed with a couple of photos and addresses from a biography, I found that these places are no more, the financial district having colonized Fante's haunts with tower blocks. I was pleased, however, to find some taste of how it may have been at the time he was writing, when I found the bustling Latino quarter occupying decaying 20s architecture just a couple of blocks away. Here was faded grandeur. Broadway, between 5th and 7th streets, the former theatres, office blocks, and department stores now house cheap clothing stores, gaudy jewellers, and Taiwanese electronics. Some 50s cinema facades survived, like weeds amongst ruins. The place was shabby but alive with people of all ages. I loved it. It felt like America.

For Dick, LA meant the opportunity to pay homage to two of his heroes. The graves of Stan and Ollie (in different cemeteries only ten minutes apart) were tracked down and respects duly paid. James claimed, "I see dead people" and Dick is convinced that Mr Hardy would have been very touched by our impromptu rendition of the "Trail of the Lonesome Pine." Was it just me, or did the ground rumble with a large man trying to turn over?

The ten hour journey by road from Vegas culminated in our driving over the Bay Bridge in darkness and seeing, down to our right, the fantastic spectacle of San Francisco's skyscrapers and city lights over it's black waters. A truly wondrous sight that proves that Man can sometimes match Mother Nature for enthrallingly beautiful creations.

San Francisco was our favourite stop on the tour. The Runs handed us over to Jerry and Lisa Connolly, with a flat they were happy to share with us for two days despite never having clapped eyes on us before. Jerry runs Smart Guy Records and is used to hosting bands from the Childish/Medway stable. Rachael flew out for the weekend to join me, and we strolled the sidewalks exploring the neighbourhood (see, I've even learnt the language). The city reminds me a lot of Australia's Melbourne, with it's wooden houses, wide streets, parking signs, trams and general air of Bohemian chic; it's a city strong in culture and the arts. As with Melbourne, I find it a very "European" city. The climate even appears to be similar to Melbourne's "four seasons in a day," but perhaps it's just the time of year?

My favourite gig was at Thee Parkside, just south of downtown, with John, the most welcoming and pleasant landlord I've ever played for. "You don't pay for your drinks" were his opening words and, true to those words, I was not without a Guinness for the duration of the evening. The Runs had the night off, and we were supported by SF stalwarts The Nads, with their awesome singer (and former drummer) Chris Carlone putting on a great show of stage gymnastics. If ever a guy was wasted behind a kit. Whoever decided to put him out front is a genius. Yes, they're more rock than punk, but such wonderful entertainment.

Two fresh pints were sitting at my stool at 12:15 AM as we stepped onto the stage. Whilst this is no doubt par for the course for Elton, Rod, or Lydon (free drinks, not necessarily Guinness), for us it is like finding the genie in a lamp. Ninety-five minutes later, we are ushered off the stage, as a strict 2 AM closure was imposed on the venue with the crowd still shouting for more.

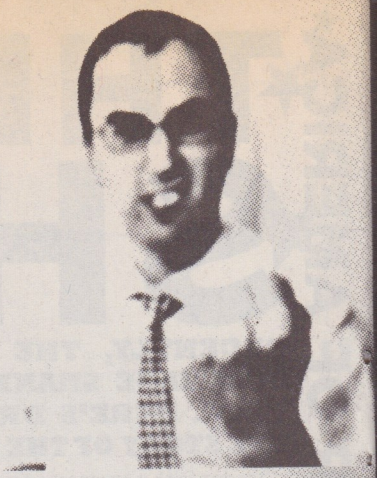
A guy called Eddie introduced himself to me as we're packing up, "Say, were you really in The Dentists? What was that song of yours? 'Strawberries are Growing in my Garden and it's Wintertime?' Say, I used to play that record of yours on my radio show in Connecticut. When was that? 1984?" "1985," I corrected him. We all know how small the world is. I had no idea back then that our sound had spread so far. I was nineteen; we put that record out ourselves. No one played it on the radio in the UK as far as I'm aware.

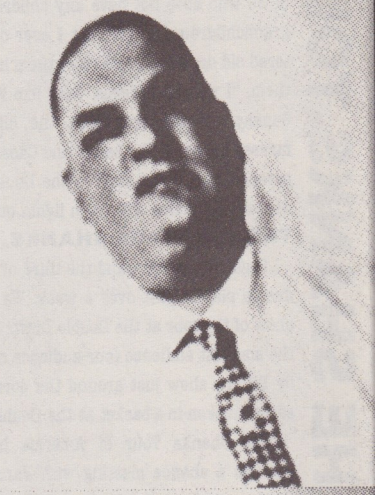
Friday saw us broadcasting on Radio KUSF as guest DJs for an hour. We played The Milkshakes (without whom none of us would be doing this thing), Chuck Berry, and the Fire Department amongst others. It was also a chance to link up with an old friend, Cecilia, and her band Operation S, who were sharing the hour with us. We hadn't crossed paths with Cecilia since she co-ordinated our infamous French tour of March 1995.

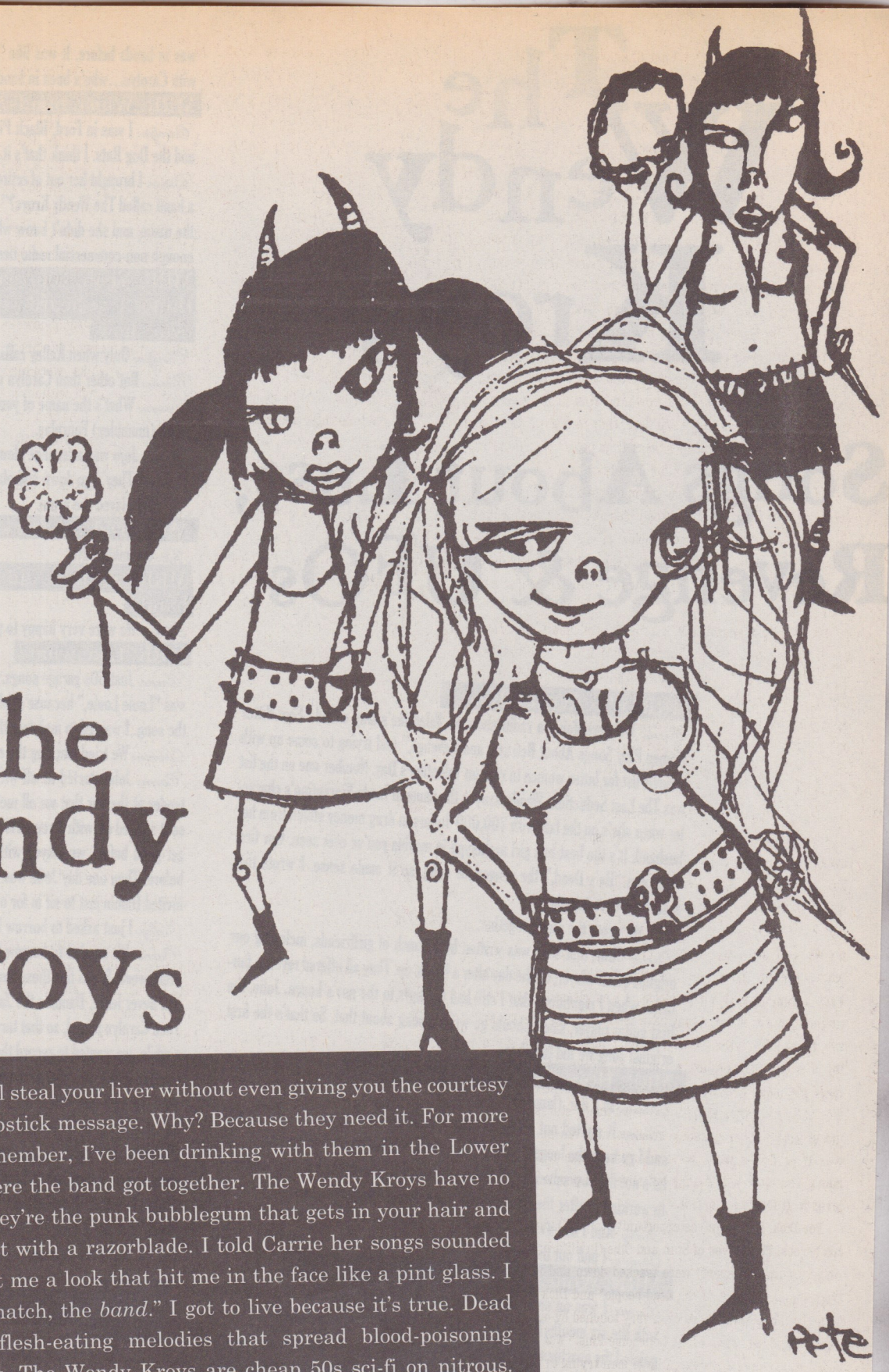
The tour ended for me perched, way too high up on a bar stool behind a joke of a kit, in San Jose. Believe me, I am the world's most versatile drummer. I'm no prima donna. I have unparalleled experience of trying to play crap kits, but this one was tough. Nonetheless, Rach, Richard, Dave, Scott, Jerry, and Lisa all loved the show so it couldn't have been too bad.

We parted with Shawn, Scott, and James at SF airport and (almost tearfully) pledged to do it all again someday. The final word goes to Scott's older brother, Jeff. It was he who had bought Scott Shanks Pony, an album we made in 1995 and imagined worldwide sales figures of a few hundred. It had become Scott's favourite album throughout his college years, and here he was having spent a week with The Armitage Shanks, who he could now truly call his friends. Jeff said, "Thanks for making my brother so happy." It is moments like this that make all the heartache and boredom—for that is what a great deal of being in a band is—

WORTHWHILE.







The Wendy Kroys

The Wendy Kroys will steal your liver without even giving you the courtesy of an ice bag and a lipstick message. Why? Because they need it. For more years than I can remember, I've been drinking with them in the Lower Haight, which is where the band got together. The Wendy Kroys have no nutritional value. They're the punk bubblegum that gets in your hair and you have to cut it out with a razorblade. I told Carrie her songs sounded like Snatch. She shot me a look that hit me in the face like a pint glass. I backtracked fast: "Snatch, the *band*." I got to live because it's true. Dead pan bitchery over flesh-eating melodies that spread blood-poisoning straight to the heart. The Wendy Kroys are cheap 50s sci-fi on nitrous. "Saucers Are Go" starts off all rocket tits hope and laser beam desire, zooms into the interstellar danger zone, flying three times around the black hole of despair before hitting escape velocity. They have a record called *Songs About Lust, Revenge, and UFOs*. Buy it...if you know what's bad for you. INTERVIEW BY MITCH URATE. PHOTOS BY JOE SHEA.

The Wendy Kroys

Songs About Lust, Revenge & UFOs

MRR: Why Wendy Kroys?

Carrie: We were doing a radio show on Valentine's Day called "Five Bitter Women Play Songs About Betrayal and Revenge," and trying to come up with a movie list for bitter women to rent on Valentine's Day. Number one on the list was The Last Seduction. Wendy Kroy is the name of Linda Fiorentino's character when she's on the lam with 700,000 dollars in drug money stolen from her husband. It's the best bad girl archetype in movies you've ever seen. Our first song was "He's Dead," the vengeance song, so it made sense. I wrote that before we were together.

Jojo: We wrote the music together.

Carrie: Okay, that song was written by a bunch of girlfriends, including our original guitar player, on the day after a break-up. They all offered revenge fantasies when I mentioned that I still had the keys to the guy's house. Jolie, the first guitar player, said I should go write a song about that. So that's the first original song we did together.

MRR: How did you guys all meet?

Damin: In a bar. (laughs)

Carrie: It started out as a girly play-around-together therapy band. Carolyn and I go back the longest from college radio, I think we both joined up in…no let's not date ourselves. I met Kelley, Jojo, and Damin at the bar I was reduced to working at after the big economic downturn a few years ago.

Kelley: And I had a car.

Damin: I pull out the plugs.

MRR: What got you off your barstools?

Carrie: I was on unemployment and a friend said, "So what have you done with the six months? Have you written the great American novel? Or at least painted the apartment?" Noooo. So then I started to learn German, but the seventeen syllable verb conjugation didn't agree. I had a few songs written, and I was talking to Kelley in a bar and asked her about starting a band. I found out she played piano as a kid and our bartender said that Kelley would be great because she has a car. So I made her a couple of garage rock tapes of all these rockin' organ things I liked. I had previously met this guy John Hofmeyer who wanted to teach me drums. I think he was laid off too, and he wanted to be a drum teacher when he grew up. I volunteered to be his guinea pig. So Kelley and I started off together. I asked Carolyn if she wanted to be in a band, but she was in bands before. It was like "Ooh…We have to get good before we play with Carolyn…who's been in bands before."

MRR: Which bands?

Carolyn: I was in Ford, Black Pile, Sven Eric, M. Alice Foster, Queen Cobra and the Dog Rats. I think that's it. I retired for a few years, but now I'm back.

Carrie: I brought her out of retirement. She's so easy. "Hey, you want to start a band called The Wendy Kroys?" She also loves The Last Seduction. She liked the name, and she didn't know what we were playing or anything, but we had enough non-commercial radio ties that she didn't think we'd suck too badly.

MRR: Yeah, you really work that college radio thing. I've heard you plug the Kroys on your own show.

Carolyn: Only when Kelley calls in to request it. (all laughs)

Carrie: But other than Carolyn and Jojo, none of us have been in bands.

Damin: What's the name of your (high school) band, Jojo?

Jojo: (mumbles) Fourplay.

Carrie: Jojo was a teenage blowjob magnet.

Damin: They'd go down and play the roller rink.

Jojo: We played the prom.

MRR: Did you get some?

Jojo: (mumbles) No.

MRR: So how did you get started with this band?

Kelley: We were very happy to play cover songs.

MRR: Like what?

Carrie: Just 60s garage songs. The first song I learned to play on the drums was "Louie Louie," because of all the mid-60s bands that formed after hearing the song. I wanted to maintain the DIY tradition.

Damin: We tried learning the entire song catalogue of The Milky Way.

Carrie: John started us off with studio space, and we recruited Jolie, a bartender at the bar that we all met at. She was a good singer and guitar player, so it started off with three girls who were trying to do punk rock and trying to get good before we played with the almighty Carolyn, who'd been in bands before. Then one day Jolie was in an AA meeting and couldn't make it. Kelley invited Damin just to sit in for one day.

Kelley: I just asked to borrow his guitar amp.

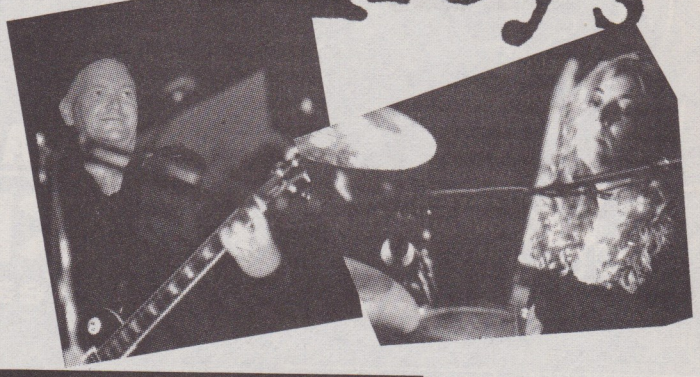
Carrie: We needed to borrow his guitar amp, and he started playing with us every week. It was like those two clerks in High Fidelity who get hired part time and never leave. Damin's the Jack Black of the band.

Then Carolyn joined, so that turned into a four-girl band with Jack Black. After a while, we wanted to record these songs for the Tamale Lady compilation, but Carolyn had a day job, so we were scraping around for bass players. I asked Jojo during a bar shift if he could play bass the next day. We discovered that he's a really good guitar player. We told him it was a temporary situation, and that didn't work out. So Jojo turned out to be able to play these great psychedelic songs, which is my favorite kind of music. I was always afraid to play drums like that. It turned out to be really cool because when you're playing psych, you don't have to count or worry about pesky verse / chorus changes and all that stuff drummers hate. JoJo stayed and Jolie soon left. And then there were five.

MRR: Did it take you long to put the record together?

Carrie: Not very long. Kelley and I started in March, and by the time we'd recruited everyone, one by one, we had some good songs. I was determined to do a record once everyone gelled. I love all those records with bands who put out their first thing when maybe they can't play that well—Olympia 80s, mid 60s garage, 70s punk, Stooges, Velvet Underground, and all the Half Japanese bands of the world. So on the off-chance we all learned to play our instruments or something, I wanted to do it before it was too polished or too tight. We recorded in September.

The Wendy Kroys



MRR: Is that how come you switch instruments?

Carrie: A.D.D. I always like the imperfection style when bands start out, so if anyone gets too good we vowed to switch. Plus Kelley can play anything. Before we could play live, I had to learn to play drums and sing at the same time. You don't have to do that when you make a record. Since I don't particularly play drums or sing very well, putting them together has been an odyssey.

Damin: She's a regular Don Henley.

Carrie: Jojo actually broke our curve by being a really good guitar player.

Jojo: I don't play solos. I plaaaaay…cinematic vignettes.

MRR: What's with the movie references?

Carrie: We met in a bar. We're escapists!

Damin: We're not a band that's centered on reality.

Jojo: Fuck reality.

Kelley: True.

MRR: So how did you get on in the studio?

Carrie: We recorded five out of nine songs in one day, and then we made the mistake of wanting to expand our little EP into a 12 inch, because we'd come up with some additional songs. Recording ourselves turned out to be completely disastrous. We hit every brick wall head on. We tried once doing the track by track thing—complete waste of time.

Damin: We ain't ready for that.

Jojo: Hopefully we never will be.

MRR: So you can only play live.

Carrie: Together? Yeah, we're very needy like that.

Kelley: We need the eye look and the nod of the head.

MRR: So who calls the shots?

(laughs all round)

Kelley: Care bear.

Damin: Yes, she's number one. We're all One A.

Carrie: (grabbing tape recorder) What do you like about The Wendy Kroys?

Kelley: The Wendy part.

Jojo: Getting to stare at the girl's asses during practice. (mumbles) Not really. I don't want to be in a band with a bunch of guys!

Carrie: We started out as a girl band, but both guys here said it was their dream to be in an all-girl band. Is it everything you dreamed it would be?

Damin: These chicks rock!

Kelley: How do you like being in a girl band with two boys?

Carrie: I'm such a shitty fucking band manager. I can't even get the girl band part right!

Carolyn: Plus, you can always introduce them as Jojo and Damin from the girl band.

Damin: All the girls have the same middle name. Kelley Ann, Carrie Ann, Carolyn Ann…

Carrie: When we're very upset with them in practice, it's "Jojo Ann, what are you doing? Damin Ann, time out in the corner."

Damin: It's like the Ramones. But without the cancer.

Carrie: After we were all done recording, we had this delusion that Jojo, being computer savvy, could mix everything.

Jojo: No. No.

Carrie: That did not work out well.

Jojo: I thought this'll be fun. After ten hours, I thought, this'll be hard and fun.

Carrie: After the first mix, all you could hear was guitar. Where was everything else?

Jojo: That's very funny, but unfortunately false.

Carrie: I've got it right here, baby.

Jojo: It's just like Kevin (mixer of record) said, "You should never mix yourself".

Carrie: Luckily, he kept all the original tracks. He was waiting for us all to come begging. And we did.

MRR: What equipment did you use?

Carrie: He used the seat of his pants.

MRR: What did it take to get the record out?

Damin: Money.

Carrie: Back in my college radio days, I was a vinyl dork. I loved all my records to have hand made covers, silk-screened, hand-numbered, and limited editions. If you're going to do something once in your life, do it right. It took a lot of inhaling spray fixatives. I was determined to do all the artwork to save money. It's pink because of Kelley, though. We were at the bar having an argument about vinyl vs. CD, and the bartender mentioned we could have vinyl in any color you like, and she said, "We can have piiiiink?" And I said, "Kelley, I'll give you pink swirlies."

Kelley: Damn!

MRR: Where did the art come from?

Carrie: Oh, the bar, of course. One of my regulars, this Lower Haight artist Pete Doolittle. I said, "I want you to draw a girl with a tambourine for the record cover, I'll trade you a beer or two". So he came up with three sketches. Kelley liked different parts of each sketch. So he threw them at all at me and said "That's what Photoshop is for." So everyone thinks the drawing is representative of the three girls in the band.

MRR: You get nerves before the first show?

Carrie: We got in a big fight two days before.

Jojo: She pushed me up against the wall. I thought she was going to slap me.

Carrie: (laughs) Like this doesn't happen all the time

Damin: Yeah, but this was specific to the show, it was nothing to do with alcohol.

MRR: Did it go alright?

Carolyn: We blew out all the power on 17th St.

Kelley: I got paid – 24 dollars!

Damin: No, nobody got laid.

MRR: No bike messenger sex?

Carrie: Someone had to write that song. Everyone's hot for bike messengers. Even the boys in the band are. Including lawyer ladies in the elevators. Except Carolyn. She's the token non-smoker with the day job and the boyfriend. Think there's a connection?

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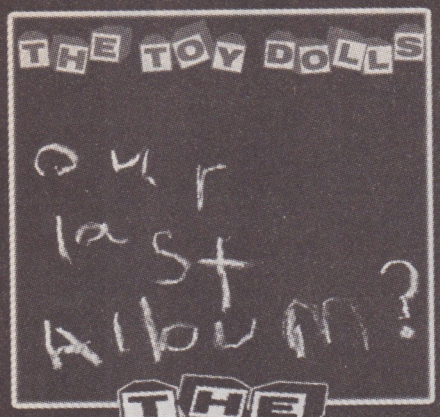
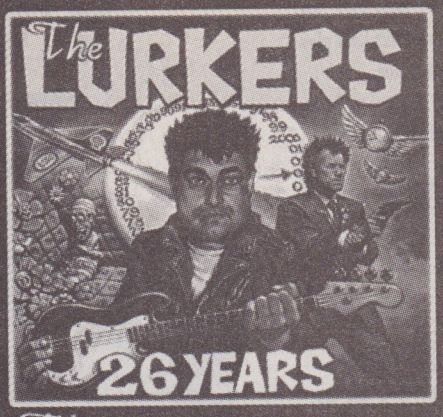
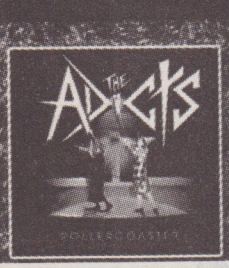


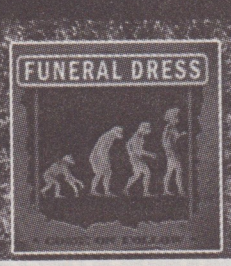
THE TOY DOLLS
"Our Last Album?"

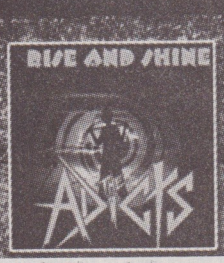


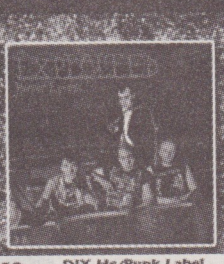
The LURKERS
"26 Years"

CONFLICT
"There is No Power Without Control"









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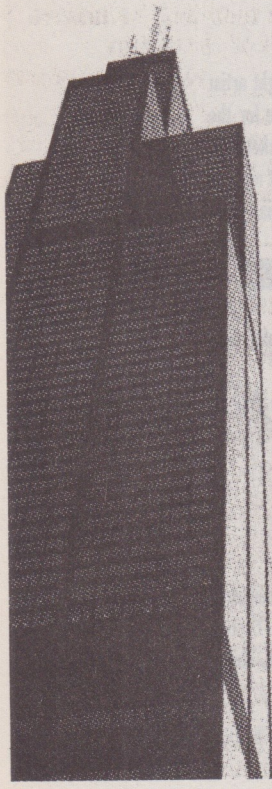

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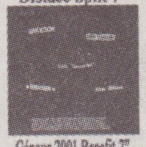
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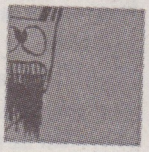

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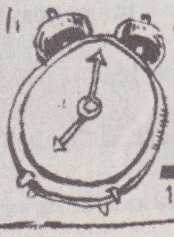

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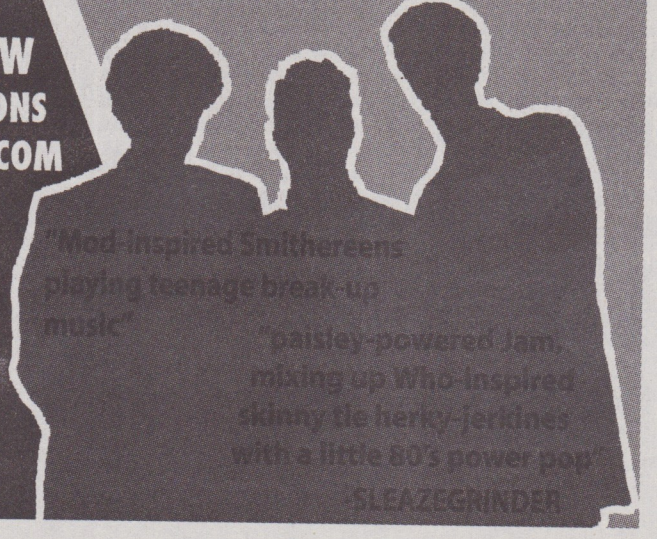

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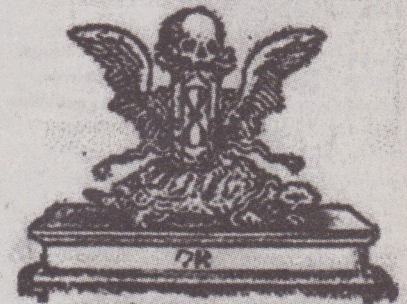

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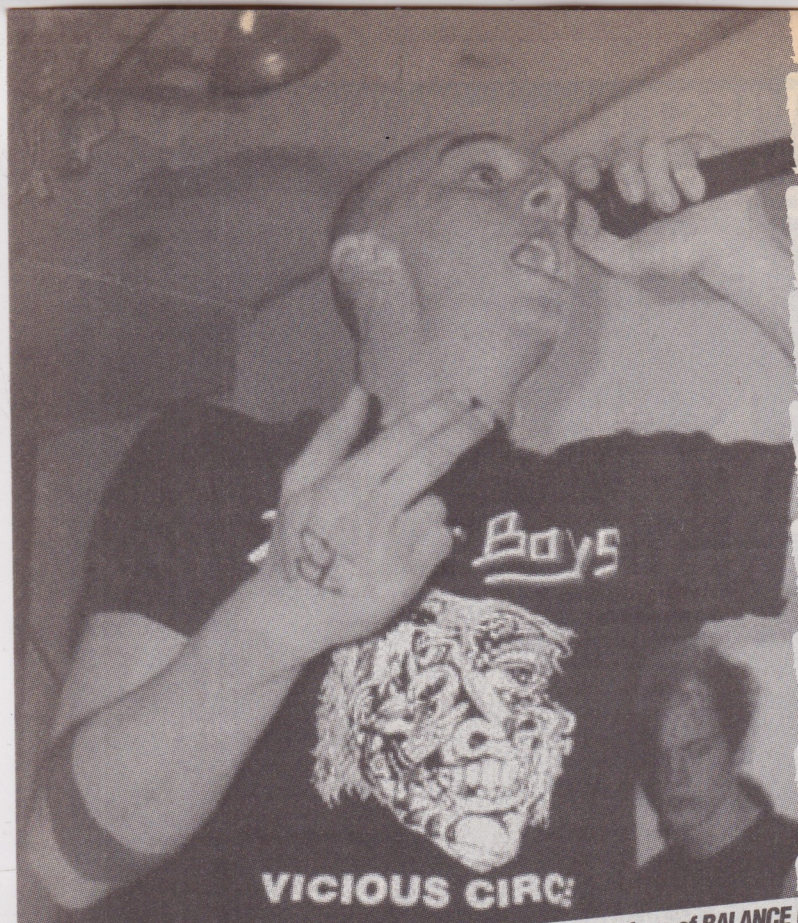


WRECKAGE

NYC's WRECKAGE was formed in late 2002 by former members of BALANCE OF TERROR, SANGRE DE LOS PUERCOS, SELF DEFENSE, and CLASS ACTION. During their brief existence, the band kicked out a furious brand of hardcore punk rarely heard in New York these days. Their This is America EP, released last summer by Sweden's Busted Heads Records, was originally recorded and distributed as a cassette demo. The six-song EP is a good indication of where WRECKAGE was heading. Unfortunately, the band recently split after a November 12th show in Brooklyn, abandoning plans to record again and leaving a number of undocumented songs. This interview was conducted on October 23rd, 2004, after the band played a set at ABC no Rio.

WRECKAGE was Bryan (bass), Chris (vocals), Dominic (guitar), Sean (guitar), and Tom (drums). Interview by Chris Hubbard.

MRR: So, the first thing I wanted to ask you about is your EP review in MRR. The review calls WRECKAGE "uncompromising political punk," and it says some of the lyrics, "could have come from the mouth of Steve Ignorant." I just want to know if you guys think that's accurate.

CHRIS: In terms of what being accurate?

MRR: Well, do you guys consider yourselves a political band?

CHRIS: I think it's a lot more...I mean, we have political songs definitely, but a lot of it is also personal politics.

SEAN: I think that personal politics are—and I'm not speaking for everybody in the band—are more relevant than singing another song about George Bush from some kid that really doesn't know what they're talking about because their view of the world is from hardcore records or whatever. I think it's more important to sing about what you know, because if you can change your own personal surroundings, that's more effective in the long run. You can influence others through yourself, through personal examples.

CHRIS: I think in terms of lyrics, too, from the beginning it might have been from more of a straight political side, but I think now it's beginning to be more personal issues. I'm not bored with political topics, but I think it's more relevant to write from what you know more about.

MRR: What were you going for with the title of your EP, *This is America*?

BRYAN: It's the whole cowboy mentality that the country's been in since September 11th.

TOM: Since the election of George Bush...

BRYAN: Right, since the whole George Bush thing, the whole cowboy mentality, the artwork ties in with the title.

MRR: The cowboy on the cover of the EP?

BRYAN: Yeah.

MRR: So, also along the lines of lyrics, I was wondering if you could explain the song "Serve in Silence"? (*laughter, groans*) I'm sure there are misconceptions about it. What did you write it about?

DOMINIC: I can say about Chris' lyrics, just based upon what I've seen and throughout the whole punk scene and whatnot, I've seen women bitch about sexism, but yet at the same time I still see women wear makeup and whatnot. They can say one thing and still they do another, and it's like, well, still, doesn't that make you guilty of buying into that?

SEAN: Whoa... I don't see anything wrong with that...

DOMINIC: I don't see anything wrong with it, but still...

BRYAN: That song was not written about women in general...

CHRIS: Here's what it was written about. A lot of my lyrics will touch on a subject, but come out through a personal experience I have with the subject. It was about many things, but it's just mostly about frustration, the frustration with the battle of the sexes, and how it's so frustrating, with name-calling and all sorts of stuff like that, men and women having to deal with that, it's bullshit. A part of it that's very important to me was about my mom. She raised me for eight years by herself, she was a very independent woman, and she married a guy and became a very subservient housewife, like a 50s housewife. I was disappointed in seeing that, seeing her go from being very independent to being a very subservient housewife. So, it was a combination of both.

SEAN: I just want to bring up a point... you said something about makeup. I don't think in-and-of-itself the act of wearing makeup is even a repressive thing...

DOMINIC: Yeah, it's not bad...

SEAN: Because I think that making yourself look a certain way—the way you present yourself to the world—is also a way of manipulating your environment. If I go down the street dressed a certain way, people will react to me one way; if I go down the street dressed a totally different way, I get a totally different set of responses. Being able to control that is a way of controlling your environment, it's a way of empowering yourself as a human being.

DOMINIC: Also, what you were saying, how the lyrics are in that song, that's what women are subjected to in this society from the day they're born. I have a baby girl, and I know she's going to go through the same thing. They see it right on the TV: "Put the doll in a stroller." That's the first toy they give to young girls in this fuckin' country. And it's basically, "That's your role. There you are." And it teaches them right away, from when they're very young—lipstick, makeup,

everything like that, EZ-bake ovens. The aesthetic. "Bake, you must be pleasing to the opposite sex, you must be pleasing to the eye."

BRYAN: That's bullshit...

CHRIS: In no way to the lyrics mean "You can't be a feminist if you wear makeup." That's not what it's intending. When I wrote those, I was trying to play a mental scene of what's going on in my head when I think about the frustrations of sexism and the battle of the sexes. That's basically what it was... just the frustrations I encounter, and a lot to do with my mom, too.

MRR: So, you're saying that song is more about a specific situation rather than...

CHRIS: It was both.

BRYAN: It's not a generalization.

CHRIS: Yeah. It was both, but it was not to be taken completely literally.

MRR: Have you had any problems with that so far, has that come up at all?

CHRIS: Those lyrics to that specific song? Uhh...I think in one review it said "questionable lyrics."

SEAN: Only third-person, like "so-and-so said that so-and-so didn't like it and doesn't want to watch our band." But that's just stupid, no one's actually confronted any of us about it, so as far as I know it's not a problem.

CHRIS: I'd rather people come and talk to us about it. If you've got a problem, come talk to us, we'll explain it.

SEAN: If any one confronts us about it, we're not mean people, we're nice people.

DOMINIC: Exactly.

SEAN: Yeah.

(*Some speculation about who would win the then undecided Presidential election turns into a discussion on Bush and the war on terror.*)

DOMINIC: Either way, I still look at it like, give someone else a chance, because the past four years with that man in office, all that I've seen are bad things happen throughout the world. He's done nothing to unify any sort of coalition or anything like that. He's basically alienated us from other people. You know, I work with Muslims, I talk to them and ask them about how they feel towards what's going on, they don't agree with what the terrorists are doing either, 'cause they tell you a good Muslim doesn't do that. Terrorists are fanatical, they fully believe in dying for their cause, and that's an extreme belief that very few people have, to the point where they're going to walk into a building and blow themselves up and take out as many people as they can, just because Allah says so and they think they're going to be martyrs. It's all bullshit, you end up killing innocent people who make no decisions about what our government does, these people do nothing, they're trying to make a living just like anybody else, but needless to say they're the victims of this—what our foreign policies, our government, dictates upon other smaller countries.

SEAN: I think one thing that's important is the fact that, first of all, there are fundamentalists of all views, all religions, creeds, that are willing to do extreme acts. When certain things happen, the fact that it's pointed out that, "Muslims did this, Muslims did that" rather than "people did this," it's pointing a finger at that specific group, and therefore creating a stereotype that perpetuates this justification for thinking that we need to be in a war in a part of the world where that's a dominant religion.

MRR: So, moving away from some of that stuff, I wanted to ask you about your thoughts on being in a band. What makes you get together to play music?

TOM: Dominic says he'll beat me if I don't...

DOMINIC: Fuckin' love of hardcore, bro!

BRYAN: Yeah.

DOMINIC: That's what gets us together to play music. I fuckin' love hardcore.

BRYAN: To have fun, travel around, meet people...

CHRIS: All these people are our friends, too, so it's a good way to not only play music, and have a great time playing music, but hang out with friends.

DOMINIC: To give those little shitty kids what they want. (*laughter*)

MRR: As far as influences, musical and ideological, who would you name as your influences in this band?

BRYAN: Musically, there are probably hundreds of bands...

TOM: CCR...

CHRIS: Dude, I'll definitely say CCR...

TOM: As a drummer, I'd say... the drummer from THE CIRCLE JERKS, also Don Bolles, uhh, that's about it. Maybe the drummer from (AGNOSTIC FRONT's) *Victim In Pain* LP.

SEAN: NEIL YOUNG.

BRYAN: BLACK FLAG, SEPTIC DEATH.

DOMINIC: I would say early 80s hardcore, man. THE FIX.

BRYAN: Yeah...

TOM: Early 80s everything.

SEAN: For me, I like a lot of folk music, and a lot of power-electronics, and a lot of psych rock, although as far as influences on guitar playing, I really like the guitar work on some of the later CHEETAH CROME MOTHERFUCKERS records... *Into The Void* rules! I just want to play guitar like that, when I'm playing leads...

TOM: Surf music!

BRYAN: Fuck yeah.

MRR: You guys definitely have a distinctive style I think, especially with Sean's guitar work... it's interesting to know where that's coming from.

CHRIS: Rock'n'Roll!

MRR: What's it like being a band in New York City?

DOMINIC: It's hard.

BRYAN: You really have to love it 'cause it's expensive as hell.

DOMINIC: You really have to love it 'cause you have to do it around everybody's schedule, you have to commute, and you have to pay to fuckin' practice.

CHRIS: Everyone's schedule is so tough.

SEAN: We all work really different weird hours, you have to really make an effort. Some of us are in school and work at the same time, both full-time.

TOM: I live in Philly. Philly shreds, and taking the bus is expensive, especially when you don't have a job.

MRR: So, what about the hardcore scene in New York? What do you see as the problems right now?

DOMINIC: No fuckin'...

BRYAN: No places to play.

DOMINIC: Exactly. A lack of places to play.

BRYAN: And it's so expensive to rent a hall, to find a place that you can set up a show, that there aren't that many shows.

SEAN: It's hard to be in band, just money-wise and whatnot. Like somewhere else, people at least have their basement or their garage that they can practice in. We're fortunate enough to at least have a space that we can rent monthly and leave all our gear there, a lot of people have to rent it by the hour and that's just really frustrating, so there are not as many bands because of that.

TOM: Yeah, there are not a lot of bands in New York, and there are not as many young people, like my age, 20.

CHRIS: All these old farts these days...

TOM: Yeah, too many "olders"...

CHRIS: Like those guys. (*points at Dominic and Bryan*)

BRYAN: Man, punks over 30 rule.

MRR: Do you see any solutions to those problems?

BRYAN: Yeah, move to a cheaper city. (*laughter*)
TOM: Yeah, move to Philly.
SEAN: I feel it's just getting worse now.
DOMINIC: I mean, it would be cool if people could somehow get together, or maybe if there was the possibility to find a space, not necessarily in Manhattan, but any other borough... Somewhere where you could even start something again, like another ABC No Rio, you know? But start it more from the hardcore perspective, but that's what it's about, that's what it's there for, and that's all it's about—even try to utilize that space also to record bands, to have shows and record bands, even to the point where you could let out-of-town bands stay there.
TOM: Maybe also, it sounds shitty to say for some people, but getting spaces to return back to being about music, because 20 years ago, spaces like the A7 in New York, and CBGB's when it was still good, were about music, and not about one group of people's set of politics. I'm not saying that people can't be political within punk, I'm just saying, music's going to die out if you put all your emphasis on other things, especially when you have a limited amount of spaces and a limited amount of people to support them. Instead of spreading ourselves too thin, there should just be...
SEAN: I feel like the scene was always split. I wasn't around in the early days, but it seems like there were always different groups of people.
TOM: I don't mean that, I just mean using places to have shows, as opposed to... I don't know, I don't want to say anything to piss off one set of people, I'm just saying...
CHRIS: Do it. Go for it.
TOM: Uhh, making... pancakes. I don't know.
CHRIS: Hey, what's wrong with pancakes?
MRR: I mean, you can definitely say that there's a crisis right now, the scene in New York has declined a lot in the last two years, and I'm just curious about what ideas people have about that.
DOMINIC: Yeah.
MRR: So what plans do you have for the future, what do you want to want to accomplish with this band?
DOMINIC: Well, we'd like to do another record, go on tour. We've got a bunch of new songs written, it's just a matter of teaching the songs to Tom, 'cause he's new in the band. We don't really get the chance to all practice together much, so it's hard.
SEAN: I think that it's a very Western concept of "the end justifying the means"—the concept of: "what do you want to get out of the band?" I think the process, in-and-of-itself, is the product. The process of practicing, playing shows, hanging out with your friends... it's more important than putting out records. I'd love to put out records, go on tour, all those things, but if we didn't, I wouldn't feel like it was a failure, because I'd still have those experiences, and that's what really matters to me, personally.
CHRIS: We'd like to put out a book of WRECKAGE philosophy, too..."The Quotable Wreckage." (*laughter*)

MRR: OK, so this question is more directed at Dominic and Bryan, since you guys have been into hardcore since the 80s. I just want to know what keeps you around, and what differences you see in the scene today?
DOMINIC: Fucking undying hatred and anger that I see with all the bullshit around me that I fucking can't stand and I have no control over it. That's what keeps me around, because I have some control over what I do, but I can't control what everybody else does. You can't change the world, but you can change what you do and how you impact the world around you. Half the time I walk down the street, it's like, "Don't you fucking idiots see what I see, or you just fucking blind to everything?"
BRYAN: Most people are blind to everything.
DOMINIC: Most people are blind, particularly in this city, because we all saw what happened September 11th, we all saw that, and nobody here can fucking deny that...and we're the first ones in the US who felt all the repercussions of what this administration has done to this country. We were all the first ones to feel that, and that's what fucking I'm talking about, because that makes me very angry—we've lost a considerable amount of our civil rights. Now they can just come to your house, come to your door, and do whatever they want, because of the Patriot Act. It doesn't matter, they don't need a search warrant, they don't need any of that anymore. I'm angry, I want to make some noise against this bullshit fucking system, that's why I play music. I use my riffs as fucking ammunition. (*laughter*)
CHRIS: They're good riffs...
BRYAN: I can't top that...
CHRIS: Yeah you can, come on...
BRYAN: Well, I still love hardcore, I still love it, you know? I love it as much as I did when I was thirteen years old... I love fucking noisy, crappy sounding bands.
SEAN: I don't love crappy sounding bands.
DOMINIC: We love noise!
BRYAN: I like bands that have intelligent lyrics and make you think, that have some energy and emotion behind their music.
MRR: Any last words, any more subjects you want to delve into...?
TOM: I hope I don't go to jail...Philly shreds.
CHRIS: We skate.
TOM: Yeah, skating rules.
BRYAN: Skate or die, stay out of jail...
SEAN: I make electronic music...
BRYAN: Shut up with the electronic music!
SEAN: ...under the name AXIAL MODUCT
DOMINIC: No!
CHRIS: No plugs!
SEAN: Hey I can plug myself...

Neo Boys

Portland's first all girl punk band, FORMICA AND THE BITCHES, broke up after a few shows. Two teenagers who were in the band, Kim and Katie Kinkaid, as well as guitarist Jennifer Lobianco, recruited another young woman in the early Portland punk scene, Pat Baum, to play drums for a new band, THE NEO BOYS. Four for years, The Neo Boys played shows in Portland, mostly as an opening act. They left behind two great records, a seven inch recorded in 1980 on Greg Sage's Trap Records, and a self released LP in 1982. Though they had their own distinctive sound, you can definitely hear the New York influence: TELEVISION's sparseness and a dedication to the lyrics a la PATTI SMITH or RICHARD HELL. With the addition of permanent guitarist Meg Hentges, the band's sound gelled, a driving melodic punk with a bit of western twang. The Neo Boys should be remembered, alongside THE RATS and THE WIPERS, as one of Portland's great first-wave punk bands. We sat down with Pat and Kim in the KBOO studios in Portland last summer. Interview by Erin Yanke and Icky A.

MRR: Introduce yourselves; say what you did in the Neo Boys, and tell us how you would describe yourselves now?
Kim: I'm Kim Kinkaid and I sang with The Neo Boys. Now I do garden design and estate gardening.
Pat: I'm Pat Baum and I was the drummer in The Neo Boys. Now I'm an environmental activist and I live in Mexico. I work with endangered sea turtles.
MRR: How did you start playing drums and how did you start singing and writing lyrics?
K: Well, we were inspired by a lot of alternative music at the time and not inspired by what was on the airwaves. I never really felt like it was that premeditated, it just kinda happened organically, where we thought we wanted to play music and it was a good creative outlet. We hooked up with the group, and just went from there.
P: I always wanted to play drums, but they wouldn't let me in school because they said girls couldn't play drums. Because of that I played the clarinet, that kinda pigeonholed me there. But my brother and I used to jam because he played the piano and I had some bongos with some drumsticks and maybe a pie tin cymbal. We even wrote some songs too. When I moved into a house with a drum set, I started to play it secretly when nobody was home. When Kristy and Andrea [of Formica and the Bitches] went to London, then you guys got me into the band.
MRR: When you talk about being inspired by alternative music at the time, how did you find that in Portland?
K: We're talking 25+ years ago. Music wasn't that accessible. You really had to hunt it down. We used to pick up *Rock Scene* magazine and look for the bands we were interested in. At that time it was Patti Smith, Television, Richard Hell and the Voidoids, and Jonathan Richman.
P: There were these crazy underage discos, like Mildred's Palace on 10th, with no live music, just DJs. You could go there and dress however you wanted and hear some new music. And then if IGGY POP or DAVID BOWIE were coming to town, it would be the big event of the year or the month. Kim and a bunch of people lived over in Vancouver and they were all underage, so to even come over to Portland without a car was a hassle. There was this friend of ours, Fred, who'd bring them all over to a show. There was this kind of merging of Vancouver-ites with the Portland-ites. We'd meet up at shows and go to some apartment afterwards.
K: But it was so small here, it was maybe 25 people who were interested in punk. And at that time there wasn't even a name for it. I remember being in high school and punk rock was happening, but they didn't even know it was called punk rock. They'd just call you a freak. They hadn't had you pigeonholed yet. There weren't any clubs; the bars didn't want to book our type of music.

P: And we didn't want to book it in the bars because everyone was underage. We had shows in all these weird spaces or we'd rent a hall, usually just once because something would happen. The cops would come or a plate glass window would get broken or the Gypsy Jokers would show up. It was usually a one-time thing.
P: We actually had two clubs that we rented. One was on 41st and Division.
K: Oh yeah. I was grounded that whole month, so I didn't get to go to any shows there
MRR: Is that how long the club lasted?
P: I think it lasted a little bit longer, but not much longer then that. We had another space that lasted a little longer in a building that's since been torn down, the Riggoletto building.
K: That was great. It was such an effort on everyone's part to rent a hall. There was a lot of construction because we made all these practice rooms.
P: It was a nice space for shows. It had an art gallery and a

stage and it was probably a 100-person hall. It was called Clockwork Joe's. It lasted maybe a year. There were always problems with the landlord.
K: It was a collective effort. We formed an organization called The Alternative Arts Association. The rehearsal space paid for it (the entire studio, the gallery) because often times the shows didn't make any money. The rent was like, $500 a month, a lot for us at the time. Our space was $100, for the band. We lived there for awhile.
MRR: What year was that?
K: Probably 1979.
MRR: After you guys formed, how long before you started playing shows? What were your early shows like?
P: One of the earliest shows was with Television and we really weren't very good. We were really nervous and it was a big show.
K: It was a huge show for us, opening for Television at the Earth. We had to have at least 20 minutes of material and we didn't have that many songs. So we played this one song called "Sooner Or Later" and those were the only lyrics in the song and we played it for like seven minutes to fill the set.
P: I remember seeing Television, not like really laughing at us, but looking at us and wondering what the hell was going on. It was a lot of fun and after that show we got a lot better really fast. It was almost instant. You'd have a show and then you'd form a band to play the show.
K: There wasn't a whole lot of emphasis on musicianship. It was really about getting together and playing and expressing. That was a kind of retaliation against what was going on in music at the time.
P: The lyrics carried a lot of that. You could just have this noise behind you, not us obviously, but a lot of bands had really great lyrics.
MRR: How old were you when the band started?
K: I was 14.
MRR: And we heard Pat say earlier about how they'd have to sneak you out of the house?
P: We couldn't put Kim's picture on the posters in case her sister and brother would find out. We'd have to do all this crazy stuff to get her out to play.
K: And then you guys were gonna temporarily replace me with a guy for a while.
MRR: Because you were grounded?
K: I was always grounded (laughs).
MRR: From your older siblings?
K: Yeah.
MRR: They didn't like what you were doing?
K: Well, no, they didn't. Their intentions were good, but they didn't realize how good the band was for me. That it took a tremendous amount of discipline and dedication. They just thought that the people I was hanging with were a bad influence on me. My sister Katie was in the band, but she was two years older and had moved out of the house. I was the youngest. My brother had custody of me, so I'd sneak out of the house to see shows or sneak out to go to rehearsal. A friend of my brother's saw a show and told on me. I was in so much trouble! At some point, I think they understood a little more and I wasn't banished from the band anymore. They calmed down after a while.
P: Would you just sit in your room and write your lyrics? Cause you had lots of really great songs.
K: Yeah, I'd just sit at home and write. That's another thing they didn't realize. Someone like me, someone my Age—it was such a great outlet.
MRR: What was your songwriting process like?
K: A lot of times, I'd have some words and then Katy would have a bass line. So the melody would be written on the bass and Katy would play chords on the bass. It was really different then the way most bands do stuff.
P: We'd spend a lot of time at it. Trying to make a song, make a song sound right. I remember sitting at the drums a lot waiting for the song to come together. It happened pretty easily, especially once we got Meg as the guitar player. She was a songwriter, so we moved away from the guitar just being bar chords. We were really lucky to find her. She'd just moved here from Missouri.
K: We practiced every day, learning and trying to play better. We took it so serious. The money we'd make from shows went back in to the band. We never split it up between us. Everything went back into the band, whether it was equipment repair, buying new equipment, or saving money for the record.

MRR: Was there an intention to keep the band always women?
K: Yeah, I think after a time. At first, it just sort of happened that way. The three of us worked really well together. I think when we were looking for a guitar player, we were definitely looking for a woman, just because the chemistry and the whole process felt different working with a woman.
MRR: Was there political thought behind what you were doing with The Neo Boys?
K: Yeah, I think so.
P: Yeah, sure. You were always very aware of the police oppression of the punks at the time. You were always made aware that you were the "other," so it made it very political to just walk down the street. There were lots of movements and tie-ins to the punk community. Lots of benefits.
K: It seems like every show we played was a benefit.
MRR: Who were some of the people around who weren't starting from scratch in the punk scene?
P: The main people were people like Mark Sten, because

he had a lot of experience as a musician, but he also had a lot of other skills: organizational, carpentry, etc. Of course, Tom Robinson was important for his audio skills. All of those shows wouldn't have been recorded if not for him. Mike Lastra also, who recorded a lot of audio and also a lot of video of some of those early shows. And Fred Cole was incredible because, without Fred, none of the bands would have had instruments. You could go in to his store, Captain WhizEagle's, and buy whatever you needed. If you didn't have all the money, he'd let you pay in bits. I remember going in there and paying $10 at a time. He had the quality of instruments too. It wasn't junk. He had a really good eye for odd instruments.

K: You could just go in there. It was so fun to look and see what he had or just hang out.

P: Greg Sage and The Wipers really cleared the way. They were like the first real band. They were just getting back from Florida I think, because Greg had to leave Portland because there was no live music here really. He wasn't here at the beginning. He came back when we had the place on Division. I remember seeing them for the first time and being absolutely blown away that a band could be so good and so tight and just raw. They had everything and they just looked like these regular guys. They weren't punk looking at all, maybe Greg a little, because of his hair. I know we really looked up to them. They were such good musicians. I know Sam Henry was my idol and still is and I know Katy really looked up to Dave because he was just incredible. And Greg, he didn't have a big ego about who he was or what he was. It took us a long time to learn that he was a recording engineer. He didn't just dump it all out on us. I'd been around some of his other recording sessions, but when he was recording our single, I just realized what an incredible producer he was. We had a weekend to do this record. He was not very domineering and allowed us to make it happen. It was great.

MRR: Where did you do the recordings?

P: We did the first single in my parents' living room. They were going away for the weekend and we took over the house. They came back right when we were doing some vocal overdubs, so then we moved to Kim's house to do the final vocals when Kim's brother was gone. It had to be somewhere really quiet. We didn't want extraneous street noise. These were all on four-track.

MRR: What were some of your best shows?

K: One of the most interesting shows we played was at the Oregon Penitentiary. We opened for the Wipers and that was just bizarre. We were billed as Girls!Girls!Girls! and they weren't into it. It was a really tense and an intense experience, going in there, being searched, it was really strange.

P: It was really strange because I played at the women's prison with the other all girl band I was in, THE TWIST, and that was really fun. But that one at the men's prison, it was weird. It was this whole cafeteria full of these hostile men, yelling at us, screaming obscenities at us, but they loved The Wipers. Our set was pretty bad.

MRR: Did you guys just bluster through it?

K: Oh, we were playing so fast. We were so nervous. There was this one guy in the front row that was blind and he was digging it. He was dancing and then he later came and talked to us and said he really liked the show. We talked about Patti Smith and NEW YOK DOLLS and stuff. That was probably 1979, when we played with Dawn.

P: But we had a lot of good local shows. We played with The Wipers a lot. Once we got hooked up with them, it was really good. We were the double bill really often.

K: For our LP release party, we headlined and had like 200 people there and it was like, wow.

MRR: Coming from a really small scene, at what point did you guys stop recognizing everyone in the audience?

K: I think I remember at one point seeing younger people at the shows. I remember there was this little entourage of young punk girls that used to come to all our shows. It was great. It was nice to see that you were influencing and making an impact on people.

MRR: How old were the younger people and how old were you at that point?

K: I guess I was like 17 and they were probably like 14.

MRR: Did you ever tour?

P: Well, because of Kim's situation we didn't. We had opportunities. We went to Seattle.

K: We went to Salem and Eugene, but never got to Vancouver or San Francisco.

MRR: What was the life span of the band and why did you break up?

K: Four years.

P: Meg decided to go back to Texas and we didn't think we could find anyone to replace her.

K: We quit for a few reasons: maybe getting older, losing our guitar player, and just questioning the direction we wanted to go? There wasn't the support. There were no labels. If you wanted to have a show, you put it on yourself. Although it was fun, you kind of lost the momentum.

MRR: What did you do afterwards?

P: I continued to play. I played with RANCID VAT. I tried to get another all-girl thing together with Leslie and Marlys and it didn't work out. I played with THE GRIP for a while, and with THE TWIST, and later with THE UNKNOWN SOLDIERS. I was also getting into engineering and I had my show on KBOO.

K: I played a little afterward. I sat in with a band, nothing too serious. I always felt like it was something that I did with The Neo Boys. I don't look at myself as a musician or a singer/songwriter. I saw myself as a member of The Neo Boys and that chapter had closed, so I went on to do other things.

MRR: Like what?

K: Well, I became involved with horticulture and got into it. That became my passion and I've done it ever since, for 20 years. I don't really see any stopping with it. I went to college to study it and got really involved with the plant world. There's no end to it. I don't get bored and it doesn't seem stagnant.

MRR: When did you start doing your radio show?

P: I started doing it in 1983 and I did it for eight years with Thor Lindsey. We did it every other week. I stopped because I went to SF to go to film school.

MRR: Where did you interest for that come from?

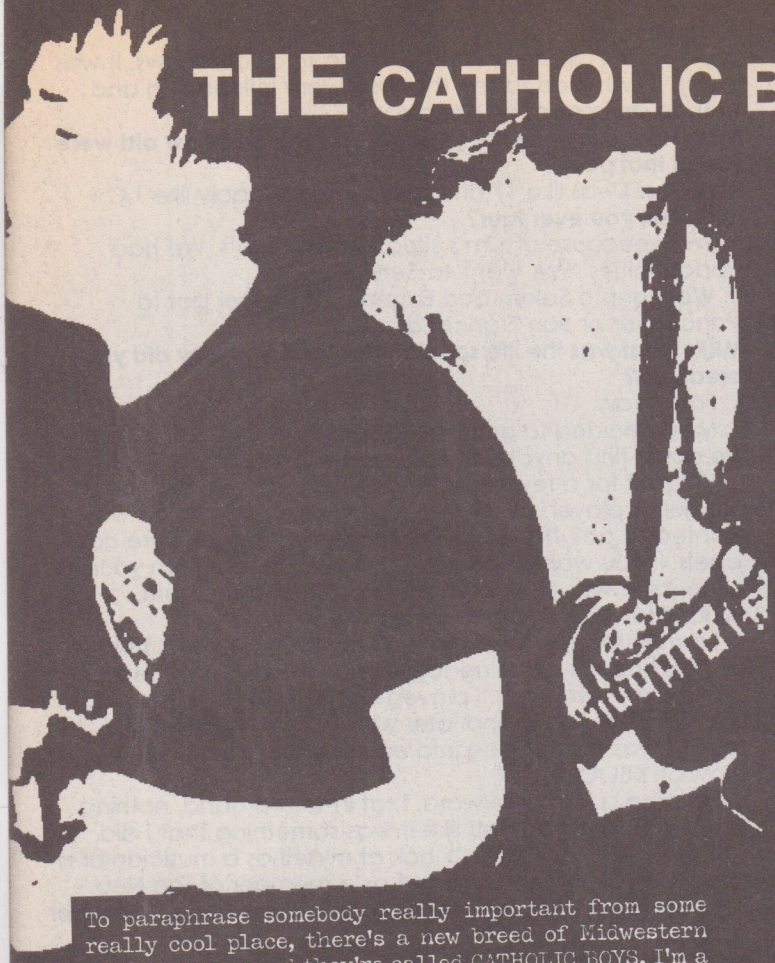
P: I worked on Gus Van Sant's first feature film, *Mala Noche*, then I got interested in doing sound on film and then I wanted to make my own films.

MRR: And that's taken a life of its own?

P: I haven't really done any film stuff for ten years, but now I'm working on a documentary about the leatherback turtle. I started working with trying to save endangered sea turtles down in Baja because I was living on the beach and would just see a lot of really destructive human impact. I started this campaign to get cars off the beach and have been pretty successful. Now we have a pretty good group of people from the community, so we're a lot more powerful then just me out there yelling at people. Turtles are really incredible and really defenseless animals and it seems like such a tragedy that their eggs are getting stolen or squished or whatever. It's exciting. I love working with people down there and with kids in the schools and just try to raise awareness about how damaging plastic garbage is. It's really sad how much plastic there is in the ocean. I'm constantly pulling plastic bags out. Plastic is gonna be the death of us all. Live by vinyl, die by vinyl.

This interview is also available in audio form on MRR radio, with songs from the 7", the LP and unreleased (and unheard) songs from a live recording Erin dug up in the KBOO archives.

THE CATHOLIC BOYS



To paraphrase somebody really important from some really cool place, there's a new breed of Midwestern Punk cavemen, and they're called CATHOLIC BOYS. I'm a no-count from a fucking shit-hole (as are these four schmoes), but I agree with this claim. This band blew the doors offa' my brain from their very inception and they continue to startle with every new spin and live show. Anyone lucky enough to stumble across *Psychic Voodoo Mind Control* knows that this band can wear you right the fuck out after only one tune! Live, they bring a certain form of "goods" not commonly witnessed in my neck o' the woods. When you take the frantic racket they pound out into consideration, getting these guys to sit still would seem like an impossible task. Luckily, I held them hostage in a foreign lane with my beer and my tape recorder. An unenviable situation for them to be sure, but they seemed to make the most of it. C'mon they called me "Bitch Tardwell" every chance they got! Interview by Mitch Cardwell. Photos by D. Merrill and C. Anderson.

NickG: Where do you wanna do the interview? Do you wanna go out in the backyard and I'll smoke a cigarette that you'll give me?

MRR: Nice to see you too, Nick. First, introduce yourselves, explain your role in the band and what you do while wearing Leatherskin Deathmasks.

Paul: My name's Paul. I play guitar, yell about half the vocals, and am the most antisocial loser in this band.

NickG: I'm Nick. I play guitar and sing songs, and I do not wear Leatherskin Deathmasks and talk about it.

JonE: I'm JonE. I play da bass.

Eric: My name is Eric and I play drums. I'm in lots of bands. A Deathmask is only used for *death*! Dahmer was just a murderer. We are a fucking cult.

MRR: Can you offer any clues as to the formation of the band? I know all of you were in several notable bands prior to forming CATHOLIC BOYS. Explain how you all hooked up.

Paul: Nick & I just met each other and drunkenly talked about how much we loved THE KIDS one night. Later on, there was an all covers show advertised in Green Bay, so we decided to do it. That's the same way my old band, TEENAGE REJECTS, got started. We did TEENAGE HEAD. We figured "why not?" We had nothing better to do.

NickG: Yeah, that's pretty much it. Paul, Lugs and I were gonna play KIDS songs at a cover show. I wasn't at practice and JonE started playing bass (originally, I was playing bass), so I thought I was getting the shaft. But then I moved to guitar and it worked out better anyway. Eric played a show with us and we just kinda forced a few more on him until he got the idea that we were keeping him whether he liked it or not. I think he likes it now.

Eric: I love this band! At the time I think I was in FRAGMENTS, HOLY SHIT!, TOTAL BORING, and probably a few others. They asked me to play for some shows they had coming up (our first was with LOST SOUNDS!!) and I learned the songs after like, three practices or something!

JonE: I had just got kicked out of YESTERDAY'S KIDS and Paul felt sorry for me and let me be in his new band. Before Eric, we went through a couple of shitty drummers, including myself.

MRR: TEENAGE REJECTS focused on more of a sped-up Rip Off Records vibe. With CATHOLIC BOYS, the tunes are more complex and there is a lot of dual guitar interplay. Would you attribute this to merely having two guitarists, or was it a planned shift toward more adventurous stuff?

Paul: TEENAGE REJECTS started when I was 14 or15 years old. Most the songs were written at high school about random people that I hated. Eventually, I got kicked out of school and broke up the band. I was bored to death of playing the same song over and over again. None of us wanted to do that anymore. I think it was a conscious decision to try to do something different. But yeah, I think that having two guitars really helped. We never wanted to be a stupid fucking art punk band though. We never write songs to try to sound weird. Somebody always brings up a song idea and we all figure out our own parts to play and finish writing the songs together. I think that's why most of our songs come out more erratic than we meant for. That's my favorite part about the band.

Eric: Fuck dude, I'm sure that Paul was just bored with playing the same three chords in every fucking song! Rejects never had an aesthetic...that shit is an after-thought. We recorded after being broken up for like a year.

NickG: I think it just kinda happened. We started smoking more pot too. But I think that stuff should happen to most people though, don't ya think? Why start a band that you were already in?

MRR: Good point. Now that we've got all the bio crap out of the way, what on Earth processed you to do that make-up shit on your album cover? Paul's all glammed out, Jon is hanging himself, Nick's psycho. But Eric Daisy Dukes?

NickG: Eric looks like a midget on the cover!

Eric: Yeah, I don't know what the hell happened.

NickG: I just put make-up on because everyone else did. I don't look as much like girls as the rest of the band, so I tried to put it on like MARILYN MANSON or something. The best is that I have a steak knife coming out of my fly. It's a symbolic knife boner.

MRR: I know you're sick of getting asked this question, but how did your relationship sour with Greg Lowery? I heard there were quite a few jabs thrown back and forth between you.

JonE: Every fuckin' interview! *Stop asking us about G. Lo!!!*

Paul: It all started when ZODIAC KILLERS first played in

Green Bay to a full crowd of people who didn't like them. Somebody left a note on their merch table saying "You guys suck TEENAGE REJECTS were a hundred times better!" We had been broken up for quite a while, but Greg Lowery was pissed. He blamed the entire thing on Wisconsin, saying that nobody knew anything about punk rock, and that he would make sure to steer Rip Off bands clear of our "shitty scene." He said we were "young & dumb!!!"

Eric: I know that Roy used to prank call him and shit, but that's because he's way more punk than we are! *Human Zoo*!

MRR: Why don't you prank call him now?

NickG: (Dialing) Fuck, it's busy. 3:30 AM and it's fucking busy. Dude, he's totally doing phone sex. What would Greg Lowery do at this hour other than phone sex?

MRR: He probably just knows you're on tour and left his phone off the hook. What do you guys think of the West Coast?

Eric: Amazing.

NickG: Well, parts of it were amazing. Parts of it were fucking raining all the time. My favorite shows ever have been on this tour. Tonight at Gilman kicked ass. Vancouver kicked ass.

JonE: That's because you're in love with Megan. Print that!

MRR: Did you have trouble crossing the border into Canada?

NickG: We made up a fake Christian band name and fake record contract for Twitter Studios. Our band was called CREATIONS OF THE RAINBOW. Paul made it up. The best part of the whole thing were these two jock fuckers were held up at the border at the same time as us and started talking to us, so we told them about our Rainbow band. Then at the show the same night, they were there to see us! They even bought our record. They said they were gonna get us high in Seattle but they never showed up.

MRR: Well, aside from Greg's comments, much has been said in the past few years about the growing amount of quality punk coming out of Wisconsin. How do you feel about being a part of a scene that getting so much attention? Does it deserve all the attention?

NickG: I didn't know there was really that much attention given, to be honest. Obviously I'm biased, but I really feel like the best shit happening right now is happening in Wisconsin. Not just Milwaukee, either. Yeah, I think it deserves attention.

Eric: I guess being inside of that situation makes you not even realize that it is happening. I book a ton of fucking shows. I love Milwaukee! I like the way our scene operates. I really have to say that my scene is all because of the fucking Concert Cafe! If you can get to the kids early enough, they'll stay stupid for the rest of their fucking lives. Luckily, we were bred on the best rock'n'roll that ever was: *PUNK ROCK*! That's what made my fucking scene sweet. The best bands in Wisconsin still aren't heard! TERRIOR BUTE! JUICEBOXXX! HUE BLANC'S JOYLESS ONES! THE JUKEBOYDS! And HOLY SHIT! How fucking self-serving

JonE: Only the semi-alright WI bands get noticed outside of WI, like MISTREATERS and THE MYSTERY GIRLS. They are alright, but no one outside of WI knows about the best bands around here. TERRIOR BUTE is a bunch of high school kids and they sound like THE SCREAMERS. HUE BLANC'S JOYLESS ONES are ex-STRONG COME ONS.

Paul: I think lots of bands deserve much more attention than they're getting. My friend Colin & I just recorded a new band called THE KIND OF JAZZ MUSIC THAT KILLS. They're my favorite Milwaukee band! ALUMINUM KNOTEYE has been around forever making ELECTRIC EELS/ALICE COOPER noises! As far as I know, the only people outside of WI that care about this shit are people outside of the US.

MRR: You recently recorded with Jay and Alicja from LOST SOUNDS in Memphis? How did that go?

JonE: It went really fast. We were on tour and it was really rushed. I think we recorded it in like four hours and that included us walking around Memphis for an hour and eating food.

Paul: I wish we had a little more time and that we could've been there for the mixing. I still think it turned out pretty good.

Eric: Jay and Alicja are truly sweet people. They helped us out and we got two great records out of it!

MRR: Nick, what was it like ripping off Jay Reatard right in front of his face?

Eric: Why does everyone think Nick ripped off Jay?!! Nick clearly ripped off the same person Jay did, the motherfucking OBLIVIANS! Give it a rest!

NickG: I didn't really think about ripping anyone off, it's just how it goes. I even told him to use the same vocal effect as on one of his records. I just think it sounds good.

MRR: Anyone willing to offer a total of how many people in bands shit their pants at the Blackout last year? Out of your band members, who had the closest encounter with shit?

JonE: Didn't Jay shit his pants then throw his dirty panties at NickG?

NickG: I don't wanna fling any poo about poo-flinging, but I will say there was some shitting going on at The Blackout. I haven't shit myself at a show yet. It's usually at work when I try to let a fart slip past and it comes out coffee instead. But that hasn't happened in almost a year. Eric should wear depends, though.

Paul: I agree that Eric should were depends. He pisses himself on a regular basis.

Eric: I still haven't shit my pants!!! I have definitely pissed myself though. My Blackout experience was sweet as hell. On the third day, I threw my shoes at some band, blacked out, missed THE TESTORS, and found my shivering body in some apartment building, hiding under a table in the basement. That ruled.

MRR: Plans for upcoming releases?

ERIC: We have two 7"s coming out. One is on Bancroft Records and the other is on No Fuckin' Chance Records from Holland. "Temper Tantrum" is the hit. That song smokes. HOLY SHIT! has a split coming out with THC. I think it's an eight-song side or something.

JonE: If anyone remembers the TEENAGE REJECTS, Ugly Pop Records is releasing an LP with some unreleased songs and a 15 minutes live set on it. He's also putting out a discography of all our shit on CD. All that should be out in May, I think.

Paul: We finally have vinyl for *Psychic Voodoo Mind Control*! After we get back from tour, we'll finish up writing some songs for another album. I'm thinkin' we'll record it sometime around April. Everybody will hate it.

MRR: I'm sure they will. Finally, I would be doing you a grave injustice if I didn't give you the opportunity to talk a bunch of shit on something. Go for it.

JonE: I think you just want us to get our asses kicked.

Eric: I don't talk shit, I make it.

Paul: We're that bad? It's hard not to talk shit when 90% of the people in the "scene" are fake, ass-kissing losers.

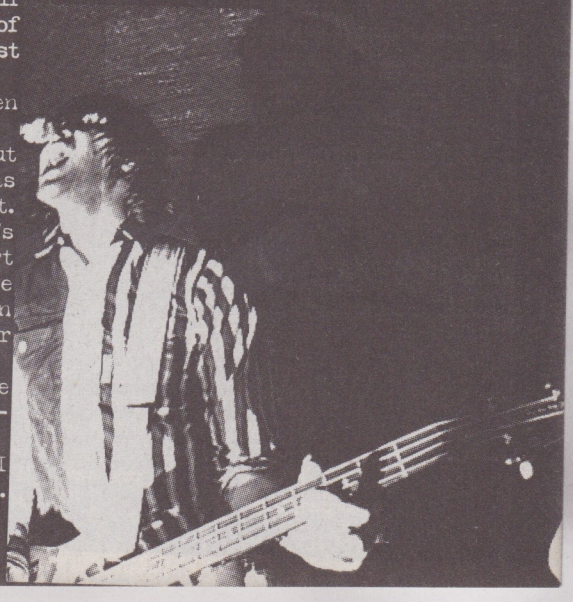
NickG: Shit, I didn't know we had a reputation!! (*Farts*)

MRR: Dude, this interview is all farting.

Eric: Hold on! (*Farts*)

NickG: It has to be. We sound totally "fart damaged."

The CATHOLIC BOYS' debut album, *Psychic Voodoo Mind Control*, has just been released on vinyl by Australia's Dropkick Records. Trickknee Productions released it on CD here in the US. Keep an eye out for their upcoming singles on Bancroft Records and No Fuckin' Chance Records.



Dead Moon

One day in the fall of 2002, Mitchell burst into the bike shop where Shelley and I worked and announced, "Mark your calendars, motherfuckers—DEAD MOON is coming." Shelley asked us why everyone was always freaking out about DEAD MOON, and we tried to explain. Fred Cole (vocals, guitar) has been recording music with bands since the 60s, and with his wife Toody since the 70s. With Andrew Loomis on drums, the Portland-area trio has been touring and recording as DEAD MOON since the late 80s. They've released over twenty full-length albums in mono, largely on their own Tombstone Records label. Their albums aren't the easiest to come by, and sporting a DEAD MOON patch or button gives you the feeling of being in some secret society. "They write songs," Mitchell explained to Shelley, "that are sad and heartbreaking but at the same time full of hope and passion." We couldn't really convey DEAD MOON's greatness to her, but she went to the show.

When they returned this year, Shelley was as stoked as I was. We caught up with Fred and Toody before the show. When I asked them for an interview, they didn't even ask what it was for, replying in unison with what sounded like an oft-recited slogan: "We need all the help we can get!"

Interview by Ethan Clark and Shelley Jackson, Photos by Shelley Jackson

(Tape begins after the show, during a discussion about Fred's hearing aids)

MRR: Can you tell a difference if you play without them?

Fred: The problem is these fuckers feed back while I'm onstage.

MRR: They feed back?

Fred: *Bubububububububububub...* Like that the whole time I'm trying to sing and shit, a fucking nightmare. So I'm going to try to find in-ear monitors or something. I'm going to go get a doctor and find out... I don't know. I've got to do something. I can't believe that I blew my ears out after all this time. I'm 56 and I've been playing since I was 13.

MRR: Were you thirteen in 1965?

Fred: I was born in 1948. In 1965, I was like 17.

MRR: I was just wondering why you had that line, "I've been screaming at the top of my lungs..."

Toody: SINCE 1965!

Fred: That's the only thing that rhymes, it sounds right. I've been screaming at the top of my lungs since 1948, okay?

MRR: You're going to have to scream at the top of your lungs for this fucking thing to record right; I'm going to see if it's...

(Sounds of various people coming back to show appreciation to Fred and Toody, half-intelligible conversation about video kino)

Fred: This is going to be a funny interview because it's going to be in between, uh... everything

(Drunk guy interrupts)

MRR: Can I be the bouncer?

Toody: You sure can.

MRR: You've been putting out albums since the late 80s by yourself, right?

Toody: For Dead Moon, yes.

Fred: Oh, way, way, way, way back, we put out THE WEEDS first 45 in 1966.

MRR: You were both in THE WEEDS?

Toody: No, just Fred. We put out all of the albums for THE RATS, which we were both in.

Fred: We put out ZIPPER, we put out all of them.

MRR: You were in THE LOLLIPOP SHOP in the late 60s...

Fred: That was the only record, **THE LOLLIPOP SHOP** album. That was on a major label.

MRR: Did that get radio play?

Fred and Toody: Yes.

Fred: "You Must Be a Witch" was on Billboard, I think 87 or 83 or something out of the top 100. It barely climbed out of the starts, but it was actually number one in Bakersfield, California for like two weeks.

MRR: Yes!

Toody: Number one in Bakersfield.

Fred: But there were several cities where it was this number one hit and stuff, we got all these reports and shit.

Toody: We even met some guy down the line who was a DJ over in 'Nam and they played it all the fucking time!

MRR: And you just released those yourself?

Fred: Yeah. Those we did. ZIPPER. It was 1974.

Toody: We put out...

Fred: Well, KING BEE.

Toody: Yeah.

Fred: We put out a KING BEE 45 in 1977, I think. Then around 1979 we put out THE RATS' first album, and we put out one record every other year with THE RATS. 1979, 1981, and 1983 we put out three albums.

MRR: Ever since LOLLIPOP SHOP you've put out your own albums. Do you do your own promotion?

Toody: Well you had to—who else was going to?

Fred: Yeah, we still do. This last album we mailed out 200 and... right around 200 jetpacks that we stuffed and did all this shit.

Toody: Yeah, to all the radio stations.

Fred: Radio stations, magazines.

Toody: That's part of the reason that we did some of the albums here in the states with Empty, because we just got too busy and just were not doing *anything* as far as promotion and this and that. So Empty did a much better job.

Fred: We send out somewheres around 200 promotional CDs or LPs, whatever it happens to be at the time of day, whatever we're doing, and then...that's it.

Toody: We're not really big on promotion, especially self-promotion, that's a really self-deprecating thing.

MRR: But you've been releasing your own albums and pressing them yourself?

Toody: No, we don't press them, we cut the masters.

Fred: The pressing's done in LA.

MRR: You have a mono...

Toody: Cutting lathe.

MRR: Is that why they're in mono?

Fred: Yeah, that's totally why they're in mono.

Toody: That's all it does.

Fred: It's a 1954 disc cutter, that's all it'll do is mono.

Toody: It's a 1954 machine, that's all there was.

MRR: Where the fuck did you get that?

Fred: She got it for me for my birthday.

Toody: It'd been kicking around Portland for years; they used to use it in KISN radio to cut all their jungles and stuff, before tape. This goes back before tape, if you can believe that concept, okay. There used to be a time when there was no tape. So they had it in the basement of a recording studio, figuring nobody would ever want it. It was in pieces and I finally talked 'em into selling it to me and, uh, he had to put it together. Luckily they had the original schematic. Took a couple of months to even get noise out of the thing.

Fred: Yeah, you have got to realize that at that point in time there was only wire recorders around. You know what that is?

MRR: Uh...

Toody: (*laughs*)

Fred: There's spools of wire and there was wire recordings and there was also... everything was cut on records. You use the needle, that's what cut the records, you cut it, or you had a wire recorder. Wire recorder was the predecessor to tape. They came out with tape, but before they had magnetized tape, the wire was magnetized. At the beginning, if you've never seen one, it runs on a spool of wire, looks like you're feeding a fucking treadle sewing

machine through a fucking big ass—it's a weird thing. Anyway, that's the old shit.

MRR: And you still use this thing?

Fred: No, we don't use the wire recorder.

MRR: No, you use the—

Fred: Yeah, we use the mono disc cutter, yeah. I've blown out one stage of a four-stage transformer right now, but I still got another two combinations before I fry this thing and it's unusable, but, uh, yeah, I cut the last album with it. The newest thing, *Dead Ahead*, that we did we cut with this thing.

MRR: You use a mono disc cutter, and you do the designs for the albums yourself or get people you know to do them?

Toody: We've done all of them.

Fred: Other people have done the art, like the live one.

Toody: Yeah. Kelly.

Fred: I usually come up with the idea and feed it to Kelly, or if he's too busy or doesn't get it then a lot of them I do myself.

Toody: We just kind of just, like, throw shit around.

Fred: Keep it in the family.

MRR: Well, you said, "Who else is going to do the promotion?" but I don't believe that you're doing all of this stuff just out of the fact that no one else will do it. There's no way that no one else will do it for you, you're doing all of this by yourself.

Fred: Well, we do it because we're cheap and we like to do it and we, you know, right now what's kind of in the works is we're probably going to put out this thing. Sub Pop talked to us just before we left and they really want to do a Dead Moon, uh...

MRR: Retrospective?

Fred: Yeah, exactly. So they want us to do like fifty songs on this release thing and I told them I was just going to think about it through this tour, so when I get home I have got to think about if we're going to do this and what exactly the concept's going to be and they want to do this in a real professional kind of manner, but with us it's going to be unprofessional. I don't know. I don't know, whatever.

(Corrina bursts in and reminisces with Fred about some apparently awful gig in Sacramento)

Toody: We're going to run out of tape here.

MRR: No, I'm still on side one.

Fred: Okay. So we have got to finish this interview, so now we have some... questions. Question number two!

MRR: Well, question one and a half. You put out all the stuff yourself, you do the artwork yourself, Kelly does the artwork. I imagine—actually I know for a fact that you take the t-shirts to the shop you get them printed at, because a friend of mine ran into you there. I can't imagine that major labels haven't expressed some interest in you, but you still do all the stuff yourself. You book yourself.

Toody: We're not booking ourselves. We've worked with Dave Kaplan for years and now he works with the agency out of New York.

Fred: He's the original guy that used to book us with Kilowatt in SF, then had a brainstorm and decided that he was going to become an agent himself. Kaplan started this company called, uh...

Toody: Easy Action.

Fred: No, that's Jeff Hall.

Toody: Anyway.

Fred: Anyway, he had this fucking thing and we said, yeah, okay, cool Dave, book us. He booked our first two tours, then the agency out of England... Kaplan got an offer from this agency from England, because they're going to move to the U.S. and they're going to open up a big agency and book major bands. And they want Dave to work for their company. So Dave goes, "Well, yeah, but I have all of these other bands that I work with," and they go, "Yeah, well bring all those guys into the agency." Well, this is a big fucking deal, okay?

MRR: When was this?

Fred: A few years ago.

Toody: Four or five years ago. He's working with us and THE WHITE STRIPES before them made it.

Fred: So we're signed to the agency because of Dave and it's this big agency that books all these big-ass fucking bands and the only one out of our whole trip that made it big at all was THE WHITE STRIPES.

MRR: Would you want to be big like the White Stripes?

Fred: No.

Toody: No.

MRR: Do you feel like what you're doing by releasing everything independently is something that you want to inspire other people to do?

Fred: Yeah, because that's the only way you can be honest..

MRR: You obviously have a lot of resentment toward the music industry, but somehow still, this isn't supposed to be inciting anything, but PEARL JAM covered your song ["It's OK" in a live performance that was recorded] and you must have heard some feedback from that, like, how did that come to happen?

Fred: Eddie asked me if it was cool, and I said, yeah, just make sure I get credit.

Toody: Eddie is really good friends with Steve Turner from MUDHONEY, who we know really well, so whenever he was in town he used to come see us all the time in Seattle. We met him in San Diego, actually, the first time, when he was down there visiting his mom, and we were playing there and got to him, whatever, he'd been a big fan of the band forever, we're all from the northwest.

MRR: All your albums say that you, Fred, write the songs, but then there's obviously songs meant for Toody to sing, like "I Won't Be the One." So...what the fuck?

Toody: He writes songs for me.

Fred: Well, it's weird, cuz I write songs for her and I kind of, well, I know her well enough that I think of where she's at in different situations and certain songs I've written, which, I won't say, are, uh...where she's really pissed at me or, uh, whatever the fuck, and I totally can tell exactly where she's at. I mean, I have no problem coming up with lyrics with her and trying to...Sometimes she'll change a couple of things, she'll go, "No, this is the way I'd say it." And I'll go, "fine,", y'know...The first writing experience she had, I just wrote part of "Rescue" and had the chords and melody line and said, "Man, come up with some stuff and see what you come up within this," and she wrote basically most of the lyrics in the song.

Toody: Well, you wrote the first two lines.

Fred: So it was like...throw an idea her way and—

Toody: But you have got to admit, if someone's going to tell you to finish a song and they come up with "I want to rescue you/ fill all the empty spaces you've been fallin' through"—now, that's awesome, okay? (*laughs*)

MRR: Did you have any input on "I Won't Be the One"?

Toody: No. But basically a lot of it is just our history. Like that whole second verse, "Standing in the rain as they lower the flag/ wondering where the spirit is bound/ thinking I could never feel that lost before/ but that was then and this is now." See, these are all the stories that we have shared with each other about our youth before we ever met. That's the day Kennedy died. That whole segment was from when I was at an all Catholic girls' high school the day Kennedy died. And he had been there the year before and visited our campus and when Kennedy was shot we were standing out and they lowered the flag, blah blah blah. These were all stories that we shared with each other about our childhood.

Fred: We used to talk about this, because I saw Kennedy speak when he was still running for president, in Tacoma, when he made his first run through. And she saw him in Portland when we were both like twelve years old, y'know. It was incredible. First politician I'd ever seen.

Toody: So a lot of song lyrics just go way back and they mean something to us.

MRR: Do you feel like things—maybe this is from personal experience, but it seems like the punk scene has taken a lot more interest in you than a few years ago. Then there's the PEARL JAM cover—Have you seen an upsurge of people taking interest in you?

Toody: A little bit. I mean what kind of means the most to us is that we've been around long enough to where a lot of our audiences that started in the beginning are getting older, getting married, having kids, don't go out that much, so it's cool having the younger kids come. You have got to realize, music, and what goes on in it, just keeps cycling as every 20 to 30 years goes by. I mean, you forget punk was in the 70s, so naturally it's going to come back around. Everything's going to come back around again. The new wave thing's coming back around again. Everything comes back around again, and it's almost like the kids that missed out on that that were too young, weren't born yet, whatever, go back and drag that bit of musical history up. It's no different than in the 60s, when they were dragging up all the old blues and rhythm and blues stuff.

MRR: Do you consider yourselves a punk band?

Toody: We've got a punk edge, we used to play some of that, but not full on, not hardcore, not...

Fred: We've never really been much of anything.

Toody: We're kind of like the rolling stone gathering moss; we've got a little bit of everything that we've ever heard, ever played, ever liked in music.

MRR: Did the PEARL JAM cover change anything?

Fred: It isn't like we're going to fill up stadiums with ten thousand people or things like that, but, you know, the coolest thing is the fact that we're able to still maintain out lifestyle and not really be bothered by a bunch of bullshit and that's the coolest thing... One of the scariest things—Toody was just reading this thing about Bob Dylan and it really struck home with me, it's that when he was 25, he wanted to—

Toody: THE VOICE OF A GENERATION, THE SAVIOR, THE THIS, THAT!

Fred: Y'know, he couldn't even take his kids to school, he couldn't go anywhere in public.

Toody: He basically wanted to derail his career so that people would not look at him in that light.

MRR: I just heard an interview with him and he's talking about being—almost being an actor who's been cast in a certain role over and over and how he just really wanted to not do that anymore.

Toody: It becomes too much.

S: How do you feel like, looking at your entire life, how do you feel knowing that your entire life has been dedicated to music and like even this band.

Toody: Our entire life has not been dedicated to music.

Fred: Not at all.

Toody: We have a full, rounded life. Our business, our family, uh... our relationship together is probably more important than music has ever been at one particular time. Just having that balance and almost, in a way, having it at all, it's really just...Music is important when it's all we're doing, but it's not the most important thing in our lives.

Fred: I really believe in reincarnation because everyone always says, "Fred, the way you do things is like you don't want to make it," and I honestly think that there must be something, because every time that we get offers from things, I just balk. The back of my hairs go up and I'm like, "Fuck man, don't want to do this, don't want to do that..." Y'know, it's like I don't know what we're here on the planet to do but I think we've done the right thing so far, and I think making a difference with a lot of younger bands and making sure that they don't go in the wrong direction—I tell all of those guys.

Toody: Or at least think about it...

Fred: Think about stuff before you sign to this stuff. Think about the outcome, think about how much you really want to change; if you like stuff the way it is right now, don't change it. It's like that with everybody, with everybody's lives. Don't conform. Why? What the fuck, who do you owe getting a better job to, do really want this better job that makes you dress nice, wear a suit and tie every day, take off your glasses and wear contacts, shave every day, do everything that you don't want to do right now, and you go, "Yeah, but it's going to pay me twenty dollars an hour and right now I'm making ten." Well, ten dollars an hours is worth fifty dollars an hour for the freedom that you have to do that job, but to get fucking twenty dollars an hour to get a fucking job that makes you old real fucking quick because you start hating life and you can't even hold your head up. And your friends go, "Oh, yeah, I heard you got this great job, cool." And everyone behind your back is going, "Sonofabitch sold out, man, fuck him man, he doesn't even... (*mumbles*)."

Y'know, honestly, y'know, you've got to hold your head up and feel good about what you do. What you write. You don't want to write for an editor that's cropped everything and basically writes the thing himself for you. And he goes, "This is what you wrote." And you go, "No, this isn't what I wrote, this isn't what I meant," and, it limits you. In any artistic field, it doesn't matter if it's writing, artwork, whatever, when you've got another person that's lording over you and you know what sounds good to you and you want to do it that way and he goes, "No this isn't going to work," then fine. Go to somebody else, where that doesn't go down or doesn't happen.

I went down to LA when I was finally past the point where I got so fucking disgusted with major labels, way back in 1970—right before ZIPPER, about 1972 or 1973—I went back there and I had a shitload of songs, on tape and the whole thing. I go into this publishing company—at that point I had just had it with playing, I said, "Well fuck it, I don't even want to play, I just want to write songs, I just want to be a song writer and sell my songs to somebody"—and so I take them to this big time publishing company and I sit down with this guy and he says, "Okay, let me hear what you sing." I go, "Okay, well, uh, I've got these tapes, uh..." I've got my guitar with me and he goes, "No, just play your songs for me." And I'm just playing acoustic guitar and singing and the guy goes, "Okay, uh..." I played, like, I don't know, six or seven songs and he goes, "Uh, yeah... Man, I really like your stuff, but, um, do you have any happy songs?" And I go, "Yeah," and play this one song that was something like "I Can't Cut My Hair" or some fucking shit, some fucking joke song, and he goes, "Well, that's kind of like a ridiculing, cynical song. It's kind of unhappy, too. *Do* you have any happy songs?" And I go, "Like what?" and he goes, "Well..." I had like fifty songs and he's just going through these lyrics, I hand him this book and he's looking at this book and he's going through these lyrics and going, "Okay. What we're looking for are popular, happy songs that'll make people happy and I'm sorry, but..." He goes, "Man, I really like your stuff but it's just so depressing. I mean, you make me want to just go to a bar and get drunk, y'know?" And I go, "Okay, um... I guess that's cool, okay, I'm outta here." And that's the only guy I went to see. I was depressed after talking to him. I said, "Fuck it, okay, I won't be a songwriter—okay, my shit isn't making, okay, so... well, uh, yeah."

MRR: I was going to finish up after that, but now you've inspired me to ask you one more question. Do y'all ever find it...hard to get out of bed in the morning?

Toody: Only when you've got to check out of the motel. Tomorrow will be a problem.

KÄRNVAPEN ATTACK

MRR: Assuming that free entertainment is the most obvious and natural reason to form a band, what "mysterious" things brought you together?

Drums: At first, it was our passion for Scandinavian punk/HC that brought us together. Later, we realized that we shared some common ideas.
Bass: I joined the band later on. My personal decision for joining the band was to have fun, but I also treat the practices as though they are bass classes. I study there, and the gigs are like the final representations. If we work well as a band, it is because we play as machines. Pablo is the one who switches me on.
Vocals: One of the reasons I joined Kärnvapen Attack is that I enjoy the way I feel when spitting my inside "thoughts" out as fast noise—scandalous and provocative.
Guitar: I think that we like what we do now more than our previous bands. Why are we still together? Sometimes I ask myself the very same question. I like Kärnvapen Attack as a band, but I like them more as people. That's something that motivates me for being in touch with the rest of the band.

MRR: Musically, I think you are difficult to categorize (maybe post-nuclear hardcore?), so here's a not-so-unusual question. What are your musical influences, as individuals and as a band?

Vocals: All the punk and hardcore (including variants) of all times and countries. My three band mates and I are complete freaks for this music.
Guitar: Influences? Lots, but we try to play a more classic 80s styled hardcore punk. We don't do anything new, and we don't pretend to. What I like of Kärnvapen Attack is the mix of styles we can have, from classic Scandinavian punk, to Japanese power violence, on and on. Bands like THE PAST, ABURADAKO, THE CLAY, PUTRID FEVER, HOAX, ALTERNATIVE, CONDEMNED TO DEATH, and a lot of other bands from the 80s are all big influences on us.
Drums: I like the post-nuclear hardcore aesthetic, but there is also d-beat or chaos-core punk in our sound. Obviously, that kind of mix can only appear from a big variety of influences. For me, stuff like DEFINANCE, HIATUS, and CONFLICT are all big influences on me. All this combined with the twelve numbers of the Situationist International magazine, Chinese food, and falafels.
Bass: I like post-nuclear as a definition, because it signifies a new stage in history, where the protest songs have lost their credibility. It makes the idea of "protest" punk bands empty and without base. As far as style, I think we are very scholastic. We're a punk band and we play punk. That's it.

MRR: Tell us who and how you make music and lyrics.

Bass: Artur usually comes up with the initial ideas, and communicates them by the enigmatic "lalala." Pablo then takes that basis for a song changes it completely.
Guitar: What works in Kärnvapen is that the band is not a democracy. We play what we all want without consensus, so there's always a song that someone likes, more or less. This gives us total diversity. Then each of us has their own functions—I write much of the music, Artur makes most of the lyrics, Manuel gives to the band a cacophony sound, and Buda censors Artur's ideas and gives a dirty sound to the music.
Drums: We sometimes reproduce some capitalist production relationships, like specialization, but many other times the primitive idea of one of us is so deformed by the rest of us that the product ends up being deformed by all.
The lyrics work are more specialized, as the great majority are done by Artur.
Vocals: To give an absolute meaning to the lyrical topics would lack sincerity. When we try to write something about a concrete idea and then join it with the music, it usually ends up being an enormous piece of shit. The process for making songs works better when we create a melody, put on some screams and make the meaning of the words fit better with the music.

MRR: On your first EP, Postnuclear Hardcore, the lyrics make us consider a no-principle (not anti-principle!!!!)

declaration. The lyrics on the second EP, Secretos, Mentiras, Enajenación, are rawer, because they talk about the individual essence being highly deconstructed by a whole community. Does an excess of wisdom gives you vertigo?

Guitar: No.
Drums: Sin duda odio la cordura. ("Without doubt, I hate wisdom")
Bass: Sometimes things are so clear that it gives you vertigo. Vertigo, the fear to fall, is the first fear. The whole community is not insane. This excess is prophetic for a good social communication. I'm completely against the romantic understanding of madness.

MRR: Music—is it an aim or a mean?

Drums: A means. Even commercial music is not an aim because is an aim to raise money. But this is what differentiates punk with commercial music. If this is done to make money, punk is done to build up moments or confess ideas. The moments are built during the gigs and are completely different than anything else for the fact that they eliminate the distinction between the artist and the audience. Gigs are not to be viewed, but to be lived. The ideas are expressed with the most primary riff, the spontaneity of the music. It's supported by the lyrics, which help to illustrate the music. So we cannot talk about aim because when the noise is made, amalgams of reactions are created. Music is a mean to find reactions.
Bass: Certainly, it's a means. If everything works and the people get excited, we are extending correctly the cosmic world order. For me, bands that assure constantly with inspiration, or who write songs for everybody, are boring. They are subjective and middling. They impose themselves as fascists. Between a stereo and me there's no difference but the sound quality.
Vocals: Maybe it's a means if you believe in an aim.

MRR: What do you think about using music as a vehicle of political thoughts? Is it doctrinaire or inevitable?

Bass: Revolution is not made by the ass and even less with the guitar. The politician thinks that he has the Truth and it's in human nature to lie. We lie everyday. Even more, when we lie we affirm the Truth.
Vocals: It's inevitable that as a means of expressing ideas, it's really satisfactory.
Drums: As I said, music is a means for getting reactions from people. Punk is rich enough in substance to make you think. Political statements in music are inevitable, but all of our actions respond to political statements. It's different to use music and punk in this case, to deliver slogans. First because songs are too short to establish topics seriously. He who gets his ideas from slogans, creates slogan thinking. That is, they create a cut and paste of pros and cons without any base. Second, it's terribly boring and repetitive.
Guitar: I think it's too typical and, in most of the cases, very false.

MRR: How did the collages (including the ones of your web site) come about? Do they illustrate the lyrics and musical concept of Kärnwapen Attack?

Drums: There are some that were done before we got together. I used them for the zine *Canaliza Tu Violencia* and some others for Estigia. I started doing collages because of my complete love of CRASS designs. In fact, the poster in *Postnuclear Hardcore* is really influenced by them. I like to think that collages are part of Kärnvapen's identity. They don't have direct relation with the lyrics, but they follow in line with them. They are like an icon: our style...something very forgotten nowadays.
Bass: I think that they manifest the lyrics and the music conception. It's easy to find the track of John Yates in his collages, especially the ones done for Dead Kennedys. They also have the realism of John Heartfield. Construction gives them a magic look

thanks to the playfulness of cut and paste.

MRR: Some of you are and have been in other bands. Do you want to talk about this?

Drums: Right now, I'm playing in an oi band called Asalto 54. We have male\female vocals and there are no apolitical or shitty lyrics. I'm also in Yakuza Horros, which is crust in the vein of early Doom with a black metal singer! In the past, I was in bands like Estigiä or Necesidad de Luchar.
Bass: I formed a band when I was thirteen with a friend of mine. We started with the name of Drumbox, but later changed it to Kontra Corriente. This was in 1991. We recorded a 240 minute demo between 1989 and 1992 (Pasmo Beach). Then another demo of 120 minutes (Directo A Nada) between 1991 and 1993. We wrote the lyrics once we had the music. We got together again in 2000 as Tabula Rasa with a different musical concept. I played the piano and some electric pianos, along with many others instruments that I didn't know to play.
Guitar: No.

MRR: Your lyrical themes have shifted over the course of your two records. From the interest for vegetarianism in your first EP, to the interest in types of madness in your second one, can you explain this evolution and other ones you think you have had as a band?

Drums: I'm still interested in vegetarianism and in other kind of classical politics, but there are different ways of representing this "spirit." I'm trying to be more practical in my politics. I still practice vegetarianism, but I understand that is something that starts and ends in the fact of being vegetarian. I think that's enough if you let the animals live in peace. As far as the other topics go, I'm fed up with making propaganda about the "New Jerusalem" rather than trying to create our own in our own lives and in our relations with the people.

MRR: What still surprises you?

Vocals: The hatred that I feel toward old people when they disturb me. I can't avoid it. The worst moment is in the supermarket.
Guitar: Very good question. I suppose the human race is something that really surprises me quite regularly, and I like to see the behaviours and habits of people. But something even more important than human beings that still surprises me is Japanese punk...[laughter]
Drums: An interview that doesn't finish with the question "Do you want to say something more?" What's going on here????

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This is just a part of the whole interview we did, if you want to read all visit our web site (only in Spanish).
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Our second EP was released in the U.S. by First Blood Family contact them:
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Live pics by bloodcifery.com

BENT OUTTA SHAPE

BENT OUTTA SHAPE is a band. They wrote some catchy songs of desperation and yearning, and proceeded to play them all the time. For a period of a few months, no show in the bowels of Brooklyn was free from their feedback-tinged verses. Each time I saw them, I loved how utterly serious they were in the midst of the bad show jokes and broken equipment follies. They all lived together, and the Bent house became a spot for touring bands, wayward travelers, and weirdos to crash or hang out. It seemed like every week Jaime was booking a show for a touring band, and adorning their flyer with a new monster he had created. A few months ago, their guitarist Ren left the band, and with his departure, the boys took a break to regroup. They imported Nate from the East Bay, and worked on a batch of new songs through the fall. Last night, in the midst of a drunken New Year's party, they played almost all new songs and some unlikely covers.

I interviewed them on the first day of 2005 in their living room. Present were Jaime: guitar/vocals, Ian: bass/no more vocals due to a permanent throat problem, Skip: drums, and Nate: guitar and vocals. They had just played a show at ABC No Rio, and were making some mashed potatoes. Jaime put some coffee on, and we sat down. Interview by Justin Sullivan. Photos by Steven Weiner and Johnny Beggs.

MRR: You all, with the exception of Nate—who I think can still relate to this—come from a small, DIY scene on Long Island, and are now very entrenched in the Brooklyn DIY punk scene, with Jaime booking shows, housing bands and travelers, and, up until recently, playing just about every week. But I also get the sense from you guys that your influences are a lot bigger than the confines of underground punk rock. I think an interesting example would be your choice of covers last night (Rolling Stones, Kinks, Jackson Browne). I wanted to talk about your relationship to the DIY punk scene, past and future.

Ian: The Long Island scene that we came from was smaller, and I think that at a certain point, it was dominated by a few older people who decided what was going to be important for everyone in terms of politics. Issue politics were a big part of the bands, and what they sang about. Going to [activist] meetings, and having discussions at the diner afterwards. I remember watching Craig Hughes chew people out for not having money for the touring band at the show. Which was good to see, in terms of, "Now I'll hassle people for money for the touring band," but I don't chew them out, or make them feel not welcome at the show. I think what stuck was learning how to be a band, and play shows, and helping other bands come through. Those politics stuck with me. It laid the groundwork for figuring out how to go on tour, do things without, you know, promoters and clubs. In terms of musical influences in this band, it's always changing. It was five years ago that I was a part of that scene, and listening to mostly political bands. I think my musical tastes have evolved.

Jaime: In terms of music in the DIY scene, it's frustrating to see people not really looking into bands, and not really getting into music. Not that you need a big record collection to be a "good punk," but it seems more important to ride your bike and go on adventures. I like that stuff too, but it feels like in the DIY scene, people care less about the music. Still, I do enjoy playing house shows and the lack of formalities there. Playing club shows can be a real drag. I'm glad we're not immersed in the club punk scene. We'll play a show like that once in a while, but we'll always be glad that the next week we'll be in a house.

Skip: But it's also a drag to play with bands who don't care about being in a band, and for a lot of people that's what DIY punk is.

Jaime: You'll be excited like "Oh, cool. People danced for us tonight," and then you'll see the same people dancing for a band that's all out of tune, not that things have to sound perfect, but bands that are just unlistenable. You want to be like: "Why are you dancing? It's not good."

MRR: I think the idea of anyone starting a band, while a good idea, has resulted in these six-band shows that everyone seems really sick of. And it also seems like DIY bands, with a few exceptions, are not the bands that you go home and listen to.

Ian: Though at a certain point, every four-track demo tape I got was in full rotation when I got home. And I still think they're cool, that's why we've tried to put out tapes and stuff like that. I just think people were more excited. The demo tape was just as important as putting out a record, but the bands were young, and didn't have money to put out a record.

Jaime: I mean, I don't want to sound like I think bands should sound perfect. We're not the tightest band in America, by any means. I just think you should try and give a shit. There's nothing cool about just being like "*raggghl*" when you could try to play the songs so people can hear them. Not like, "I had fun. I was drunk. There was a punk beat in the background!"

MRR: In keeping with that, another good idea, that when taken too far

can be limiting, is taking ideas of the collective into a band—particularly with regards to lyrics. I think a lot of the time, the sentiment is, "Everyone should get to write lyrics," because the idea of everyone participating is key to the communal aspect of punk. But I usually prefer bands that have one distinct voice. I think BENT OUTTA SHAPE's voice is essentially Jaime's, as he writes almost all the lyrics and does all the artwork. I always think it's interesting how a band figures that out. Was it discussed? Or does it just sort of come about?

Ian: I wrote some lyrics, but I also write songs for other bands that would not make sense in this one. I only bring something to the table if I think it will make sense here.

Jaime: The last song we wrote was 50/50, with Ian and me. Nate writes lyrics too. I write most of the lyrics but I am really open to criticism.

Skip: Overall though, it's pretty much in your hands.

Jaime: Ok, you're right. I do like writing lyrics. But I come home and show everyone the lyrics and see what they think. It's not like, "This is my band, these are my fucking lyrics, and that's how it's going to be."

Ian: Yeah, it's not like the gospel.

Skip: I really like your lyrics.

Jaime: Thanks Skip.

Skip: I mean, with all of us living together, and in such close quarters, I think that Jaime's voice is going to reflect all of our perspectives, and everything we've talked about together. It feels like a synthesis of all of us talking.

Jaime: Like, getting across what kind of band we want to be.

MRR: Sharing the group experience…

Skip: It's a general feeling.

Jaime: "The general feeling." Write that.

MRR: You could be General Feeling. [*No laughter*]. Speaking of the lyrics, the main theme seems to be yearning and finding redemptive moments in the shit and rubble of life. There's an old Iggy Pop interview where he's asked how he stays angry. And he replies, "I work at it." For better or worse, do you find yourself cultivating disaster, almost to have more to draw on?

Jaime: No way. I try hard to steer clear, and I feel really, really crappy when something stupid will happen. I walk around for days feeling crappy. I don't want to put myself in that situation. And maybe I'll write a line or two, but I'll still wish it didn't happen. I'll still feel like an idiot.

MRR: I'm not suggesting it's an artificial process, just that when you're documenting personal stuff so much…

Jaime: I know what you mean. Like you want to put yourself in situations where you feel a certain way so that you can put it through in your art or whatever, but…

Ian: I think the only choice that we have made that affects the lyrics is to live in this house together. We live in a really small space so we can do this band. It affects relationships with girls, you have bugs in your room; we're not looking for the discomfort, and the cramped conditions, but we do it so we can be a band.

Jaime: Honestly though, this is my favorite part of my life: living in this house. I don't care about being cramped. I like this.

Ian: You write songs about it though…

Jaime: Yeah, but this isn't the part of my life that I would consider crummy. This is my favorite part of the day when we're all hanging out. This makes me happy. This isn't what makes me write songs about being a sad bastard.

Nate: I think we're all accident-prone. Like last night walking home from my first show with the band, and I get hit by a car. A new year, my first show with my homies, and I get hit by a car. I don't want a get hit by a car. But, if a song comes out of that, then...

Jaime: [*singing*] "Got hit by a car on avenue B."

Ian: Honestly, I think just living in this city is reflected in the lyrics.

Jaime: Moral of the story: "It's hard to be a saint in the city."

MRR: Nate, you just moved here from Oakland. How do you think the two cities compare? I know you once mentioned how people have to work here more, and how that affects things.

Nate: I saw Maree last night, and she was like, "How much like Oakland is this?" And I could see what she meant, with the feel of the house show, and all the kids. I think things here feel smaller. I mean, putting things together is always stressful, but I think things come together easier here. Oakland can be a real pain in the ass. Nobody will get together to do a band unless one person will write all the songs, and putting on shows can be hard. Out here, if you really need to get something on, it will eventually get done. I feel like everyone here is really tight-knit, though really spiteful too. Like there's a heart behind a really huge block of hatred. Like last night, there was a big fight about doing the show outside, and by then end of the night…

Jaime: As soon as we got there, Gaylen and her brother wanted to do it outside, and by then end of the night she was happy we did it inside.

Nate: Everybody was stressed, but it worked out. I think out here, everything comes together in the end. A lot of houses get shut down by the cops out there, and my old house definitely had one cop trying to always shut things down, and would put one of us in the car. It sucked.

Ian: I can compare it to other punk communities that I've been involved with, most specifically Denver, which is a more activist-driven scene. No one really has to work there, though. You know, you can have like $60 rent and pay it off with a scam. Out here, we have the cheapest rent around and we're all paying $300. People here are much more separated. You don't see everyone in the scene around, so you get closer with the people you do see everyday. Everyone's working and busy, so it makes the time you have with people seem more valuable. There are not a lot of people here just sleeping around on couches. Not to put that down.

Jaime: Everyone has their own tight groups of friends, but I would never call it cliquey. At a show, everyone's like, "What's up?" because it's usually been a while since you've seen someone.

Skip: I think work is a big part of that.
Nate: There's definitely not a whole lot of work going on in Oakland. A lot of kids get by because they're going to college, and have parents paying for things or have loans. I think it affects how much effort kids put into things. And I'm not saying I'm outside that whole thing but…
MRR: It's weird, like if you're used to scheduling things already, you have time set aside to get things done. Which is sort of odd, it makes Brooklyn sound uptight which it isn't.
Ian: I think Brooklyn is one of the least uptight punk scenes that I've been around. I mean, it's not like a free-for-all like Chattanooga, but it's definitely not uptight. People don't have time to tear each other down and chew each other out for every little thing. These are your friends. People aren't walking on eggshells around each other.
Skip: I think here, the DIY punk scene isn't all consuming. You don't necessarily see everyone from the show around. It's not everyone's life here.
MRR: It's like people don't have time for the "drama of the scene."
Ian: Which is not to say that things aren't dealt with or discussed here, if they need to be. But it almost feels like, in some places, people feel like something is missing if someone isn't being called out on something. Always looking for it…
MRR: Which is how Long Island could feel…
Ian: The feeling was like someone had to be doing something at every moment. I think here, people are pretty happy just to be together. But if something comes up, it's dealt with. People are pretty straightforward. If they think you're being an asshole, they'll tell you. I don't think it's neglectful, it's more realistic.
Skip: I think the scene here plays a more appropriate role in people's lives than it does in other places.
MRR: Switching gears, what is something that can make you hate a band? What's something a band can say or do that will make your skin crawl?
Ian: I hate when bands act fake sexy.
Jaime: Me too, it's so obvious. They're doing this thing that's supposed to be sexy, and we all know what they're doing. We all know they're trying to be sexy, thus forth…does that make sense, "thus forth"? Thus forth, it's not actually sexy. I'm not against people being sexy when playing music, but when you're trying really hard to be sexy, it's insulting. And I hate bands that are like "Fucking dance! Move up!" Assholes. If you were good, people would be dancing.
Skip: I hate when bands apologize for their sets while playing, or for messing up.
Jaime: That's not fair, man. You can't help that sometimes.
Skip: Well, you shouldn't do it.
Jaime: Sometimes you have to.
Skip: No you don't.
Jaime: When you say it, it just comes out of you mouth. You're not like—
Skip: Well, keep it in your mouth.
Jaime: Well, you don't know what it's like to be singing and be embarrassed.
Skip: Well, you don't know what it's like to have an inclination to act sexy. [*laughter, pause*]
Jaime: What are you talking about, man; it's all I do.
Skip: I'm not saying you.
Jaime: Mick Jagger was sexy. You know with the finger thing [*imitates Mick Jagger*]. But if someone does that now, I'm like, "You're an asshole."
MRR: I think it would be funny if there were video of last night's show that revealed that Nate had been acting fake sexy the whole time.
Jaime: Or when a band gets up there and they're like, "Alright motherfuckers, get ready to have your minds blown! 'Cause we're gonna rock you!"
Ian: Well, we do that in a certain way. In a certain way, we demand people's attention.
Skip: In a passive way
Jaime: But we're not, like, hyping the songs.

MRR: There's a difference between actual confidence and what you're talking about, which actually doesn't reflect confidence. It's like actual sexy vs. fake sexy.
Jaime: I don't like when the singer gets in everyone's face.
Ian: You're trying to watch the band, and they're usually bad, and some guy is grabbing you.
MRR: Well, I was bumping into people a little last night…
Ian: You weren't grabbing me.
Jaime: You were just rocking out, it was ok.
Skip: You can hit against people, but pointing in someone's face and stuff.
MRR: Right, like this crazy guy is going to show us all how uptight we are.
Nate: I got punched in the face once by a singer. She came up to me and punched me in the face during the song.
MRR: You are accident-prone.
Nate: I just don't like pointlessly antagonizing the crowd. They do it because Born Against did it and…
Skip: But now there's no reasoning behind it.
Nate: Yeah, whereas they had a point. Now, it's like a copy of a copy.
MRR: Like the sexy thing…OK, upcoming plans?
Ian: We're going on tour from LA up to Seattle. I'm meeting them out there, because I'm traveling out there with my girlfriend. They're touring to get out there as THE TENDER WIZARDS. Then we're meeting up with JAPANTHER in Seattle.
Skip: And we're playing some shows in California with LIL' RUNT.
Ian: We just had a split 7" with DRUNKEN BOAT come out yesterday. And we have all new songs.
Jaime: The main thing we're excited about is recording an album that is really good. Just to work really hard and have it be the best thing we've all ever done.
MRR: When do you plan to record?
Jaime: We're touring with MODERN MACHINES and THE ERGS in the summer, so hopefully by then.
MRR: When will BENT OUTTA SHAPE break up?
Skip: There's no like…
Jaime: I don't have any like "when it stops being this," or whatever. When it's stupid or a waste of time. When I kick everyone out and hire the guys that played on [THE CLASH's] *Cut the Crap*.
Ian: "James Ewing and the Bent Outta Shapes."
Jaime: "Bent Out of Shape." Or "Bent Into Shape!" No, I'll never do that. Mark my words!
MRR: When you do that, people can look back on this and say, "He said he'd never do that!"
Jaime: What have I done?!

AH-NAH TRON

Punk rocker Ah-Nah Tron of Savage Lucy, the Snot Rockettes, and Rat Face records talks about playing shows, putting out records, and being punk—all while getting (some of) her homework done. Read on!

MRR: How old are you?
Ah-Nah: I'm sadly the ripe age of fifteen years old.

MRR: What exactly is it that you do?
Ah-Nah: I play bass for an all-girl punk band called The Snot Rockettes, I run a new record label called Rat Face, I manage The Briefs Official Fanclub, I write for a zine in Austin called Arm The Pit, and I book shows up here in the NW. I also do small animals behind my house, but lets not get too into that.

MRR: So when did you start getting involved in the Seattle scene?
Ah-Nah: Umm...Well let me see, I first saw the Briefs in the summer of 2001 and that's what kind of got me motivated to start getting involved, but I don't think I really started taking action and being a part of the Seattle scene until my band Savage Lucy started playing shows there in 2003. It was mainly getting into the Briefs that triggered it all. Before that, I was just a country bumpkin that had no clue that there was even something to get involved with.

MRR: What happened with your old band Savage Lucy?
Ah Nah: Well, I slowly began getting really sick and tired of it. Being in a band with a bunch of 14-15 year old girls can be a pain in the ass, and it was beginning to feel like too much work. It just wasn't fun anymore. So when my family decided we were moving to Seattle, I decided it was a good time to call it quits—I'm originally from a small, shit hole of a town called Ellensburg in central WashingtonState.

MRR:You were very young when you were in Savage Lucy. How was it with the other kids at school that you were in a band?
Ah-Nah: It fucking sucked. I think that when you're young and naïve, you have this unrealistic view of the kind of treatment you're gonna get once you get into a band. I think we thought that we were gonna be a lot cooler now that we played in a band, but it was quite the opposite. Kids didn't like us at all.

MRR: How do you feel about Savage Lucy releasing an LP after the break up?
Ah-Nah: It felt kinda weird, considering the fact that we weren't gonna be able to promote it at all. I wasn't even really that excited about it. I mean, I was curious to see what kind of feedback we'd get on it, but I knew it wasn't gonna go anywhere because we weren't gonna be able to promote it since we weren't playing anymore. It turned out really good though, and I really like the way the LP looks. We are releasing it with a ton of extra, un-released bonus tracks on P Trash Records later this year.

MRR: How do you manage your new band The Snot Rockettes, being that you're so busy with everything that you do (Briefs fan club, managing you record label, etc)? You're only fifteen, how do you make time for yourself, school, and everything else?
Ah-Nah: Ahh, fuck I don't know. Sometimes it feels like I'm not doing anything with myself. I think that I manage by just chipping away at it all one bit at a time. Sometimes I'll work really hard on one thing and nothing else for a while, and sometimes I'll chip away at everything all at once. As far as school goes I'm fucked. I'm getting horrible grades, and I never do my homework. But I mean, what's gonna get me further? I'm doing the stuff I wanna do when I graduate, and I'm already doing the shit they teach you to do in school. I've got high goals for myself; I know where I'll be in five, ten, fifteen years. I'm not worried. But I'm also pretty boring—I don't drink, I don't smoke, I'm not a village bicycle, I don't lie. My parents trust me.

MRR: Why did you start Rat Face Records?
Ah-Nah: Well, after I started learning more about the punk scene going on nowadays in different parts of the world, I began wanting to be more involved with it. And I absolutely love records. I was supposed to work for Dirtnap records, but that didn't work out, so I decided to start my own label. My dad is helping me with it. Right now, things are going kind of slowly. Running a label is a lot of work.

MRR: What's going to be released on Rat Face in the near future?
Ah-Nah: I'm currently working on putting out some shit by Jeffie Genetic, The Checkers, The Weekenders, The Jump Boys, The Anxietys, and possibly the re-release of Neal Pollack's CD.

MRR: I've heard you have a very lively stage show. What do you do before shows to get ready?
Ah-Nah: Well these days it's a little different. In Savage Lucy, we'd make out with all the groupies, torture little bunny rabbits, get a little wasted, and shoot up. Now after recovering from all of my hard drug habits, I've toned things down a bit. I usually just pop in a good Shania Twain album and warm up my vocal chords.

MRR: What's the best live punk show you've seen yet?

Ah-Nah: Probably the first time I saw the Epoxies, the first time I saw Lower Class Brats, the first time I saw Dusty 45s, and every time I've ever seen the Briefs.

MRR: Your band's paired with The Blue Ribbon Boys a lot. Do you think your music is similar?

Ah-Nah: Not in the least bit. We're more poppy, and they're more drunk. We're pretty drunk too, but I think they're more along the lines of '77 punk mixed with street punk and a bit of psychobilly. We're more '77 punk mixed with rockabilly and new wave.

MRR: What do you think the Snot Rockettes will be doing in a year?

Ah-Nah: Well, we wanna tour Europe in 2006, so hopefully we'll be popular enough to do that. So far, we got a West Coast tour planned for July of this year, and we've been getting lots and lots of gigs. We've only been a band for three months, and things are going really fast.

MRR: Are you still friends with the girls from Savage Lucy?

Ah-Nah: Not so much Riko, but Polly and I are best friends. I don't see her that much but when I do, we hang out. I talk to her almost every day, whether it be online or on the phone. I think we'll be friends for a long time. We've gone through a lot together.

MRR: When did you first get into punk rock?

Ah-Nah: I first started getting into the idea of getting into punk rock in the 5th grade. I don't think I fully got into it until the end of 6th grade.

MRR: Who is your favorite of the Seattle bands?

Ah-Nah: The Briefs of course! I run their fanclub, and all of you should join! I also have big crushes on the Spits, the Stuck Ups the Blue Ribbon Boys, the Gropers, and the Gloryholes. Most of the bands I like right now are out of Portland, though, like the Observers, the Minds, the Diskords, the Nice Boys, ex Hearts, the Riffs, and more.

MRR: What are your plans for the future?

Ah-Nah: To take over the world! Nah, I just wanna see how far I can get with the Snot Rockettes and my record label. Someday, I wanna go on tour with the Briefs, and I promised the Diskords I'd be their designated tour driver when we're all old enough to actually start doing that kind of shit on our own. Ha! I'm working on a bunch of solo shit as well, and hope to record an album sometime within the next year. I mostly got the idea to do that because I started writing a bunch of personal songs that I didn't want anyone else to sing or play, so I'm gonna do it all myself. I also plan on getting my GED and trying to get outta high school early.

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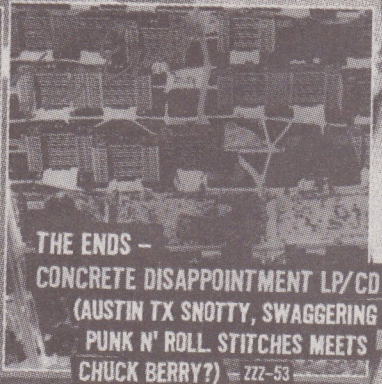

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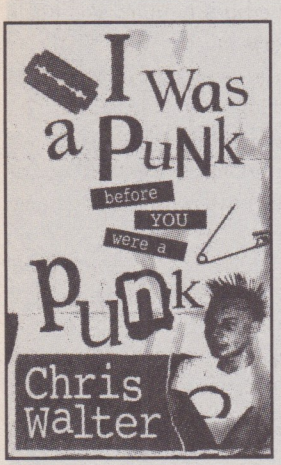


I Was a Punk Before You Were a Punk
Chris Walter
270 pages $10.00
Gofuckyerself Press
#34-2320 Woodland Drive • Vancouver, BC

I Was a Punk Before You Were a Punk is Chris Walter's memoir of early adulthood in Winnipeg, Canada. It begins in the days when Walter was a greasy-headed rocker type, and describes his first encounters with punks and punk bands that lured him into the booze-soaked streets and biker bars of late 70s Winnipeg.

I Was a Punk is important as a historical artifact. Many of us are familiar with some aspects of punk lore in New York or L.A., San Francisco or London — but Winnipeg? There was what appeared to be a thriving punk scene there, and it made me wonder: are there similar efforts afoot to archive punk history in Detroit, or Dallas, Buffalo or Portland?

While reading the book, I couldn't help but grow a bit nostalgic, longing to live in times I've only experienced second-hand. Then, I was reminded of a realization I've had before: despite the longing to have experienced a different time, each era had its advantages and its drawbacks when compared with the present. In other words, sure, in the late 70s, L.A. had X and the Germs and the Weirdos and Black Flag, but on the other hand, 1978 was a lot more backward than any of us might remember. Sure, a punk show then would have been a thing to behold, but afterwards, your blue hair might have earned you a nasty beatdown courtesy of the L.A.P.D. or worse yet, courtesy of your dad.

In Winnipeg, Chris Walter encountered his fair share of conflict: schlumpy bosses and little old ladies criticizing his style of dress, as well as cops, jocks, and rednecks who posed a more serious threat.

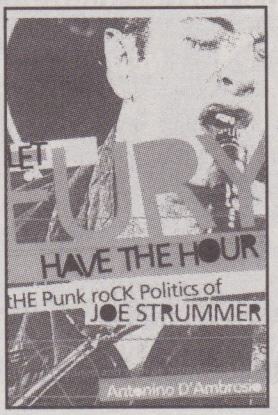
But despite all the flak, there was even more fun, like Walter happening upon the Nostrils playing a renegade show in a downtown Winnipeg alley in broad daylight. The alley was jammed with a few punks, but primarily with random passersby, like "bored secretaries and local winos scouting for bottles," just trying to make sense of it all.

Eventually Walter joined a band called The Vacant Lot ("so I could sign for free beers") and starts a zine (*Pages of Rage*), covering Canadian punk talent of the day like *Personality Crisis, The Stretch Marks,* and DOA, as well as U.S. acts like Social Distortion and MDC.

He tours Canada and witnesses some amazing shows as the first wave of hardcore comes into its own, and eventually burns out as bands discover hard drugs, dissolve due to acrimony, or join the metal crossover craze.

I Was a Punk presents an unwavering barrage of sex, drugs, broken bottles, brain-rattling hardcore, and bloody fights. The level of drama is fairly high (hard drugs, extremely dysfunctional relationships), but Walter takes it all in stride, keeping an objective, humorous tone throughout. This is not brilliant writing, but it's solid and I would recommend it, especially to those with an interest in punk history.

—Andy Shoup



Let Fury Have the Hour:
The Punk Rock Politics of Joe Strummer
Antonino D'Ambrosio (Editor)
368 pages • $16.95
Nation Books
245 West 17th Street, 11th floor
New York, NY 10011

Way back in the mid-70s, a punk war was brewing and people were picking their camps. You were either with the Clash or with Crass. Both bands are still relevant today, and although the war of words has dimmed to a low hum, it's obvious that people still pick sides.

I, for example, have one Clash album, the quintessential *London Calling*. On the other hand, I have three CDs, six albums, and four 7" records by Crass.

Guess which side I picked.

It's not that I didn't like the Clash, because I did and I do. But there was something that felt almost packaged about them. They were a little too smooth and a little too close to what you could hear on the radio. And when songs like "This is Radio Clash," "Rock the Casbah," "Train in Vain," and of course, "Should I Stay or Should I Go" *did* appear on mainstream rock radio, I felt my suspicions had been correct. Crass summed up my feelings nicely with the lyric, "CBS promote the Clash, but it ain't for revolution, it's just for cash."

Along comes D'Ambrosio with his collections of essays on Joe Strummer. Taking 27 articles, most previously published in magazines running from the low-end fanzine to mainstay staples like *Rolling Stone,* this anthology concentrates on three levels of Joe Strummer — the early years, the successful years, and the not so successful, but still respected years.

Post-mortem tributes and pseudo-biographies like this tend to ooze with gooey self-absorbed idol praise and hero worship. D'Ambrosio skillfully avoids this by sifting through back issues of long-forgotten writings and rantings published with the benefit of immediacy of the time. He was also careful to include pieces that were both informative and well written, avoiding the other trap of books of this ilk — repetitiveness. All too often, collections like this one feature seven people repeating the same overblown factoid or event, as if there was nothing else to talk

about. Not in this book, however.

The result is a 300-plus-page anthology of quality rock journalism, including a lengthy yet constantly hysterical piece by the legendary Lester Bangs, along with notables like Chuck D, Billy Bragg, and Amy Phillips. What makes it even better is that each author has a different approach to getting into the mind of Joe Strummer, and to a lesser extent, the mind of Mick Jones.

As I read these articles and essays, I found that despite the name value of Strummer and all incarnations of his bands, he was an average guy, a guy who was obsessed with the Muppets, who fretted about misinterpretation of his songs (most notably, when members of the U.S. military played "Rock the Casbah" as a pre-bombing raid during the first Gulf War), and who tried to keep a line between art and commerce, all while keeping the ideologies of punk close to his heart.

"Punk rock isn't something you grow out of," he stated to *Penthouse* a year before he died, in December of 2002. "Punk rock is like the Mafia and once you're made, you're made. Punk rock is an attitude, and the essence of the attitude is 'give us some truth.'"

Reading these pieces makes it nearly impossible to not like the guy. But what of the charge made by Crass of the Clash's culpability in the system via CBS Records? In the age of chants of "Sellout," aren't Strummer and his bandmates some of the forefathers of the sellout scene? What the anarchist commune punks failed to mention in their one-to-two-syllable catchy chants was that the Clash, when they released the three-disc album *Sandinista!* demanded that CBS sell it at the same price as a one-disc LP.

Shortly after finishing this book, I went and searched out my own copy of that album. That's right; I've defected. The fact that this book inspired that action has to be the highest praise a book can get.

—Dean Carrico

How To Smash Everyone To Pieces
Mike Segretto
185 pages • $9.00
Contemporary Press
www.contemporarypress.com

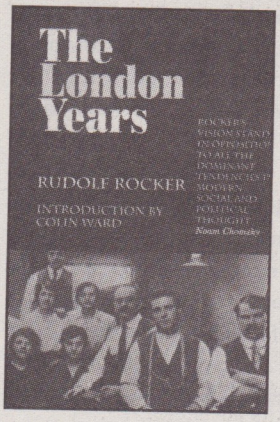
Here is a good example of a book being judgeable by its cover. The advance copy sent to us for review (which may or may not end up being the final cover) has the title *How To Smash Everyone To Pieces* in Batman-style *Ka-Blam!* lettering. Behind the title is a cartoon image of a buxom, camo-skivvied woman shrouded in fire and smoke and holding a hand grenade in one hand while swinging from a stripper pole with the other. The story is told with this same sort of cartoonish sex and ultra-violence, which somehow makes it not nearly as shocking as one would think for a book that glorifies murder, incest, and psychopathic crime sprees.

Our protagonist and narrator, Mary, has a twin sister named Desiree. The two were raised in an orphanage together and share a sisterly bond that stretches past common decency and into Penthouse Forum territory. When Desiree is taken into custody for murdering her husband and is extradited across the country, her scruple-free ex-stuntwoman sister makes a mission out of freeing her. Mary travels through umpteen states in the chase and breaks as many laws along the way. She seduces and then graphically murders a biker with her trusty boxcutter. She worms her way into a job at a school for troubled kids, where she eventually kidnaps a hapless nose-picker.

The kid's main role becomes that of an epileptic after Mary repeatedly (and without warning to him) taser-guns him in various stores and restaurants so she can discreetly rob the places while customers aid the fitful kid. The whole while, Mary's soundtrack is The Who, and her guiding voice seems to be that of well-known lunatic Keith Moon. Such an inspiration only leads her into more trouble until Mary eventually catches up with Desiree. More sex and violence ensues until Mary is finally incarcerated. Then the body count really starts to rise...

Mary's narrative is smart and calculated and unique, yet fantastical and hard to empathize with. Her heartless actions and smug attitude kept me from wanting her to succeed, but when the end came and I was reminded that Mary's only real intention was to "smash everyone to pieces until all that's left is love," it was hard not to at least sorta respect that.

—Craigums



The London Years
Rudolf Rocker
Translated by Joseph Leftwich
$21.95
AK Press & Five Leaves

Rudolf Rocker (1875-1958) was a German anarchist who spent much of his life working with Jewish socialists, trade unionists, and anarchists from Eastern Europe who had immigrated to the East End of London. Though he was not Jewish himself, he learned Yiddish, and was the editor of the important anarchist papers *Arbeter Fraint* and *Germinal*.

Whereas most European countries had histories of persecution of both Jews and political radicals, England had an asylum policy in the years before World War One. Many well-known anarchists immigrated to England; among them were Malatesta and Kropotkin. Rocker was a good friend and comrade of the latter, and some of the most interesting parts of this book refer to the famous anarchist. Because of the asylum policy, London and the smaller cities of England were home to many immigrant groups. But the Jewish populace among which Rocker circulated was the largest immigrant revolutionary group. The Jews were largely desperately poor textiles workers, but through the efforts of *Arbeter Fraint* and the Jewish anarchists, general strikes led to labor reforms which ameliorated the lives of the entire British working class. It is also important to note that many of the Jews were bound together less by religion than by Yiddish and their common culture. They did not consider themselves a nation; hence, nationalism, and especially Zionism, were uncommon even as news of pogroms in Russia began to reach the East End. Class seemed to be another great uniting force, and there were marked differences between Jews who had emigrated from Eastern and Western Europe. The former were often much poorer. Despite this poverty, many contributed whatever they could, even if it meant starving for a day or two, to the anarchist movement and its publications.

Rocker's autobiography is a quick read. The chronological organization of the work is sometimes confusing, but not terribly so. He is not a

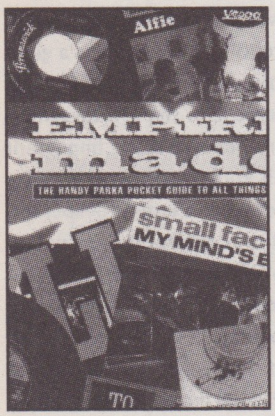
bad writer, but he is not particularly great either. I think he is at his best when discussing his beliefs rather than when he is recounting his life story. Lists of names often caused my eyes to glaze over, but among them were often recognizable names from Kropotkin to Wilde to Geddes. Rocker's ability to distill complicated theoretical ideas was well-known. For example, he wrote the first vernacular Yiddish critique of historical materialism, which was widely circulated. When he writes about anarchism or literature (he was responsible for incorporating pieces about culture into heretofore strictly political anarchist newspapers), his humanity, humility, and intelligence show.

A couple examples: "I am an anarchist not because I believe anarchism is the final goal, but because I believe there is no such thing as a final goal. Freedom will lead us to continually wider and expanding understanding and to new social forms of life. To think that we have reached the end of our progress is to enchain ourselves in dogmas, and that always leads to tyrannies."

"The inadequacy of our existing social order for large sections of the people and the glaring injustice of many aspects of our political and social life must not lead us to the mistake of measuring our entire culture as such by this one standard. . . What the human spirit has created in science, art and literature, in every branch of philosophic thought and aesthetic feeling is and must remain the common cultural possession of our own and all the coming generations . . . There is not only a hunger of the body. There is also a hunger of the spirit, of the soul, which demands its rights."

Though I'm not sure this book will have much general appeal, anarchists love their anarchist history, and this is a strong contribution as it covers the halcyon era when the size of the movement was matched only by its boundless energy and optimism. Furthermore, I would recommend this book to anyone interested in the nigh forgotten history of European Jews in the years before Hitler, and also before large-scale Zionism, the twin towers of Jewish historiography which at times can obscure a more general and humanistic picture of a people with a fascinating radical history.

—Stuart Schrader



Empire Made (The Handy Pocket Guide To All Things Mod)
Terry Rawlings and Keith Badman
Complete Music • Bishops Park House
25-29 Fulhum High Street
London SW6 3JH • England

Ah, the swinging 60s, the decade that not only bent the rules, but completely trashed them; the period in which the envelope was not just pushed, but shoved right up the stoic assholes of shell-shocked elders. A generation that finally managed to shake off its post-war blues and rationing guilt; a generation armed with pocketloads of disposable income and an unbridled lust for decadence that its older siblings only dared to taste. Armed with a new spirit of independence came the distinctly British phenomenon known as mod — a movement that combined the slickness of the early 60s beat generation, the newfound pride and mobility of once-subdued working class youth, the new sounds of black America, and of course, livers drowning in a cacophony of amphetamines and downers.

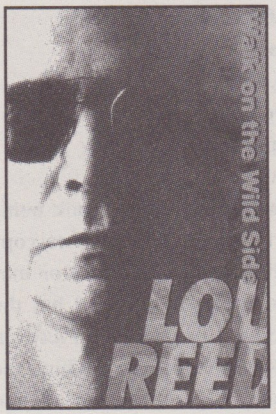
The Handy Pocket Guide by Terry Rawlings and Keith Badman manages in an almost tabloid format to capture the very essence and unleashed spirit of this pioneering period. Injected with humor and quick-fire wit, it is an easily read A to Z guide of all that was mod.

Of course we get the expected pieces on The Who, The Creation, Small Faces, etc, but also the lesser knowns, such as the driving R&B punk of The Birds, the souled-up blues of The Artwoods, and other overlooked minnows. It would be easy, and yes, lazy, just to whittle the cult of mod down to a soundtrack, and this is where our authors distinguish themselves, in fusing the sounds with the cultural explosion of the time: the movies, television, models, sport, and the art that contributed to the shaping of a generation.

The book covers characters from ye olde loveable Jimmy Savile (the O.G. — with gold and full-on tracksuits years before those equally lovable Niggers With Attitude) disc jockey, all-round TV celeb, to El Beatle, the boy from Belfast, to George Best, famous for elevating soccer players to pop star worship and glorifying the long tradition of alcoholic heroes. The good: Michael Caine, the bad: Tony Blackburn, and the downright ugly: the backcomb hairdo. All ground is covered.

Rawlings and Badman had a massive task in bringing so much together in such a slim format. But little things can pack a hard punch, and with this tiny gem of a book saturated in must-see, rare, glossy pics and posters of times past, you will be well guided. The informative commentary, injected with sly humor, make this Gideon Bible of that frantic, inventive generation a real must. My only minute criticism is the omission of those spaghetti-loving Brits, The Primitives (one of the best damned mod bands, period). I do believe the pic of a very young Angus Young attired in an I AM A MOD shirt warrants absolute forgiveness. Excellent.

—Dougie



Lou Reed: Walk on the Wild Side
Chris Roberts & Hal Leonard
Talking Heads: Once in a Lifetime
Ian Gittins

These books *look* good. They're glossy affairs, with lotsa color photos, arty layout, and studious writing. But despite obvious good intention as homage to the bands, they still end up as vacuous coffee table fluff when you boil 'em down to their essence.

The "stories behind every song" concept is the lure. One imagines the unlocking of rock 'n' roll secrets, the circumstances, the heartbreak, the drugs, the inspiration. Perfect timeless songs demystified. While the concept is undeniably good, it's definitely not new. David Gans employed this in his T. Heads book "Talking Heads: The Band & Their Music (Avon)" back in '85, and he surely wasn't the first either. But Hal Leonard, the publisher of these books, is trying to get this theme going with a line of these, though written by different authors.

The Lou Reed one is far better than the Talking Heads one. Not just because the writing is way better, but there are also more factoids, and at least it appears that Roberts had a chance to interview Lou. The fatal flaw in both is that they both do a rather poor job of telling the "stories behind every song". Armed with a decided lack of material (and proba-

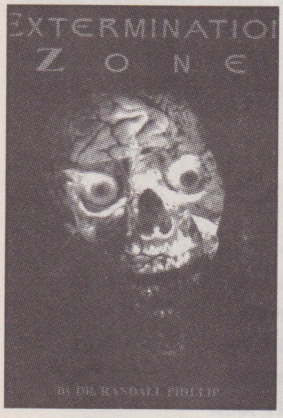
bly access to the band), authors Roberts and Gittins try to decipher the songs themselves. And much of it involves not demystification but merely description and rocknroll criticism, where the author attempts to tell his own interpretation of the song rather than the artist's skinny.

And in the most pompous way possible. For "New Feeling" off of the Talking Heads' '77 LP, Gittins writes, "As soon as Tina Weymouth's raw, rudimentary bass starts pacing in circles around itself, it is clear that this is a nervous tic of a song, a spasm as involuntary as yet mannered as the mental and vocal gyrations that David Byrne performs within it."

Gittins lives up to the "Psycho Killer" lyric "You're talking a lot but you're not saying anything." And there's a whole lot more nothing where that came from. For a primer on how to do it right, track down the aforementioned Gans book, which has extensive commentary by the band.

Roberts' writing may be better, but his "stories behind the song" are not. They're equally thin. The photos (Bowie, Iggy, VU, Edie (Sedgwick, of Warhol's Factory Scene), and even Rick Wakeman) are his book's saving grace.

—Henry Yu

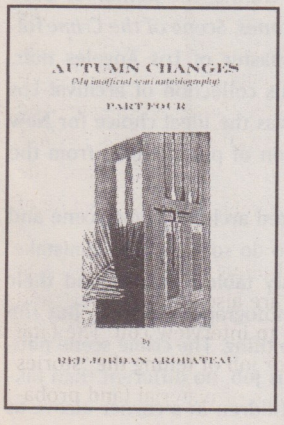


Extermination Zone
Dr. Randall Phillip
Mike Hunt Publications
PO Box 226 • Bensenville, IL 60106

Dr. Philip is under the impression that his poorly written screeds are worth publishing, an illusion I gladly grant him. Any potential reader of this work, however, is liable to find his asinine rape fantasies, juvenile race-baiting, rehashed jokes, poorly expressed misanthropy and lame Burroughs imitations a dull wade through very shallow water, stagnant with clichés.

As a fan of hate as well as bad writing, I found the back cover copy of *Extermination Zone* intriguing: "Are you troubled with the ulcer in your brain that tickles and nags you into having to choose between the book that dares to rape your brain and the boob tube that just does?" Someone unable to express such a simple notion clearly might well be expected to come up with a book full of howlers, but Philip fails to deliver anything more than a few buckets of warmed-over lameness.

—Michael Lucas



Autumn Changes: (My unofficial semi autobiography), Part Four
Red Jordan Arobateau
321 pages
Red Jordan Press
484 Lake Park Avenue, #228
Oakland, CA 94610
www.redjordanarobateau.com

Chances are you've never heard of Red Jordan Arobateau. He was only brought to my attention recently when I was assigned to review his book and found an interview by indie-acclaimed author Michelle Tea for a local, weekly newspaper. I was fairly apprehensive of this "unofficial semi autobiography, part four," as other autobiographies I have read recently — John Stuart Mill, the early progenitor of utilitarianism, and Akira Kurosawa, the world famous Japanese film director — finish at a mere 197 and 189 pages respectively. My fears were not assuaged, as the first chapter or section was very self-centered — even more then your average autobiography — as Red describes his irritation and distaste for the local queer cognoscenti's lack of acceptance of his genius works of art, written and visual. His sustenance is the knowledge that some day, people will know his name and he'll be handsomely rewarded. To me, self-described "misunderstood genius" often translates to "crazy-nut-job."

The book's tone, however, quickly changes, as Red continues on to tell the impressive story of his five-year transition from woman to man and his amazing life. *Autumn Changes* is figuratively an unorthodox fairytale, philosophically a manifesto, and literally, "a testimony of his first transition years intermixed with remembrances of things past."

The book follows Red as he is separated from a loving father to live with an unfortunately mentally ill mother, a victim of abuse and "blind" grandmother. As a young queer artist, he visits the seedy local Chicago blues and jazz venues and prohibited queer bars, searching for a girlfriend or someone to spend the night with, then moves to San Francisco's infamous Tenderloin district. The stories, however are not chronologically presented, and instead swiftly jump between the young and younger Red, and later, to a more present-day, transitioning Red. This happens in quick, fluid motions that take on an almost surreal feel reminiscent of Margaret Atwood, and oddly, Louis F. Celine.

We all have many different sets of glasses through which we view and interpret the world that surrounds us, and what struck me as particularly interesting here was the multitude of perspectives that Red deftly writes from: as both a man and a woman feeling that he was a man in a woman's body since he was a young boy; as a queer activist and a political activist, protesting the Vietnam war and the U.S. Army's more recent excursions; as a transsexual activist and counselor; and as a heartbroken lover. These experiences among others in Red's 60-plus years, leave the reader with rich and diverse stories.

Stylistically and aesthetically, the book is very DIY, with red type, edits, and — as you may have guessed — it is self-released. The book is printed on thin paper with slightly thicker covers and typed without many corrections. Red writes in a stream-of-consciousness with a reckless lack of concern for corrections, spelling, grammar, etc. To Red, this is art in its purest form:

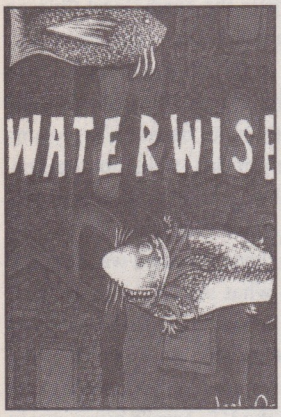
> His writings unedited, missspelled (sic) and since they are done by the oldfashion (sic) typewriter method, and not computer, can't be spellchecked (sic) in cyperspace...So the buyer is getting a blast from the original motherlode (sic). Fresh. Unadulterated. Non-tampered by lacky (sic) proofreaders, fresh-faced typests (sic) keying their way thru (sic) college, who don't understand the difference between black vernaculars 'fonky' and the ofey 'funky'—thus insist on revising his pure stream of conscious with their abrupt seemingly-harmless 'corrections', (sic) which are in fact corruptions (p. 1220).

While this relaxed usage of language and such was confusing at times — I have an idea but I'm not positive what "clitdechtomy" is — it was not

much of a deterrent, as the words flowed well along the pages.

Overall, this book is an important read for all; particularly those of us who lack knowledge of the "trans" community, along with those who are involved in said community. As a straight, white male, I found the book extremely interesting. For people in the trans community, the book might act as a resource. Essentially, the book is informative in that it documents the highs and lows of life during *the transition*: friends who'll ignore or back away from their friendship with you; loved ones who turn their backs on you; excitement from passing for the gender you wish to be; the complications of changing the gender on your driver's license; the continuous injections of "T" (or "E," whatever your fancy might be); being outed by one's doctor; etc. The book left me wanting to read more and learn more about Red and his transition. While four volumes may seem a bit much, I'm sure Red has enough juice, enough passion, and enough stories to fill those and many other pages, and keep it fascinating and worth the time to read.

—Vince Larussa



Waterwise • Joel Orff
116 pages • $14.95
Alternative Comics
503 NW 37th Avenue
Gainesville, FL 32609-2204
www.indyworld.com/altcomics

I don't usually dig the books Alternative publishes. I respect them, but I don't get off on slice-of-angst-filled-life emo comics. And I don't buy such books. I don't respect the Might Marvel Marketing Multitudes churning out endless super fights and movie tie-ins, but I buy *Daredevil* every month (the book kinda-sucks, kinda-is-cool right now, but Matt and I have history together). This is exactly why academic institutions, philanthropists, and governments get into funding "art." I hope Alternative and Mr. Orff get nice fat grants immediately — landlords and creditors don't often show mercy to respected folks without money.

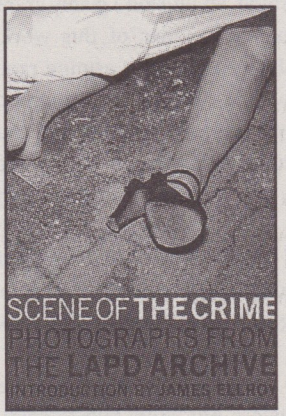
Joel Orff obviously put lots of thought, care, and time into making this book. In it, a young man suffering from a recent break-up and the emotional toll of failing to progress in adulthood retreats to the site of childhood days spent with a female best friend who he was secretly in love with. Unexpectedly, she has also retreated there, taking a breather between a divorce and a cross-country relocation. The time they spend together awakens old memories. His pleasure is tinged with the thwarted desire he felt then and still carries in his heart. Her pleasure is as opaque to him as it was in their youth.

But maybe I'm confused. According to an excerpt from *Publishers Weekly*, this is "a story about friendship and ... the joys that people who've known each other forever can take in one another's company ... By book's end readers will understand the depth and dimensions of the bond between these characters." Yes, I am confused — and perhaps a space alien! (Tell me, what are these "joys" of which you humans speak?) But, hey, if you are one of Joel Orff's friends or relations: BUY THIS BOOK! (Now Alternative Comics can excerpt that all-caps phrase for a front cover blurb on the second edition. I've always hoped to be credited for a cover blurb!)

Artwise, Mr. Orff uses some nice layout and design tricks to slip in and out of flashback sequences and to depict inner turmoil amidst outer calm. His style evokes wood block printing and suchlike — lots of thick black ink and scratchy lines, dark and moody. Landscapes are effectively depicted, simultaneously creating real settings and evoking the characters' emotions, but wrists, ankles, toes, etc. are not illustrated convincingly (not good when looking down at water lapping at a person's bare feet is the subject of four panels at the very start of your story!). Personal low point: A page of the duo's hands alternately reaching into a bowl of snack food left me wondering if they were eating handfuls of popcorn, peanuts, cherries, deer shitballs, or...what. Personal high point: A page depicting the friends seeing a flock of birds startled into flight from a tree at night, which flowed very nicely for me. The actual image of the birds in flight perfectly conjured what a startled person's eyes might catch.

If someone will feed him, I'm sure Mr. Orff will stick around, and maybe he'll do some books that please a lot of folks. In the meantime, could some other comic publishers send in some stuff? Are you, dear reader, in da industry? Get some books over here (please). We'll review all kinds of non-porn comics (too hard to type with one hand), and will try to be kind, gentle, and fair, both to those whose work went into the product and to those who might pay for it. Don't let Alternative be the only publisher to grab the glory of wishy-washy reviews in a non-comics-oriented zine! We can make you punk rock godheads! Screw comics — send money.

—Seth Hollander



Scene of the Crime:
Photographs from the LAPD Archive
Harry N. Abrams
240 pages • $35.00
100 Fifth Avenue
New York, NY 10011

I am sure everyone is aware that *Scene of the Crime* is not the first collection of police archive photos to be released. The past few years have seen the release of many collections of such photos; the most well known being *New York Noir, Evidence* and *Death Scenes*. *New York Noir* and *Death Scenes* have a common thread in their use of well-known writers in their introductions. Luc Sante, the noted New York historian collected the photographs for *Evidence* and penned the introduction for *New York Noir*. Katherine Dunne, the author of *Geek Love*, is responsible for the intro to *Death Scenes*. *Scene of the Crime* follows that tradition; drafting the modern master of Los Angeles noir, James Ellroy, to pen the introduction to this collection of archival Los Angeles crime photos. Much as Luc Sante was the ideal choice for New York Noir, Ellroy is perfect for this collection of photographs from the city that has been his muse.

Some may be inclined to compare collected archival crime scene and police photos to the work of Weegee, but to do so would be a mistake. In his time Weegee photographed to satisfy tabloid papers and their readers. Don't get me wrong, I love the photographs he took, but the police photographer is not in it for the same thing. The crime scene photographer is there for documentation. It's his job, no different than taking portrait shots of unruly and unkempt children in a corner alcove at

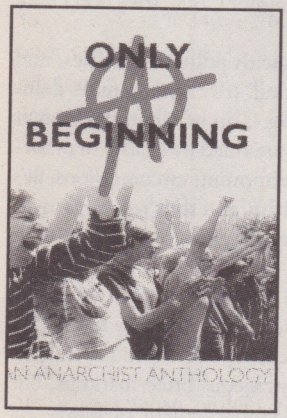
the local mall. However, there is art to be found in crime scene photo;, it is not just point and shoot. The angles, the shadows, the composition of the photos, why some have the faces of the victims shown and why some do not, these are all aspects of the art behind the documentation of the crime scene.

After the introductions and essays the photograph collection is shown with no documentation other than the notes of the photographer written on the image. This technique forces the viewer to look at the photos and imagine the stories behind them. How and why did all the subjects living and dead end up facing the lens of the Los Angeles police photographer? The two suited men shot over dinner. The man shot dead in an open doorway. An empty room with an open door. Bloodstains on the floor. Cheesecake photos pushpinned to a panel wall. Cigarette cartons and bottles strewn across a wood floor. Heads resting in puddles of blood. Knife and razor cuts. Bodies laying in doorways, on steps, in cars, on streets, face down, on their backs, partially dressed, fully suited, naked and cut into pieces. Bodies lying in tubs, lying in shallow graves, shot, beaten. Dead and beaten women who would be beautiful if it were not for the blood that has run from their mouths, noses, and ears. Sharply dressed men, with their suits covered in their own blood. Ah, the good old days...

After the collection an index tells as much of the story behind each picture as possible. It is interesting to look at the index and see how close your imagination was to the reality. How close were you to deciphering the scenes? Did you nail the stories behind the SLA note, the suicides, the lovelorn, the rejected, the beaten, the famous, the unknown, the riots, the drunks, the mobsters, the stars, the starlets, the starry eyed, or the Manson family?

At first I did not appreciate the layout of the book — photos with no captions. Without the background, you are forced to study the scene more intently than you would if all the details were given to you. What happened? What time did the crime take place? Why did the crime take place? Who would commit such a crime? Whose body are you looking at? In effect, you become a detective, arriving at the scene of a crime, knowing absolutely nothing other than what you are staring at. In the end, this is a perfect layout for a collection of crime scene photographs. A book that becomes more revealing and more interesting every time it is opened.

—Trent Reinsmith



Only A Beginning
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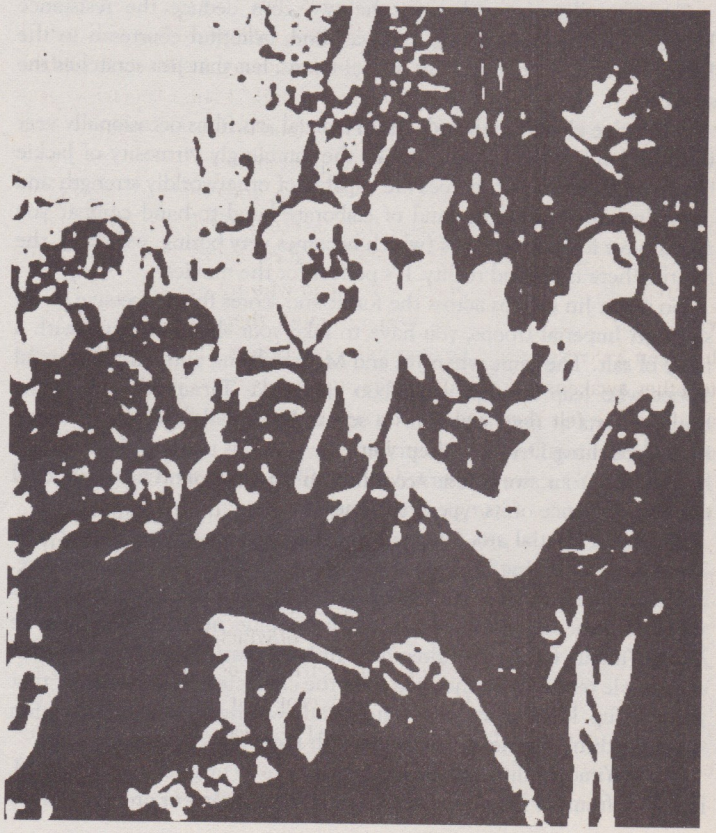
This book is amazing. *Only A Beginning* is a huge anthology chronicling Canadian anarchism from 1976 to present. It's very heartening, especially in the current political climate, to see such a great collection of examples of resistance. The book includes brief introductions to each by the editor, countless zine excerpts, essays by various individuals involved in zines, actions, free spaces, and so on, and tons of illustrations. There's so much information here — histories of several zines, protests, comprehensive coverage of issues including ecology, gender, race, animal liberation, indigenous struggles, prisons, and much more. This book starts off documenting nearly a dozen Canadian anarchist zines. I appreciated the introductions to each zine by people involved detailing their experiences and perspectives, the successes and shortcomings of each endeavor, and their takes on the future of the movement. The issues and actions portion of *Only a Beginning* offers discourse on a wide variety of topics. Of particular interest were those actions specific to Canada such as the resistance of Mohawks in Oka in 1990 and the concurrent solidarity of both other indigenous peoples and of non-Native activists, and the Vancouver Five, whose politically motivated bombing of military-industrial targets by Direct Action and of video stores specializing in violent porn by the Wimmin's Fire Brigade sparked lively debate in the radical community around the subject of guerrilla actions. The theory and practice section of the book compiles essays on an array of topics addressed by the anarchist movement, including biotechnology, sexism, race, a debate on the relationship between animal rights and native rights, and more. The debates section of the book tackles issues which continue to be of importance and discussion in radical communities, including nationalism, authoritarianism, guerrilla warfare, feminism, ecology, and primitivism. I was particularly interested in the discussions regarding contradictions between anarchist thought and national liberation struggles, guerrilla actions and the role of political violence, and feminism and it's relation to anarchy. Perhaps the most inspiring part of this book is the chapter dealing with autonomous zones. Here we have numerous examples of collective projects which reclaim public space, including bookstores, free spaces, free schools, and temporary actions such as demonstrations. These instances of radical grassroots organizing, autonomy, and mutual aid in action remind us of the real possibility of creating spheres free of coercion.

—Tress



MOVIES

FINAL CUT BY STEVEN SPINALI

SUPERNATURAL ACTS

With **The House of Flying Daggers**, director Zhang Yimou **(Raise the Red Lantern, Shanghai Triad)** again celebrates a genre jump-started by the success of Nag Lee's **Crouching Tiger, Hidden Dragon**, and continued with Yimou's **Hero** (reviewed last issue). In **Flying Daggers**, we move forward from the birth of dynastic China to the death rattle of the corrupt Tang regime.

In the late 9th century, the despotic Tang is meeting strong resistance. The House of Flying Daggers is a secret order of warriors that involved government soldiers in a series of withering guerilla battles. Head policeman Leo (Hong Kong screen Adonis Andy Lau) sends his top man, Jin (Takeshi Kaneshiro) as an undercover agent to uproot the movement from his district once and for all.

From intelligence gathering, the two cops deduce the resistance leader might be Mei (Zhang Ziyi), a blind, beautiful courtesan in the Peony Pavilion. Dancing is her special talent, but that just scratches the surface.

As you've already gathered, Asian martial arts films occasionally veer into the land of the surreal. Unlike the fumblingly virtuosity of Jackie Chan, most Asian film heroes are capable of otherworldly strength and discipline. Instead of the kind of elaborate hand-to-hand combat you might have found in the 60s (which becomes very boring, very fast), the fighting here is beyond reality. It's perfect for the movies.

So when Jin gallops across the forest and scores five successive arrow shots on Imperial troops, you have to take your shock and awe with a lump of salt. The same when Jin and Mei are being pursued by imperial troops who leap through a bamboo grove like Tarzan while shooting bamboo darts at our heroes. It's a scene that recalls the treetop scene from **Crouching Dragon**, except here the action is more intricately choreographed. Your awe is reserved for the filmmakers, who have rendered the best sequence of its type ever filmed.

Seasoned martial arts filmgoers may be taken aback by the fact that **The House of Flying Daggers** is more love story than action adventure. Some of the film's least interesting moments are dull love scenes—usually in an uncomfortable bed of leaves or pine needles. This may be Zhang Yimou's failing as a director; a fifth generation Chinese filmmaker, his style tends to distance you from the characters. Small wonder that you end up looking at your watch and waiting for the next action scene—a thing you never had to do with **Hero**

I love Yimou's films, maybe because they're so magnificent to behold. But aside from **To Live**—his deeply emotional comment on bureaucracy in modern China—his work tends to leave you visually impressed but emotionally unmoved. Part of the problem is that he seems to lack a sense of humor; he's always been more earnest than lovable. Even during the love scenes, the passion isn't very palpable.

Then again, I can recall any number of martial arts films that have fights only for the point of having fights, so by film's end, you feel as if you've been pummeled numb in your theater seat. **The House of Flying Daggers** is probably closer to mainstream American tastes. It has a complex and unpredictable plot (even while playing within the standard martial arts conventions), boasts a cast of winning actors, and has a visual sense that will leave your eyes burning. It has any number of finely rendered sequences; I'm just wondering why I don't like it as much as I thought I would.

Ousmane Sembene proved himself an able director of black comedy with 1994's **Guelwaar**—a tale of the complications arising from burying a Catholic body in a cemetery reserved for Muslims. A decade later, he isn't quite so naturalistic, though his distaste for religious hypocrisy hasn't lost a beat.

Although female circumcision is not a part of the Muslim creed, syncretic Africa has often melded native tradition with Islam—a thing that could only lead to controversy. Activists have had only middling success in halting the troubling practice, which is borne out in Ousmane's latest effort, **Moolaade**.

An unnamed tribal village is laid out with economy and elegance, most events revolving around a strikingly beautiful (but hardly traditional) mosque. With tall stucco spires (an ostrich egg balanced on top), and painted in a soothing, almost glowing pinkish hue, it resembles the Catalan churches of Antonio Gaudi. It is, of course, strictly off-limits to women.

When a group of young girls retreat to the house of Colle Gallo (Fatoumata Coulibaly), they know they'll find sanctuary; they've run away from their circumcisions. Colle draws a colored rope across her entrance, therein invoking "moolaade." Moolaade is roughly like seeking sanctuary in a church, except violating moolade risks the release of a deadly curse. While some orthodox villagers resent Colle, they don't dare anger the spirits.

The social life of the village is bound up with political realities, and tempered by a fear of the unseen. On one hand, it's clearly a male-dominated society, and defying a husband or elder is an act that can be met by expulsion or death. The common women are ruled by a caste of priestesses entrusted with the responsibility of performing circumcisions. It's the foundation of their status in the community, and they're not gong to let go of their status without a fight. They're very much in league with the male elders, whose word is absolute.

At the bottom of the social ladder is the common woman, who may in some cases be a second or third wife. Lowest of all is a lusty but harmless street vendor everyone calls "The Mercenary" (Dominique Zelda). He's earned the name for his sometimes-outrageous price markups, but also for having stood against the army for embezzlement of funds. As reward for exposing their conspiracy, he was imprisoned for five years. Of all the characters, he's the most worldly, and vulnerable.

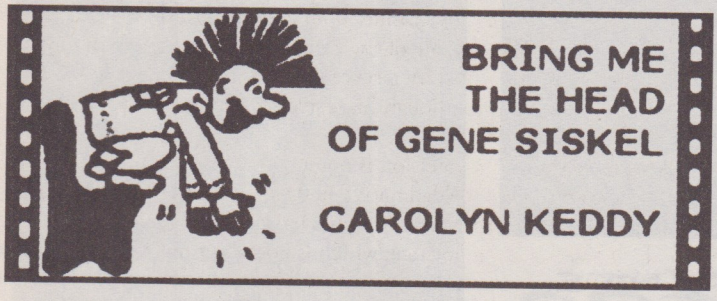
As its originator, Colie is the only one who can revoke moolaade, and the village elders—even her husband—are unable to shake her convic-

tions. Desperate, the elders confiscate all the radios (now thought to be a defiling influence on the women). As the burning radios lift a pillar of black smoke over the village, it seems that only an otherworldly power can restore justice.

The basic conflict—the tribe's painful process of opening up to the new age—is sometimes upstaged by the beauty of the village itself. The pastel color scheme gives this small world a primitive elegance. (It's definitely more idealized than the world evoked in Kim Longinotto's documentary on Kenyan genital mutilation, **The Day I'll Never Forget**, an unforgettable film that could be a companion piece to **Moolaade**). The buildings are often beautiful, finished with a cleanness that belies the town's uglier truths.

Moolaade is a social drama that often verges on fable, occupying a place between the new and the ancient. One of the film's great strengths comes from its sharp delineation of tribal powers. These forces play out unpredictably and with considerable drama.

There were only five people in my showing—an indication that maybe **Moolaade** may be too obscure for some. Admittedly, the subject matter is better served by a documentary approach, but **Moolaade** has more than its chare of cinematic assets to compensate. With this film, Ousmane Sembene proves again that his dramas are consistently exotic and arresting.



I have to tell you, I am feeling uninspired this month. It's that holiday hangover. Inexplicably I ended with a stack of DVDs. Usually I am lucky if I get one DVD a month. So here goes the DVD round up.

First up, **Dead Boys Live At CBGB 1977**. Well, the title alone tells you what to expect. The amazing thing about this is that it is shot very professionally. They use three cameras and sound quality is very good. Usually, all the footage of bands in the 70s at CBGB I have seen is poor at best. It is unfortunate that the Dead Boys' performance seems a bit underwhelming. Stiv bends backwards and crawls on the floor and Cheetah snarls at the camera, but I have to wonder if they are maybe posing too hard for the camera. The audience seems rather subdued as well.

The best feature on the **Dead Boys Live At CBGB 1977** DVD is that you can watch the whole thing from behind the drums. They call it the Johnny Blitz-cam. If you are one of those people who want to see, but is afraid of getting hurt, you'll feel right at home. For the rest of us, it is a different and fun angle. Also included are interviews with the band back in the day as well as new interviews with Cheetah Chrome and CBGB owner Hilly Kristal. There is the unexplained inclusion of a Steel Tips live clip which seems to have no connection to this other than it was filmed at CBGB too. (www.musicvideodistributors.com)

Compared to Dead Boys, Anti Flag doesn't have a chance in hell of impressing me. Yet, always the good reviewer, I watched the entire DVD of **Anti Flag: Death Of A Nation**. While I agree mostly with the politics, I just can't handle the music. How did they get this slick? "Sounds like sub-par Green Day meets Crass," announces my boyfriend Michael in between grumbles of "Why are forcing me to watch this shit?" I am always amazed at what passes for punk these days.

Anti Flag: Death Of A Nation includes twenty-three live songs recorded on the "Death Of A Nation" tour. There are also three videos plus behind-the-scenes footage. Watching Anti Flag do their hair before they go to shoot their video just seems wrong. I know we all need to get ready in the morning, but maybe that aspect of punk life could have been left up to our imaginations. Also included is a band interview so you can get caught up with the politics of the band, an acoustic radio performance, and the band performing at a war protest. The funniest feature as well as the most annoying is two song montages. Someone thought it would be interesting to edit together various clips of the same song, but instead of editing it so the song structure remains intact, they kept in all the footage making the song extra long. This way when Anti flag sings the chorus for "Die For The Government" you get to hear all three versions of it in a row. No one said it was a good idea, but it does make it weird to watch. (www.a-frecords.com)

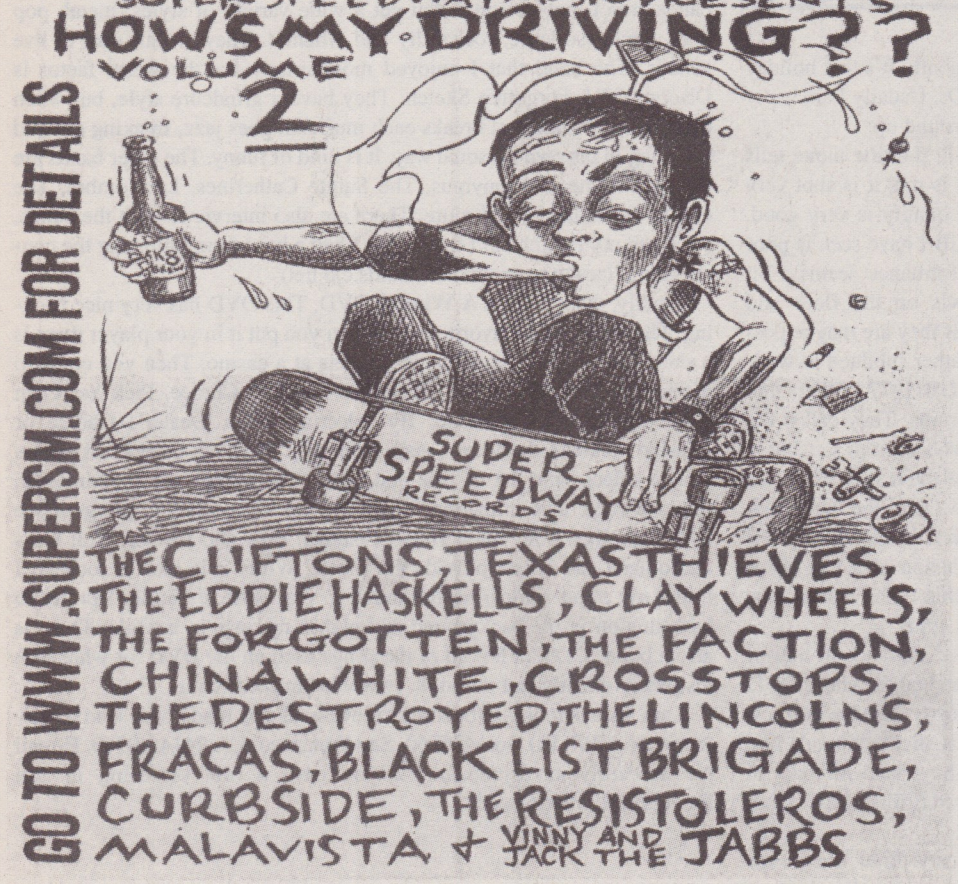
Then we're off to Canada with the Real McKenzies for **Pissed Tae Th' Gills: A Drunken Live Tribute To Robbie Burns** DVD. I won't pretend to know whether or not it is OK to call poet Robert Burns Robbie. I am not from Scotland and neither are the Real McKenzies. I just have never heard anyone call him Robbie. It just seems weird.

That inconsequential detail aside, The Real McKenzies play a sixteen-song tribute to Burns. The band incorporates bagpipes into their rock and roll. They perform shirtless and wearing kilts the traditional way (with nothing underneath). It was probably a good time if you were there and drunk. The bonus material makes this DVD fun. A segment called "The Haggis" where singer Paul McKenzie goes out on the street with haggis to try to get people to try it. He is surprisingly successful, as most people don't know what it is so they taste it. They usually change their expression pretty quickly when someone tells them what they have just eaten. McKenzie even jumps on a bus to try to get the driver to taste it. He doesn't. There is also an excellent video for the song "Mainland" where the band pretends to be pirates, with kilts of course. (www.suddendeath.com)

The one-sheet for the **Montreal En Feu** DVD claims the bands included are "some of Montreal's finest alternative acts." Overall, the bands aren't that exciting. You get a wide variety of styles; metal, pop punk, emo, hardcore, rockabilly and whatnot. They are all shot at live venues. The band that I enjoyed most simply for the weird factor is Discord Of A Forgotten Sketch. They have a grindcore style, but when they go to instrumental breaks each musician goes jazz, freaking out and noodling in his own personal way. It is kind of funny. The other bands are Planet Smashers, Anonymus, The Sainte Catherines, Le Nombre, The Frenetics, Malajube and more. There are also interviews with the bands, but since my French isn't that good; I had a hard time following the conversation. (www.newromanceforkids.cjb.net)

Finally, there is **Pick A Winner** DVD. This DVD has very nice packing. The menu is my favorite part. When you put it in your player there is a short opening with marionette puppets at a casino. Then you come to the menu that offers three categories: Dealer's Choice, Pick Yer Own Card and Russian Roulette. By selecting either Dealer's Choice or Russian Roulette the videos start randomly. Pick Yer Own Card allows you to select by a list of title and artist. The videos are experimental, found footage and animation. There are lots of colors and things move fast. Lightning Bolt, Neon Hunk, Pixeltan, Pink and Brown, Wolf Eyes and other Load artists provide the music. While it is nice to look at, I found my mind wandering too much to pay close attention. I prefer to have this on in the background and glance up once in a while. There is also a bonus CD that has all of the songs used on the DVD for when you just want to listen and not look. (www.loadrecords.com)

I am always looking for films to review. If you made one, send a copy to me c/o *MRR*, PO Box 406760, San Francisco, CA 94146-0760. E-mail me at carolynmrr@juno.com if you have a film screening in San Francisco. I will go see it.



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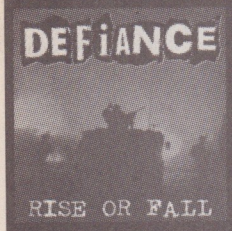

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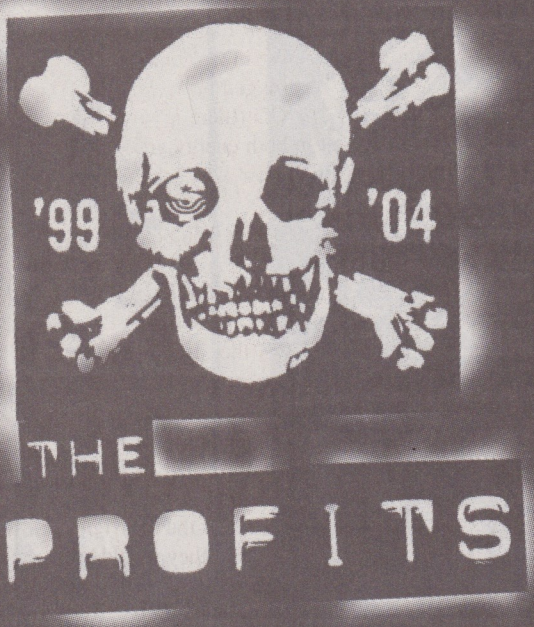

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1000 TRAVELS OF JAWAHARLAL – "Owari Wa Konai" CD

It happened—the MANIFESTO JUKEBOX trend has hit Japan. For years, it seemed like every non–hardcore band that came out of Japan sounded like SNUFF. Those days could be long gone. 1000 TRAVELS have that churning, dark, melodic HÜSKER DÜ–meets–LEATHERFACE sound popularized by Scandi bands like the aforementioned MANIFESTO JUKEBOX, PHOENIX FOUNDATION, etc. Like all things the Japanese take a hand to, they're really fucking good at it. This CD rocks. Also, the lyric sheet comes with phonetic pronunciations for the Japanese characters, so you can sing along even if you don't speak the language. Good stuff. (AM)
(Day After, PO Box 153, 35201 As, CZECH REPUBLIC; **www.dayafter.cz**)

A VOID – "Last Ditch Effort" CD EP

Five tracks that attempt to revive the glories of SoCal melodic hardcore. Y'know, NO USE FOR A NAME, LAGWAGON, et al. They certainly achieve a passable early UNWRITTEN LAW. Could be worse. Now if only it was a NOFX, then we'd be cheering. (RK)
(Broken Promise, www.avoidband.com)

AFTER THE MASSACRE – "The End" EP

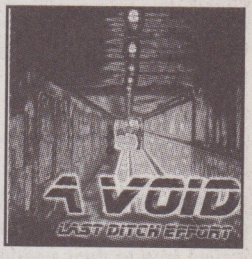
AFTER THE MASSACRE plays pretty generic D-beat hardcore. They are sloppy and lo-fi, and actually that's their most appealing quality for me, making the listening experience totally enjoyable. *The End* is their first record release, a 7" limited to 500 copies with five songs, each of which only has three lines of lyrics filled with every punk subject that you expect. Musically, they bring to mind some of the PDX punk bands from the last three years like BLOODSPIT NIGHTS or BOMB HEAVEN. Deep bass lines, slightly metallic riffs, and a punk-as-fuck vocal style, all as they keep things simple and straight. I am sure these punks love early DISCHARGE as much as late ANTI-CIMEX. As far as the artwork goes, this is classic black and white skull collage with some ripped text as logo and typewriter font as text. Classic. Not the most imaginative record of the year, but then again if I wanted some intellectual I'd be reading *Wire* instead of *MRR*. (PM)
(Wasted Dream, 2390 N. 4th Ave, Upland, CA 91784)

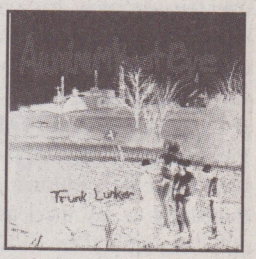
ALUMINUM KNOTEYE – "Trunk Lunker" CD

I guess these guys have been around for a long time in rural Rockland, and have finally gotten around to immortalizing themselves. Their sound is a cardboard box being torn in half, well amplified, while a homeless guy shrieks that you're "tearing up his bed." Something like that. I will stoop to comparisons and summon the ghosts of the late 1980s and compare them in spirit to LUBRICATED GOAT and the pre–blues–obsessed PUSSY GALORE. Some of the songs kinda drag in confusion, but this same brand of confusion is present on the last PIRANHAS record and seems to be thrilling punters from Sacramento to New York, so what do I know. I *do* like "Mechanical Bull Museum," which staggers along in a swoozy–drone stumble until the guitar rips the drugged haze away in a burst of nervous propulsion. The CD (there is vinyl out there) picks up from that point in both energy and imagination. So, ultimately, side two kicks ass over the first side. (RW)
(Trick Knee, PO Box 12714, Green Bay, WI 54307)

ANOTHER OPPRESSIVE SYSTEM / CROSSING CHAOS – split EP

For all of those who know the fury of the Connecticut/Philly powerhouse known as A.O.S., here are three of the most crushing songs they've managed to put on one side of an EP. True, this is becoming a fine art to a band with almost as many split records as UNHOLY GRAVE, but in all seriousness, A.O.S. is the best Scandinavian–influenced hardcore band in the US right now. If they ever toured, you could bet that they would be up there with any of your favorite bands. Great male and female tradeoff vocals while the driving fast guitar, bass, and drum attack will only leave you wanting more, in a good way. CROSSING CHAOS from Sweden are a good match for this split, fast and furious, with two songs of angry hardcore to spit in the face of religion and its utter stupidity. They've been going for a while now, and definitely have developed their own interesting sound and style. The production of both bands is really good, and I must also mention that this record looks great with some





nice artwork done by Marald. Great record for sure. (WK)
(Cries Of Pain, PO Box 1004, Windsor, CT 06095, criesofpainrecs@hotmail.com)

ANTiSEEN – "One Live Sonofabitch and a Hell of a Lot More" 2xCD & DVD

An excessive, extended reissue of ANTiSEEN's *One Live Sonofabitch* album. This is probably more ANTiSEEN than any one person, aside from Bruce Roehrs, could ever need. You get the original album recorded live in 1995 on the first CD, a collection of various live recordings from throughout the 90s on the second disc, and then there is a DVD, which has two live shows and two videos. So much testosterone and no place to go. They're the LYNYRD SKYNYRD for the DIY set, and something about that just doesn't seem right. (CK)
(Steel Cage, PO Box 29247, Philadelphia, PA 19125)

ANTISEEN – "One Live Sonofabitch and a Hell of a Lot More" 2xCD & DVD

Steel Cage has done it again! This is a magnificent collection of live recordings from the most original and honest scum–rock band in the world!!! No other band, punk rock or otherwise has been as consistent in their pursuit of good music for bad people. ANTiSEEN is an American Folk Music Treasure!!! The recordings here are above average quality for live material and are absolutely essential for all Confederacy of Scum fans!! ANTiSEEN has stayed true to their vision for 25 years and has helped many young rockers decide what is right and what is wrong. Order this collection immediately!! (BR)
(Steel Cage, PO Box 29247, Philadelphia, PA 19125)

AVULSION – "Vicious Circle of Agony" CD

Wow, I had no idea this band was still around! AVUSLION, who has been around for over ten years now, has a new nine–song release out for your listening pleasure (or displeasure, depending on your taste). They hammer their way through nine songs of intense grind that reminds me of BRUTAL TRUTH at times. Pummeling drums lead the way with those guttural vocals following closely behind. Punishing to say the least! Good to see them still hanging in there. (RC)
(SOA, Paolo Petralia, Via Oderisi Da Gubbio 67/69, 00146 Roma ITALY, www.soarecords.it)

B-BACK – "In Time!" CD

Italian garage rock that exceeded my expectations—its catchy stuff with ringing guitars and tough riffs. The vocals grate when they hit the high register, but it's excusable. Yeah, it's a bit on the Brand X side of things, but it works for me. Unlike a lot of other Beatle Boots groups that I could mention, B-BACK actually back up their rock 'n' roll with some muscle. Kinda random, but I dig 'em. (JH)
(Area Pirata, www.areapirata.com, b-back@libero.it)

BANDA DEL RIONE – "Quale Destino Por Noi" CD

Italian skinhead band. They sing in Italian but provide handy English translations for us linguistically–challenged types. While they cover the usual fare of walking tall, working hard, and pride in having no hair and supporting soccer teams, they actually seem to be a cut above most. They have the benefit of being explicitly anti-fascist, which always helps. And musically, they kick ass! They don't really sound like an oi band at all. They manage to merge the driving tunes of early UK SUBS with the power and metallic edge of early ENGLISH DOGS. Maybe this is what skinhead hardcore is meant to sound like? While they have the shout-heavy choruses of the COCKNEY REJECTS, they REJECTS could've only have dreamed of sounding half this good when they made their pathetic bid for UFO–esque rockness. AGNOSTIC FRONT, eat your heart out. (RK)
(Oi! Strike, www.soarecords.it)

BANG SUGAR BANG – "Thwak Thwak Go Crazy" CD

With production help from GEZA X, this LA combo dishes out some good new wave-meets-punky rock'n'roll. The GUN CLUB cover only confirms the era as well as the sounds of THE GO GO'S, X, and THE PLIMSOULS. A good listen with a good sound. (RL)
(War Room, PO Box 93-1813, Los Angeles, CA 90093, www.bangsugarbang.com)

LES BELLAS – "Hey, I'm Going Down / She's On My Track"

Pleasant sounding *Girls in the Garage* styled rock and roll. There is a heavy CARRIE NATIONS feel especially on the A–side. It's nice and sweet and I could listen to it all day. As a Francophile, I am a bit disappointed that these songs aren't sung in French, and that there is only a little hint of an accent on the singer. Otherwise this is great. (CK)
(Profet, 11 Rue Mignard, 66000 Perpignan, FRANCE, lesbellas@wanadoo.fr)

BILL BONDSMEN – "Swinging Sounds of…" EP

Ugly hardcore out of the ugly Midwest. Sounding like a DIY POISON IDEA, these kids pull no punches. The production is a little thin, but I'm still digging it. (TB)
(Fourteegee, 8863 Dixie, Detroit, MI 48239)

BLACK EYES AND NECKTIES – "Stiletto" CD

Beyond "Uh, MURDER CITY DEVILS?" BLACK EYES AND NECKTIES' 13-track CD of sassy keyboard–driven hardcore poses such thought–provoking questions as, "How much fake blood do you need to sell records?" "How many switchblades do you need to bring to the photo shoot to sell records?" "How much of Brenda's legs do we need to show off to sell records?" And "should I kill myself right now?" (VH)
(New Regard Media, PO Box 5706, Bellingham, WA 98227)

BLOODY CRACKDOWN – "…The End of the Beginning" CD

Dear god, this is some pretty fuckin' awful shit. With names like "Moe Lester," "Al Koholic," and "Mike Hunt," and songs like "Party Time Girl" and "Fuck You Up," this CD had me hoping that the whole thing was an elaborate joke. From the looks of it, it just may be, but sadly for these guys, and even more sadly for me, it's not very funny. I guess this might appeal to fans of boring songs and asinine humor, or to people who have had full frontal lobotomies. I am none of the above. From a quick Google search, I learned that this band has some sort of affiliation with GWAR, and has a Myspace profile. Yeesh. (GN)
(Valiant Death, www.valiantdeath.com)

BOLZ'N – EP

A nice surprise here from these German grinders—this is full–on technical death/grind like DISCORDANCE AXIS and CREATION IS CRUCIFIXION mixed with German contemporaries GOMORRHA, SYSTRAL, and MORSER. BOLZ'N are noisier than most, though they keep things just contained enough for the typewriter riffs and blast–beats to be heard underneath. Actually, little–known Polish death/grind outfit ANTIGAMA are whom these guys remind me of most, but if you don't know them, just know that BOLZ'N are definitely one of the more promising new grind outfits I've heard of late. Looking forward to hearing more. (EL)
(Ulan Bator, Postfach 350512, 10214 Berlin, GERMANY, **ulanbator2502@yahoo.de**)

BOOM BOOM KID – "Smiles From Chapanolland" CD

Going by the email addresses, I'm guessing this Argentinean combo is FUN PEOPLE related. A great batch of power pop, pop, and punk pop stuff. Sung mostly in their native tongue, the hits keep coming on this one. Could pass as a time capsule find from 1982. Great! (RL)
(Ugly, CC2975 CP1000 Bs As, ARGENTINA, www.bbkidz.tk)

BRISTLE – "30 Blasts From the Past" CD

BRISTLE was a drunk punk staple in the early–to–mid 90s, and had releases on Beer City and Havoc records, among other labels. From such songs as "I'm Drunk," "Lake Union Pub," and "Fired from Life" (heard twice on this disc), the listener can likely glean that BRISTLE has been the soundtrack to many a rough–and–rowdy party. Amazingly, they are back together and evidently recording new material to be released on Rodent Popsicle, who also released this disc. This CD is essentially a disco graphical release, though it is pretty barebones as far as liner notes, information, or artwork is concerned. BRISTLE is more poppy than I remember them being, and they are still not as good as DISTRAUGHT. (GN)
(Rodent Popsicle, www.rodentpopsicle.com)

BRUTALLY FRANK – "Th1rt3en" CD

The album title actually makes more sense in all capital letters: TH1RT3EN. Get It? Now, imagine a rockabilly/psychobilly band with a song entitled "Psycho." Yep, nothing new here, just solid, mindless, fun rockabilly. BRUTALLY FRANK does a good job keeping it fresh and fun. I love the song title "Wino Revolution." Rock on! (HM)
(Zero Youth, 1975 Maple Tree Ln., Bolivar, MO 65613, www.zeroyouthrecords.com, www.brutallyfuckingfrank.com)

THEE BUTCHER'S ORCHESTRA – "Stop Talking About Music" CD

It took a couple of listens to bore into the skull, but this is one raucous slab. Fucked up trash punk with a blues/rock 'n' roll edge from deep, dark Brazil. Plenty of fuzz and hooks galore, with the added bonus of Tim Kerr behind the knobs makes this a must have. (TB)
(Voodoo Rhythm, Jurastrasse 15, 3013 Bern, SWITZERLAND)

THE CALEFACTION – "Isle" CDEP

Self–released/produced five–track effort. It's of the indie rock/emo persuasion. KNAPSACK, that kind of thing. The type of stuff that propelled Vagrant to shifting–the–considerable–units status. The young chaps certainly do it well. Not my scene though. (RK)
(www.thecalefaction.com)

CAPITAL DEATH – "Carbon" EP

Super raw/lo–fi thrashed–out punk from Eastern Canada. The songs are pretty fast and aggressive, but in all honesty I didn't find anything special here. They do a YOUTH OF TODAY cover, but for reference that isn't really their musical style (which is straight–up, hammering thrash). This should have been put out as a demo tape. (RC)
(Punks Before Profits, 537 Caroline St, Rochester, NY 14620, www.punksbeforeprofits.com)

CHALLENGER – "When Friends Turn Against You" LP

CHALLENGER, a band formed by two key members of the defunct MILEMARKER, deliver what I believe is their second record. They are more basic and simple than I remember MILEMARKER being, but form their own sound nonetheless. While their previous band was starting to dabble (heavily) in keyboards and electronics, CHALLENGER has a much more organic sound. While they give off later–DC vibes (RITES OF SPRING, FUGAZI), they meld that with elements of JAWBREAKER or SUPERCHUNK. For modern references, I'd compare them to a band like PLEASE INFORM THE CAPTAIN THIS IS A HIJACK, CALVARY, or AT THE DRIVE IN…sticking to basic rock formulas and chord progressions but giving the feeling that they could slip out of that easily. (WL)
(Day After, PO Box 153, 35201 A5, CZECH REPUBLIC, www.dayafter.cz)

CHIMNEY SWEEPS – "Devil Girl" CD

Talk about primitive, here's the sound all the teenie–weenie 60s–luvin' garage punkers should be aiming for: bedroom–core. Do like these 15/16–year Oz fanatics did for themselves in 1966, tape a microphone to a broomstick and record your largely self–composed (!) angst–howling in whatever room is most square–free, bedroom or garage, your pick. Then, the real coup is to actually keep the damn tapes for 35 years in a shoe box like these guys did instead of taping your later folk–jazz noodling over them, or tossing them once you get married and need room for the kid's broken toys, or whatever was the assigned fate for so many independent recordings back then. "Upside Down World" is worth the price of admission alone, and both versions of the title track are spine stiffeners of the highest water. This CD is a real font of undiscovered (nigh unanticipated) original 60s moody rumbling, and if someone ever does an Australian take on *Animal House*, this is the de facto soundtrack. (RW)
(Vicious Sloth Collectables, 1309 High St., Victoria 3144, AUSTRALIA, www.viciousloth.com.au)

CINECYDE – "Like a U.F.O." CD

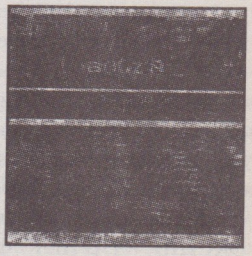
A new record from a Detroit band that have been around a long, long time (evidently their first record was released way back in the olden days of 1977 on Tremor). Hate to plead ignorance of their back catalog, but my fresh perspective will allow me to review 'em on their own merits—free from baggage. *Like a UFO* is punchy power pop with a lot of muscle and thick guitars...please continue! Complex, adult, and teenage all at the same time. (JH)
(Tremor, 403 Forest, Royal Oak, MI 48067)

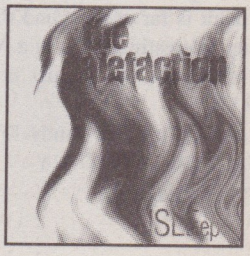
CIRCLE JERKS – "Live At The House Of Blues" DVD

The latest in Kung Fu's *The Show Must Go Off* series. If you caught these guys on one of their recent shows (probably with GBH), you know what to expect here. Hetson and Morris with Zander on bass and a good newer drummer. The drummer actually has the chops to keep up with the ghost of Lucky. You name it, they play it. A surprisingly energetic and powerful set from this older but still legendary band. (RL)
(Kung Fu)

CONCRETE FACELIFT – "Boiling Point" EP

Oh man, from the look of the really bad art on the cover I thought this was going to be horrible. But CONCRETE FACELIFT surprised me with eight songs of fast and furi-





ous thrashy skate–core. Lyrics deal with everybody's favorite topics, such as cops, fast food and skating. Pretty good tunes that more than make up for the bad artwork and layout. (RC)
(Welfare, 1105 Massachusetts Ave., Cambridge, MA 02138)

CRIKEY CREW – "Early Years 1990–2004" CD

Jeez, can't believe these Japanese skins have been around for 14 years. This CD appears to have tracks from a fair few of their UK oi–influenced early comps and 7"s, and less of their more NYHC influenced later stuff. Total aping of bands like the 4– SKINS, RED ALERT etc (even down to the dodgy skinheads with moustaches look that went unchecked in the early UK skin scene) but with the usual Japanese twist. It's a little plodding for me, but a great introduction to the best Japanese Oi! band. (TB)
(Hardcore Kitchen, Karum Bldg #304, 2–6–2 Kitanagasa, Chuo–Ku, Kibe, JAPAN)

DAMNED – "Stretcher Case Baby / Sick of Being Sick"

A nice-looking bootleg of a record issued in '77 by Stiff—featuring the original line-up of the band at the height of their powers. "Stretcher Case Baby" and "Sick of Being Sick" are two tunes that display the great Dave Vanian/Bryan James/Captain Sensible/Rat Scabies DAMNED to good degree: great power, fantastic playing, and recording quality that strikes the perfect balance between "studio" and "garage." If you're a fan of first-LP DAMNED (or aggro, elder-days punk rock in general) then by all means seek it out with extreme prejudice. A neat-o release from a band that did no wrong in the 70s. (JH)
(no address)

DEAR TONIGHT – "These Are Wires" CDEP

I realized as I was listening to this CD that I really wanted to turn the sound off so that I could concentrate on reading the lyrics and explanations for each song. Musically, I hear an effort to do something interesting, but it is all too predictable nonetheless. I can't pull the best comparison because this isn't a style I'm on top of, but to me it brings to mind SAETIA, ORCHID, YAPHET KOTTO and other "emo–hardcore" outfits—although the vocals and lyrics remind me of BANE. The strong point is far and beyond the lyrics, which bring up interesting ideas in a way that sounds fresh. Musically, this is just not happening for me. (WL)
(Dark City, c/o Randy D'Amico, 624 Lorimer St., Brooklyn, NY 11211, www.darkcityrecords.org)

DESTRUX – "Enter the Thrash Kick" EP

I am not sure whether it's the ninjas with the flipped–up brims on the cover, or the lyrics about the movie *Labyrinth*, but this record is just too goofy and generic to hold my interest. Your music doesn't necessarily have to serious for me to like it, but it does have to show some effort. To me this is just a lazy version of the first CHARLES BRONSON record. And that's being kind. (CC)
(Punks Before Profits, 537 Caroline St., Rochester, NY 14620)

THE DETONATORS – "Live in Hope, Die in Despair" EP

This DETONATORS material was recorded in 1991 at Gung Ho Studios in Eugene, Oregon, but never released due to financial constraints. The songs feature fast, journeyman punk rock with excellent gruff vocals, chugging guitar back up, and fair–to–good sound. The lyrics deal with corrupt politicians, the woeful inadequacy of the education system, the over–abundance of prisons, and racist cops. This is good punk rock with heart–felt politics firmly planted in the leftist cause. (BR)
(NFN, PO Box 10384, Eugene, OR 97440; www.freewebs.com/nfnrecords)

DEZINFEKCE – "Stací Najít Duvod" LP

Strong, burly hardcore punk from the Czech Republic that at once recalls *Feel the Darkness*–era POISON IDEA with classic Eastern European punk bands of years past. Maybe it's not the most obvious juxtaposition, but it's one that mostly works, especially in the guitar leads. *Stací Najít Duvod* either benefits from or suffers (depending on the kind of person you are) a very thick, metallic production—think very loud bass lines. The record could be described overall as being fairly "meaty." Overall, the more I listen to this, the more I enjoy most of the songs—there are some really memorable guitar parts, and suitable amounts of venom in the vocals. Unfortunately, I am no fan of "metal" production, and there is a very weird, sort of jazzy interlude that almost totally kills the momentum of the record on side B. Oh well. (GN)
(Pohoda, PO Box 28, 389 01 Vodnany, CZECH REPUBLIC, www.pohodarecords.com

DISCLOSE / BESTHÖVEN – split EP

Disclose is an excellent band, though I'm sure that there are people out there tired of keeping up with the glut of records that they've saturated the hardcore market with during their long career. Their side of this record is noteworthy for featuring lyrics written mostly by members of NO FUCKER, and for being more metallic than their last few records. There is even an entire song made up of pretty much one *intense* chugga chugga riff. This song, called "Unstoppable Tragedy This War of Aggression," is suitably drenched in Kawakami's trademark wall–of–noize, and it completely rules. BESTHÖVEN—as always—totally shines. For the uninitiated, BESTHÖVEN plays Scandi–beat hardcore pretty much better than any band currently going. Fofäo's voice sounds shredded, but it still retains a certain sense of melody. Hailing from an impoverished South American locale, genuine urgency comes through when BESTHÖVEN's sings about living "life in hell." Recently, I've heard rumors of Fofäo coming over to the US to play a few shows with some American scabs—hey Fofäo, I'll play drums! (GN)
(Cries of Pain, PO Box 1004, Windsor CT, 06095)

DISTURB – "The Last Resort" CD

Utterly forgettable French metalcore here in the HATEBREED school of hard knocks. There's lots of fitted backward baseball hats and super–creased frontward hats in the band photos, so you know the 420 Crew is reprezentin' they teamz. (EL)
(Locust on Fire, 420_crew@caramail.com)

DISTURB – "The Worst is to Come" CD

Hardly seems worth mentioning more about this French metalcore band—not a lot of difference between this one and the "last" one. This one is maybe a bit heavier and better produced, but that doesn't mean the riffs are any better or the songs any less clone–like. Tres mal. (EL)
(Custom Core, www.customcore.com)

DRIVING THE SALT – "The Ghosts Stopped Watching" CD

DRIVING THE SALT plays fast, produced, melodic hardcore for fans of anything between BANE and STRIKE ANYWHERE. They put a fresh spin on their cover of "I Hate the Kids" by SOA, and their lyrics are pretty socially and politically conscious. My main problems with this record are the horribly long movie samples, and overall lack of low end in the recording. Not my thing, but good nonetheless. (CC)
(www.strivingfortogetherness.com)

DROWNING NATION – "Thrown to the Wolves" EP

Tough, pissed off, X–Claim records styled hardcore punk from Helsinki, Finland that doesn't have the slightest hint of a metal influence. DROWING NATION even manages to steer almost totally clear of having any gratuitous breakdown or mid–tempo parts. There are some really good songs on this, the best of which is (ironically, considering my last sentence) the mid–tempo rager "Values." It's like a miracle. A hardcore punk band actually playing hardcore punk. Overall, a solid release. (GN)
(Sweetcore, www.sweetcore.org)

E3 – "Primary" CD

I don't dislike this CD because this group necessarily fails at what they are trying to do, which by the way is sensitive–boy strumming indie pop. It's just that I don't particularly like sensitive–boy strumming indie pop. The recording style is so spare as to come off sterile, which doesn't help. Eh, maybe the people who really dig Blackbean & Placenta stuff would feel their languid hearts beat a scooch faster over this. (RW)
(**www.lindenrecords.com**)

THE EARACHES – "Freedom Fries / Too Hot To Taste" 45

It should be said right from the get–go that the sleeve features a drawing of G.W. Bush standing on top of the planet, stuffing his face with fries while A–Bomb turds "ploop" out of his asshole. If that wasn't enough, Cheney is handing him some T.P. made out of the Constitution. Titter, titter. Giggle, giggle. "Freedom Fries" is the musical extension of that vision, and sadly it was better seen than heard. Both tunes bring to mind the sort of gruff, punk 'n' roll muck that is commonly associated with cowboy hats and sports bars. This record probably wouldn't last a minute on your turntable, but the sleeve could be on fridge for months. (MC)
(Steel Cage, PO Box 29247, Philadelphia, PA 19125)

EAVES – "Hohenangst" CD

More good metalcore from Germany here, the kind that could easily wind up on Per Koro and the like. This is definitely a graduate of the URANUS school of dark frantic emo, but they're a bit faster and more energetic than say, contemporaries like ANGSTZUSTAND. They mix a good element of dark melody into the songs without losing aggression and have enough memorable parts to make them stand apart from the pack. Good stuff. (EL)
(Yskalnari, www.yskalnari.de; Wild Zero, www.wild–zero.de)

EDISON ROCKET TRAIN – "This Train / Low Down Ways"

EDISON ROCKET TRAIN plays some olde tyme blues. This train sounds like it's straight off the *O Brother Where Art Thou* soundtrack. "Low Down Ways" makes me think of MOJO NIXON singing for ROBERT JOHNSON with special UFO sounds. Different from most of the stuff in *MRR*, and I likes it. (HM)
(Sentenza, www.rockettrain.com)

EMOK – "Shove Your Head into the Ground and Feed it to the Earth" CD

Holy fuck this is bad. This sounds like the kind of late 80s/early 90s alterna–rock that I thought was cool in 7th grade, only to realize it sucked nuts by high school. I don't care if you are from Israel; you can do better than this. (EL)
(Wrong, www.wrongrecords.net)

ENDLESS NIGHTMARE – "Gone" EP

I've listened to ENDLESS NIGHTMARE's demo a lot in the last year and I always thought it lacked some of the intensity that they have live. Well, whatever it lacked, this EP definitely has. In fact all but one of these songs appear on the demo if I'm not mistaken, but this recording is ten times better. This record is the smash in the face to every lame band that poses as punks these days, and hopefully it will knock them right into the road to get hit by the oncoming traffic of radically–pissed DIY punk bands to come. I could go into a huge description now about all the comparisons I can draw between this band and other bands we all care about, but I won't. The music and vocals are angry, negative, and nihilistic, truthfully delivered with spite and pure hate for the system. The final song "Not On This Day" (which is not on the demo) is definitely the best song on the record and certainly leaves me waiting to hear their next release. This is a punk record for punx! (WK)
(Endless Nightmare c/o Erik Mohr Andresen, PO Box 63543, Philadelphia, PA 19147)

ENDSTAND – "Burning Bridges" LP

With every release these Finns put out they seem to stray further from that emo edge they once sponsored, digging deeper into the more crunched–up metallic feel of, dare I say it, FROM ASHES RISE. This LP is fuckin' brutal, unrelenting, with hook–laden grooves and monstrous breakdowns of biblical proportions. The production so damned crisp and loud that you can hear every frikken note, every screamed growl, and the definite noise of the gates of hell been ripped asunder. Stick it up there with your other top shelf hardcore—in fact nestle it snugly next to your TRAGEDY collection. In awe. (SD)
(Day After, PO Box 153, 35201 AS, CZECH REP, www.dayafter.cz)

ENOLA GAY – "1982–1984" LP

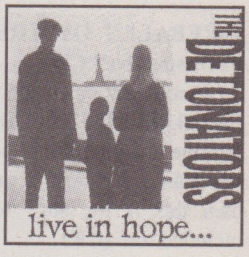
ENOLA GAY rode the wave of the European HC scene just as it was reaching its peak, though they are rarely thought to be a pivotal band. These recordings, from '83 and '84, exemplify their mostly un–inventive style, with the coarse vocals always well in synch with the guitar riffs. A few songs get two versions. Still, you can't fault their anti–war, anti–system themes; although always sung in Danish, the sense of outrage comes through loud and clear. The random screams in "Gud's Born" make it my favorite track. Not essential. (SS)
(Kick 'n' Punch, PO Box 578, 2200 Kobenhavn N, DENMARK)

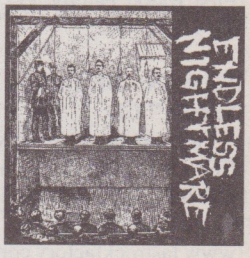
ENZYMES – "Henry" CD

This five–track CD takes us from chaotic metalcore to melodic screamo back to chaotic metalcore in under ten minutes. I expected this to be totally obnoxious, but it's not. I'd never listen to anything this macho at home, and I really hate the "sensitive tough guy" stick. But, musically they're pretty good. They don't go overboard with the masturbatory tech–metal stuff, and that wins points in my book. (VH)
(Doghouse, PO Box 8946, Toledo, OH 43623)

FALLOUT – "AmericanAnti" CD

I think this came out over a year ago—I'm not sure why it's taken so long to make it in for review. Political punk from Italy (featuring a member of the MANGES!) with vocals sung and shouted in their native tongue. This is pretty good—it toes the line between melodic and angry punk well, sounding hard and relentless at times, and





catchy at others. They mix in a lot of different sounds and keep things interesting. Unfortunately there's no lyric sheet, so I don't even know what the one song in English ("Possible") is about, but this is a great–sounding release and I wouldn't be surprised if they're a big deal in Italy. (AD)
(www.areapirata.com)

FALL OUT – "Xenodrome" CD

What we have here is some Italian metalcore. It's mostly pretty churning and moody, with up tempo rhythms and the occasional screaming guitar solo. Top the whole thing off with gruff, reverb–heavy vocals, and you've got FALL OUT. I wouldn't cross the street for it, but it's not bad. (AM)
(Cipo Cipo, Corso Cavour 372, 19122 La Spezia, ITALY)

FINAL SOLUTIONS – "Eye Don't Like You" EP

A tense, uptight hangover of an EP that credits an Art Director along with a band line-up of Ives, Jewlz, Trouble and Naczycz. It's troubled, head-jerking noise that causes nerves to twitch and fingers to go numb—space-age punk for wiseacre androids. Admirers of the A FRAMES oughtta check 'em out, as should Ryan Wells. (JH)
(Shit Sandwich, 3107 N.Rockwell, Chicago, IL 60618)

FIREBALLS OF FREEDOM – "Greasy Retrospective" CD

A compilation of the earliest releases from FIREBALLS OF FREEDOM plus extra recordings done during the same sessions as well as a few later recordings. If you like your rock hard then this is the stuff for you. Bonus video included too. (CK)
(Wantage USA)

FKS – "All Empires Fall" CD

Heavy duty, mid–tempo hardcore with a metallic edge, harsh growling vocals, and serious dose of double kick drumming. Tons of aggressive breakdowns hammer the listener over and over. The thing is, the music has an edge of dirty crust that keeps it from falling into the chugga chugga hardcore pitfalls that I originally thought were going to happen. Surprisingly good stuff from this Midwestern band. (RC)
(First Blood Family, PO Box 11004, Portland, OR 97211–4425)

FLIPPIN' BEANS – "Another Brilliant Disaster" CD

From somewhere in Sweden come the FLIPPIN' BEANS, with a BAD RELIGION, ANTI–FLAG kinda sound mixed in with some ska here and there. (AD)
(www.fastrockfactory.com)

FRUIT SALAD / TERMINAL YOUTH – split EP

FRUIT SALAD plays a mix of a lot of styles of hardcore, ranging from plain old 80s hardcore to 90s BLATZ–inspired punk with little hints of youth crew and power–violence, but very saturated in distortion. This reminds me of a lot of bands I see at shows who play crazy spastic music but lack a definite direction or sound. I like the politics in the lyrics though; punk needs to have meaning right now as so many bands have become anti–political boring repetitive crap. TERMINAL YOUTH's music is a good mix of crust and hardcore with a ton of intensity and some really blistering fast parts. They kind of bring to mind FILTH (even the vocals a little) at times and then they will throw in a blast beat or guitar solo that completely throws that comparison out the window, and then mysteriously it's back. Don't get me wrong, this isn't another FILTH/BLATZ split just a couple slight comparisons come to mind here and there. (WK)
(Moo Cow, 38 Larch Circle, Belmont, MA 02478)

FUCK THE FOREST – CD

Sorry FUCK THE FOREST, they gave the emo CD to the metal reviewer, so a good review's gonna be a hard sell. Far as I can tell this Sacramento band is similar to early MILEMARKER and/or YAPHET KOTTO—competently done with relatively tight playing and sharp arrangements, but no songs that really grab me by the nards. Doesn't mean it's bad for what it is though. (EL)
(916–451–8286)

GERMS – "What We Do Is Secret" LP

This is a bootleg reissue of a 12" that came out on Slash in 1981. The original compiled a bunch of unreleased tracks and the *Lexicon Devil* single. This version adds the songs the band recorded for the *Cruising* soundtrack as well as "Manimal" from the *Decline of Western Civilization*. This stuff is all fairly available, not least of all on the CD that has pretty much all their recorded output, but if you're a completist, by all means pick this up. Listening to this stuff, I'm reminded (as if I needed reminding) of how dynamic and urgent the GERMS sounded, even if the Darby myth has been blown out of all proportion. (AM)
(bootleg)

THE GHOST OF ROCK – "4 Songs 2002" EP

These guys got started on the wrong foot with me, putting out a 7" record at 33 RPM. Still, I am starting to warm up to them. They remind me of what FEAR might have sounded like if they came from the south. At the same time, it's got that hint of metal that FEAR also brought to the table, which I never really cared for. And one of the guys in the band has a mustache, a beard, and long hair. Shit, that's reason enough to hate them right there. In the end, though, I've got to give it the thumbs up; it's catchy, it's heavy, it's original, it's lo–fi, and it's punk rock. (KK)
(Sit–N–Spin., 302 Oak St., Carrboro, NC, 27510)

GONNA FALL HARD – "Slap By Gandhi" EP

Really fast, crossover–styled hardcore that is just as much influenced by *Cause for Alarm*–era AGNOTIC FRONT as it is by the first LIFE'S HALT record. This is done really well. The vocals are a little high–pitched for my tastes, but otherwise this record smokes the balls off a camel. (CC)
(Paola Gaiarsa, V/A S. Cristoforo 12, 36061 Bassano, ITALY)

GUNS UP! – "All This Is" CD

I recently got to check this band out live, and I don't remember them sounding this much like NO WARNING. Why anyone would want to sound like NO WARNING is beyond me, but these guys do a pretty good job at it. The song writing is solid, and the production is better than average. I am not a fan of the layout at all. It reminds me of something between a SAVES THE DAY record, and an American Apparel ad. If you liked NO WARNING's *Ill Blood*, and are bummed that they sound like LINKIN PARK now, then GUNS UP! is definitely worth looking into. (CC)
(1917, PO Box 2511, El Segundo, CA 90245)

H.O.D. / ...AND THE SAGA CONTINUES – split EP

A split record from these two Montreal–area hardcore bands. SAGA CONTINUES is decent but ultimately not terribly inspiring power–violence. They're plenty energetic and the vocals are good and pissed, but the songs don't leave much impact. H.O.D. (that's HANDS OF DEATH) are a bit heavier, with three guitarists doing fast thrashy metal riffing with a few hardcore breaks thrown in here and there, but nothing on this side was too mind–blowing either. Nothing terrible by either band, just nothing overly impressive either. (EL)
(Contempt for Humanity, www.cfhrec.com)

HELLSTOMPER – "Fine ...Forget It" CD

HELLSTOMPER did their ten years, and now they're claiming to leave at the top of their game. This is a fine album to leave on. It's full of their Southern hard rock with their over–the–top backwards hillbilly attitude. *Fine...* features soon–to–be–classics like "Baby's Outta Jail," "Liquored Up and Nasty,"

and "Don't Sing My Songs." You can follow Goddam King's "spiritual guidance" with his POLECAT BOOGIE REVIVAL combo. Farewell. (HM)
(Steelcage, PO Box 29247, Philadelphia, PA 19125, www.steelcagerecords.com, www.hellstomper.8m.com)

HIGHTOWER – CD

I think the emphasis is on the "High" in HIGHTOWER. As in: baked like a cake, stoned like a sinner. This is surprisingly good, mostly instrumental stoner metal from right here in SF, like the CHAMPS's fuck–up little brother who didn't do as well in math class cuz he was hanging out smoking weed through fabric softener tubes in the back of the room. Tons of riffs and changes in each song, a little sloppy but in a good way, like they're enjoying what they're doing, and the singing's not bad when there is some. Think C AVERAGE, BARONESS, a less techy SPACEBOY, and definitely the CHAMPS. (EL)
(Manbaby, 2830 Harrison St., San Francisco, CA 94110)

HOLLOWED OUT – 10"

Raw, fast, screaming hardcore thrash here from this young Chicago–area band. Elements of power–violence creep in as heard in the speedy drums, and the triple vocal attack is pretty effective. Fans of the usual crop of 625 and Six Weeks bands will be into this. (EL)
(Hollowed Out, 2412 Slayback St., Urbana, IL 61802)

INFECTED MINDS – "It's Your Time to Go" CD

Tearing through six one–and–a–half minute songs, INFECTED MINDS play the kind of 80s style hardcore that I love more than anything. It's fast, energetic, and totally pissed. I can't put my finger on it, but they're missing something, because I know I'll never get excited about listening to this they way I would with the NECROS or REAGAN YOUTH. (VH)
(WNB?, www.mindsofinfection.cjb.net)

THE INTERNATIONAL PLAYBOYS – "Sexiful" CD

This could possibly be the new wave of grunge. Is it too soon for that to make a comeback? They just need to work on the hooks a bit. I do like the look of the singer Monty Carlo. He looks like a cross between Grizzly Adams and Charles Manson. Now that's cool. (CK)
(Motron, PO Box 8951, Missoula, MT 59807)

J CHURCH – "Seishun Zankoku Monogatari" CD

I'm guessing this is a batch of songs with less emphasis on production and more emphasis on getting these songs out in indie fashion. Included are covers of THE CARS, THE MISFITS, WIRE, and THE FALL, as well as originals. A good batch of songs fueled by the J CHURCH twist of some good, underground songs. (RL)
(Snuffy Smile)

JEROME'S DREAM – "Completed 1997–2001" Dbl CD

This double CD compiles what I believe to be JEROME'S DREAM's entire discography, including their side of all those splits and some compilation tracks. The crazy drumming lays the backbone for these herky-jerky screamo songs that are packed with wildly jagged time changes. Musically I dig them, but the vocalist is just a little too squeaky and abrasive for my tastes. The packaging is cool as it has been with most of their releases, and I know they already have an established fan–base. So go ahead and eat it all up. (RC)
(Alone, PO Box 3019, Oswego, NY 13126, www.alonerecords.com)

JOY DIVISION – "Preston 28 February 1980" LP

One of the greatest bands ever, captured with adequate sound quality—spanning the usual hits that one associates with the group ("Wilderness," "24 Hours," "Shadowplay," "Disorder," "Warsaw," "She's Lost Control," etc.) Fortunately Ian Curtis' vocals come through clearly and there's enough space and three-dimensional feeling to the recording to allow the music to speak for itself. My fave JOY DIVISION tune ("Shadowplay") gets exceptional treatment as well. Fans will dig it, but newcomers should start with *Unknown Pleasures* LP or even the *Substance* compilation. (JH)
(Get Back, via Aretina 25, 50069 Sieci (Firenze) ITALY)

THE KIDCRASH – "New Runs" CD

A band with that new emo sound. Somewhere in-between SAMIAM and THURSDAY. Decent stuff that actually keeps it interesting without getting into a hits mode. Good guitar work here that really sets the mood. (RL)
(Lujo, www.thekidcrash.com)

THE KILLERS – "4" EP

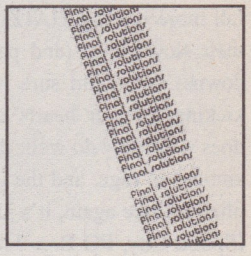
Super spazzed out hardcore from Illinois. As most know, we have the ex–CHARLES BRONSON connection, but musically it is a much different direction. The KILLERS jam together a hectic mix of thrash, emo, grind, and metal. Heck, my ears even picked up on a little JOY DIVISION influence. The bottom line is the music is great and, as always, Hater Of God outdoes themselves with gorgeous packing and a top-notch picture disc. Check this one out for sure. (RC)
(Hater Of God, PO Box 666, Troy, NY 12181–666)

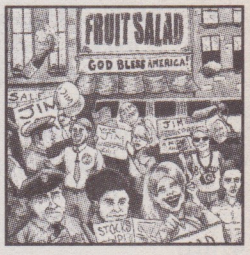
KILL YOUR IDOLS – "From Companionship to Competition" CD

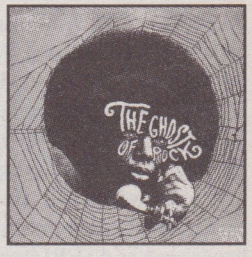
This isn't the first KILL YOUR IDOLS release I have reviewed, and it probably won't be the last. Nevertheless, they haven't really changed a thing since I heard them back on their very first release. Completely solid hardcore that perfectly mixes a touch of old and new school. The songs are fast and to the point with no filler to get in the way. The production is great, the vocals are strong and the lyrics are well thought out. Plus they throw in a PIST cover. You know you need it. (RC)
(Side One Dummy, PO Box 2350, Los Angeles, CA 90078, www.sideonedummy.com)

LASTING VALUES – "Do Something" CD

From Zagreb, Croatia, LASTING VALUES blast out seven scorching tracks of speed and intensity. I think eastern European languages like Bosnian work so well in hardcore, so it bums me out that all of their songs are sung in English. But that's my only complaint. It's a great disc. (VH)







(Sjor Mario Tucman, Stefaniceva 4, 10000 Zagreb, CROATIA, brandnewplace@hotmail.com)

LET IT DIE – "Stick to Your Guns" CD

In a perfect world, all metalcore would have fast verses like TERROR and have sweet solos like INTEGRITY. LET IT DIE has neither. The TERROR influence is definitely there in the lyrics and in some of the guitar parts, but they fall more into the HATEBREED category with their slow songs (and painfully slower breakdowns) that I am sure have all the kids spin kicking to their hearts content. LET IT DIE does what they do well: the vocals spit the right amount of rage, and the guitar playing is disciplined. Once again, it's just not my thing. (CC)
(Spook City, PO Box 34891, Philadelphia, PA 19101)

LIFE CRISIS – "Unpeaceful Protest" EP

Six tracks of fast, energetic, politically–fueled hardcore packed with loathing for George Bush. LIFE CRISIS probably won't change your life, but it's fun to listen too and better than a lot of the junk that piles up around here. (VH)
(Get Revenge, 4118 Florida St., San Diego, CA 92104)

MARTYRÖD / SUNDAY MORNING EINSTEINS – "We Walk the Line" EP

Monumental four-song Scandi-crust 7" hailing all the way from Stockholm, Sweden. The MARTYRÖD side sounds way more modern and metal with an ultra-crisp production. They get as dark as any Norwegian metal band would love to be, while still retaining the heavy, hardcore, D-beat flavor that brings to mind Swedish bands such as ASEBIA or ACURSED. They are obviously influenced by black metal, mostly in the vocal style. Their songs are well written and are driven enough to make you pump your fist like a maniac, while imitating their sounds as though you are choking on rusty boiled nails. On the flip side, SUNDAY MORNING EINSTEINS are equally D-beat crazy. Their two songs here are my favorite SME material so far. There is no mistake when you mix NO SECURITY speed, catchy TOTALITÄR guitar parts, old Swedish punk goofiness, and SVÅRT SNO vocal style. Those are some of the qualities that made Swedish hardcore famous, and obviously these Einstein's are well aware of it. Their tracks here are catchy, raging, and direct Swedish hardcore punk the way it used to (and should) be. (PM)
(Instigate, Tomegapsgatan 2, 223 50 Lund, SWEDEN, www.instigaterecords.com)

THE MIDLIFE CRISIS – "Ask Not What You Can Do For Your Country" EP

You turn 40 years old and all of a sudden they're assigning you records from bands named MIDLIFE CRISIS. Whatever it takes, because this fucker just plain rocks. You've got to give credit to any band that attempts to cover bands like the USERS, WARHEADS, and the AVENGERS. They've either got the talent to pull it off or they're stupid. These cats happen to have the talent to pull it off. Covering bands from the late 70s, they themselves sound like a late 70s band, but without sounding like a cover band. Even the pic sleeve has a late 70s feel to it. Very cool. Very fucking cool. (KK)
(Bootleg Booze, PO Box 89, 671 22 Arvika, SWEDEN, www.bootlegbooze.com)

MIDNIGHT CIRCUS – "Richard, Rodney, Rastus, Raoul, Roderick, Randy, Rupert" CD

The Hyped to Death reissue machine continues to jerk into the realm of manufactured CDs, which means I get to spill ink on yet another release, yes. This one is yet another coffin lid pried open amidst the vast graveyard of neglected early 80s UK indie/punk/scat that HTD has been chronicling on CD-Rs for many recent years. MIDNIGHT CIRCUS was a primarily cassette–only band (they snuck onto one comp 7") that, as they put it, "recorded almost everything we did" from 1980 to early 1983. The tracks range from cardboard box with tinny guitar screedsup to drum machine–led primitive synth pop. There is a rough tunefulness running through all of it that seemingly only UK bands of the period can pull off; the only contemporaneous US outfit I can summon off the top of my head that was operating in this sound was R. STEVIE MOORE. The UK DIY well may take forever to run dry, as there remain loads of things floating around in collector oblivion that need proper re–release (labels like Street Level and Object Music, the *Is the War Over?* comp, the PERFORMING FERRET BAND, etc.) The liner notes are refreshingly free of revisionism, laying down a vivid picture of kids of middle class parents trying to make a unique racket with very limited funds (they built their guitar in woodworking class), fueled primarily by youthful idealism. Sound familiar? So let's let guest reviewer Lester Bangs finish it up: "It's all folk music anyway!" (RW)
(Hyped to Death, PO Box 351, Westminster, MA 01473)

MIDNIGHT TRAMP – "Under the Moonlight" CD

Straight–up roots–powerpop from these Canadian taste–makers. They seem to be in love with the late 70s/early 80s ROLLING STONES sound (not the disco–luvin' swill, but the other "reacting–to–new–wave" songs on *Emotional Rescue* and *Tattoo You*). Alternately, this thing could be blasting out of the Stiff Records box set and no one would bat an ear, it's that well observed. None of the songs on this ever kick it up to anything close to hardcore speed, thankfully, so punks who need their power pop at generic AUTOMATICS MPH will be scratching their scabs in frustration. The rest of us can tip one or three and nod along to some great songs. (RW)
(Productions Partner, www.midnighttramp.com)

THE MIDWAYS / THE GLADS – split EP

This record features two 60s style garage bands. The MIDWAYS have a familiar sound, like they could be any garage band. Fortunately, their songs are catchy and fun. Personally, though, I like it when bands fuck with the formula. For instance, I'd like it if a garage band has a really macho sounding singer who definitely shouldn't be singing this kind of music. The GLADS have just that kind of singer, and I'm happy that they do. Just having him sing about a "brand new dance," even if it is called the "Go to Hell" cracks me up. (CK)
(Music for Cats)

MINNIES – "The Sing Along Experience" CDEP

This Italian band cranks out three songs of mediocre emo pop punk. More the kind of band I would expect to hear coming out of the Midwest, the band recalls BRAID, PROMISE RING, as well as the sometimes discordant qualities of bands like JAWBREAKER and SUPERCHUNK. While they don't fall into any of the embarrassing clichés that destroy so many bands of this genre, the songs fail to grab me. (WL)
(Riot, Viale Monza 26, 20127 Milano, ITALY, www.riotrecords.com)

MISERY / PATH OF DESTRUCTION – split CD

Good god, MISERY has been around since fucking 1988. That is a very long time. By now, you probably know the drill—this band helped make Minneapolis synonymous with crusty dreadlocks, the adjective "apocalyptic," and dogs. PATH OF DESTRUCTION is also part of that tradition, as they feature members of CODE 13, ASSRASH, and CALLOUSED, to name a few. Each band plays four songs of metal influenced crust core on what I think is a CD only release. (GN)
(Rodent Popsicle, PO Box 1143, Allston MA, 02134)

MISERY INDEX – "Dissent" 12"

I already raved about the CD version of this *fucking awesome* record in my column, but allow me to reiterate—this is a more–than–wel-

come return to form for these Baltimore–area political death–grinders (not that I think they've done anything bad yet) with the return of the inimitable Kevin Talley behind the drum kit. Aside from the speed and intensity of the whole band, *Dissent* contains some of their best songs in years—within a couple listens most of these songs are already stuck in my head and the breakdowns these guys come up with are singularly pummeling. Plus, continuing on from their NEXT STEP UP cover from the DYING FETUS days, this 12" features a bonus song not found on the CD, a cover of "Screaming at a Wall" by you know who, and though one nameless *MRR* contributor called it "blasphemous," I think the cross–genre tribute is far more exceptional than hearing another punk band covering them who sounds identical to MINOR THREAT anyway. I also think it in some small part counters certain prejudices the punk community may harbor towards the metal scene and its narrow–mindedness; if you were just reading the lyric sheet without hearing the music, you'd swear they were a crust band, with their very *MRR*–friendly lyrics about politics and capitalism. Undoubtedly one of the best extreme metal releases of the year. (EL)
(Anarchos, **www.miseryindex.com**)

MISUNDERSTOOD – "The Lost Acetates 1965–66" CD

It's official: 1960s psych–garage still has the inherent ability to bug your parents. I threw this Riverside, CA group's CD on in the presence of the Old Man and the whining that "they can't sing" was almost immediate. By exclaiming "can't sing," you can of course deduce that the raggedly powerful crooning (which comes of very THEM–like) featured on tracks like "She Got Me" and "Bury My Body" are in fact prime examples of mid–60s garage–level art–slop. Essentially any track you pick on this thing (and they all come from acetates that have never before been reissued) is top shelf 60s garage. The band moved to London in 1966 (!) and recorded some more stuff that betrays the Swingin' London environment; this is the proto–psych stuff. The 1965 tracks could slot onto any of the *Teenage Shutdown* comps, and the psych stuff (which is tuff, not fey, think Dutch OUTSIDERS) is freakin' out without breaking the three–minute barrier. You can tell these guys were songwriters, so don't expect I–can't–play–charm (which is fine), this is the real deal. *Ugly Things* magazine has been running a series of articles on the story of this band, so there's lots of background to fill out their crazed journey. (RW)
(UT, 3707 5th St. #145, San Diego, CA 92103, www.ugly–things.com)

MY LUCK – "Endurance" EP

Texas/Ohio kids pound out four tracks of angst–ridden youth crew hardcore themed around Ernest Shackleton's 1914 voyage to the Antarctic. The concept is interesting, but I can't say the same for the music. It's not bad, but if you're into this kind of stuff you probably already own at least 30 records that sound exactly like this. (VH)
(Not Just Words, De Kling 4, 8651 KC Ijlst, NETHERLANDS, www.njwrecords.com)

NAVEL – "Depend" CD

The latest from Japan's answer to J CHURCH. Actually this release has a more punk feel than prior releases. Would fit right in on Fat Records now. Not quite as catchy as past releases but the up tempo stuff keeps this rocking. (RL)
(Snuffy Smile)

NECKERS – CD

A rock 'n' roll band, a rock 'n' roll bar band, a rock 'n' roll bar band with a passing nod at some proto–punk forms, but they function best as a standard bearer for the endangered species they represent: the rockin' bar band that writes their own material, but doesn't slot neatly into the hardened sub–genres of garage, emo, rockabilly, or whatever. It's a tough row to hoe, but they are slogging along quite nicely thank you, and if I was in Vancouver, BC on a Saturday night I would probably head down to the show. "Not trying too hard" in the best sense of the words. (RW)
(www.theneckers.com)

NEGATIVE FX – "Government War Plans" LP

Parts Unknown Records does it again with top–notch vinyl treatment of this classic Boston hardcore band's demo sessions from 1982. Insightful liner notes from the original drummer Dave Brown, quality photos of the band, and great flyers provide a in–depth introduction to one of Boston's finest. Almost all of these tracks can be found on their posthumously released LP on Taang, so I wouldn't call this essential unless you are a die–hard fan (like myself). Better than SLAPSHOT. (CC)
(Parts Unknown, PO Box 4835, Toms River, NJ 08754)

NEWGENICS – "Eraser / Szymbionista"

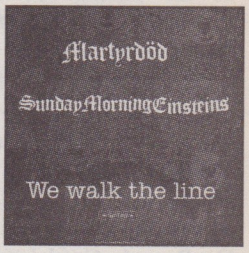
It's always nice to have the opening track's lyrics translated into French, Italian, and of course Spanish—may I suggest a bit of Gaelic the next time? By the cut of their garb, and lyrical content, I was almost expecting one of those bands with a manifesto, ya know, something like the MAKE UP or the AGENDA. But nothing so highbrow here, just two cuts of beefy, chunked–up punk rock, at times siding heavily on that San Diego sound, a bit of TANNER and a stripped–down HOT SNAKES. A damn solid release. I for one am looking forward to a healthier helping the next time round. (SD)
(Hyperrealist, PO Box, 9313, Savannah, GA 31412, www.hyperrealist.com)

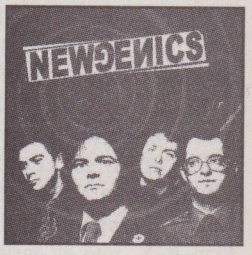
THE NOTHING – "Coma Poems" CD

There's nothing terribly original in the tunes present on this UK metalcore band's CD and I'm sure these guys would be on MTV with make–up and emo songs about their girlfriends in a heartbeat if they had the chance, but all that being said, they're still quite good at what they do and I found myself liking this far more than I wanted to. Just some quality riffs, smart arrangements, catchy songs, and an effectively spooky mood to the whole thing. As long as they can keep clean singing off their records they'll do great. (EL)
(In at the Deep End, 82 Barlow Dr. S., Awsworth, Notts, NG16 2TD, UK, www.iatde.com)

NOTHING DONE – "Idiot Stomp" EP

Note to bands: Don't let your record label embarrass





you with one–sheets that say things like, "since the band members have been around in the hardcore scene for quite some time in several bands, they ensure their live shows to be played enthusiastic, professional, and knowing how to please the crowd." I don't want to be told that your band rocks live by a promo sheet, and I don't want to know that your band is "recommended for fans of STOP AND THINK, ANTIDOTE, and TOKEN ENTRY." Let your music do the talking. Save that lame shit for *Alternative Press* or *AMP*. That aside, NOTHING DONE is really good musically. The vocalist sounds a hell of a lot like Gibby from PANIC, and the song writing is solid. But the lyrics are juvenile at best, and the graffiti logo and NYHC influenced breakdowns are proof positive that the rest of Europe is racing to catch up with the Boston monstrosity that is Lockin' Out Records. Good, but it could be better. (CC)
(Not Just Words, De Kling 4, 8651 CK IJLST, NETHERLANDS)

NUMBERS ON NAPKINS – "Waiting for Tomorrow" CD

NUMBERS ON NAPKINS blabber about girls over their sickly–sweet pop punk. They start off mildly mean to girls and quickly become crude and demeaning. These guys truly have their heads up their asses. They have good riffs, but their mix goes from too much lead vocals to too much drums to too much guitar. Actually the vocals are way too loud and too stupid all the time. Truly terrible. (HM)
(Bad Stain, www.badstainrecords.com)

OPERATION CLIFF CLAVIN – "Out of Control: A Discography of the 1990s" 2xCD & DVD

When I was 15, my band played with OPERATION: CLIFF CLAVIN at 924 Gilman St. and me and all my friends got heavily into this band. In my opinion just as much an electric folk band as a punk band, OPERATION: CLIFF CLAVIN wrote the catchiest songs and sang about issues in the most obvious, most straightforward way, like "What's this song about? Oh it's all right here, it's what it's about." I recall this band providing inspiration to want to drop out of school, tour, release records, etc. They took heavily from bands like CRIMPSHRINE, FIFTEEN and PROPAGANDHI, but also fit into the microcosm of one off mid–90s pop–punk bands, a lot of whom dissolved after a demo or 7"—bands like WHITE TRASH SUPERMAN, MUSHUGANAS, PUNKY ROCKIT, CONNIE DUNGS, etc. Since their breakup, members have gone on to form such bands as DISARM, THE DEVIL IS ELECTRIC, GHOSTMICE, SISSIES, and WHAT THE KIDS WANT, as well as turning their DIY pop punk record label, Plan–It–X, into an institution. After watching the band reform to play last summer in Bloomington and getting straight chills from hearing them, I reached a conclusion. The band was great. If you don't like poppy punk or preachy lyrics, you will probably dislike them—they have both. But they are the real thing. As people, they are gold. And although you may dismiss some of their lyrics as being naïve or unrealistic, they have forged the way for a mini–empire of bands around their vision of what punk should be—kind of goofy sounding pop punk bands who play for the love of playing and who go out of their way to prove it. This release is somewhat of an updated version of 2000's double CD *When Everything's Been Said*, and now includes my favorite release of theirs, the *Last Words* CDEP. It includes everything they recorded in the 1990s—89 tracks total on two CDs. Also included is a DVD, which pulls one or two songs each from various shows spanning from 1995 to 1998. It's of good quality and a lot of fun if you love the band but never got to see them. Cheers to a band that was inspiring, heartwarming, and whose songs are mindlessly catchy. (WL)
(Plan–It–X, PO Box 3521, Bloomington, IN 47402, www.plan–it–x.com)

THE PARKINSONS – "Reason to Resist" CD

The PARKINSONS play surprisingly good pop in the rough, distorted way that many Dirtnap Records bands have been doing it. I think it's a safe bet to say they are drawing from pioneers like the BUZZCOCKS, RICHARD HELL, the CLASH or JOHHNY THUNDERS. In fact, I wouldn't be surprised if they were around in the late 70s. This CD (their second) is a solid collection of tracks. My only complaint is that the seemingly good recording sounds like it was filtered through a fax machine, one of the horrible side effects of the mp3 format. Hopefully this will be corrected on a future pressing. (WR)
(Curfew)

PILLOCKS / BOOSTAZ – "Last Orders" split EP

Markus and his Intensive Scare Records have a fun split for you punks and skins. The *Last Order*s EP starts out with the veteran German punk rockers the PILLOCKS doing two quality punk songs, "Don't Forget" and "Last Orders." These guys always deliver good product. This is jaunty, sing–a–long punk with a pub rock foundation. The "Don't Forget to Forget Me" tune is especially catchy!! Side B of this EP features BOOSTAZ, who approach their punk with a melodic twist. "Requiem in Punk Rock" starts out spunky, slows a bit too much towards the end, and then picks up the pace. "Practice What You Preach" is a solid pop–influenced punk song that will have you tapping your foot. This is an interesting split. (BR)
(Intensive Scare, Lilienthal Str. 4, 10965 Berlin, GERMANY)

THE PNEUMONIAS – "Burn Baby Burn" EP

Despite the label address, I believe these dudes are from France, the country that instigated Freedom Fries. I've got to tell you, if I listened to this without having been given any background, I'd guess that this was some old lost Australian relic. In fact, it sounds like what the SIMPLETONES might have sounded like if they had grown up in Australia. This is almost–crazed punk rock that has a real *Beach Boulevard* sound to it. And then they go and cover the RIP OFFS. Wow. This one is worth searching for. Fucking great. (KK)
(High School Refuse, Berlageweg 12, 9731 LN Groningen, NETHERLANDS)

PRIMITIVE CALCULATORS – CD

If anyone can tell me what "art punk" really specifically refers to anymore in 2005, I'm game to listen. It's a lot easier to discern on this discus, a reissue of a previously impossible–to–find live LP by Australia's prime synth–buggerists the PRIMITIVE CALCULATORS. The first 11 tracks are the original record, recorded live in front of several folks (apparently) clapping at gunpoint, in 1979. It should be noted that this live LP functions as an effective bookend for the *Live at YMCA 10.2.79* LP recorded by the UK's similarly inclined CABARET VOLTAIRE for Rough Trade. But unlike VOLTAIRE, most of whose stuff works on a level that most of ya'll would not consider "punk," the CALCULATORS maintain their dour aggression at all costs and the result is very, very punk, like if VOLTAIRE had recorded an entire LP in the vein of their *Nag Nag Nag* EP. The bonus tracks, from hoarded shoebox cassettes, are even rougher and more, uh, punk. Call it synth–garage–muck. Anyone who picked up the SLUGFUCKERS or METAL URBAIN reissues last year should do themselves a favor and spend some meds dough on this as well. To have been at one of their cranky–aggro shows in 1979, especially compared to the mainstream sounds of that time, must have been like a visit to Mars, generating a totally uncertain audience response. This is "art punk." (RW)
(Chapter Music, PO Box 247 Northcote, Victoria 3070, AUSTRALIA)

P.S. – "Pivo Za 2,50" EP

These Czechs achieve that arena punk sound that RANCID made popular. Their active bass lines, call/response vocals, and complex backup vocal harmonies are essential to this sound. Damn, these guys execute this well. The picture

disc features an image that looks like a green time warp with a fantastic image of a pot leaf! Good stuff. Unfortunately, there are only 300 copies of this picture disc. Grab it quick! (HM)
(Pohoda, PO Box 28, 38901 Vodnany, CZECH REPUBLIC, www.pohodarecords.com)

PUNKORA – "Bombas De Democracia" CD

PUNKORA is a fun, ultra–political pop punk band from Chile, with an emphasis on the pop part of that equation. The booklet that comes along with this CD has tons of lyrics, explanations, and essays—almost all in Spanish—and is really nicely put together. Often, people dis pop punk because of its typically vapid lyrical content. PUNKORA, on the other hand invigorates this staid genre by injecting it with (from what I can understand) thoughtful political content. Also, it's worth noting that no fewer than eleven labels had a hand in putting this out. Way to go, team! (GN)
(Ikonos, PO Box 182, Reno NV, 89504, punkora@hotmail.com)

PURPLE WIZARD – "I've Been Wrong / I'm Not Angry" 45

.....New York combo.....two chick guitar players with great singing voices backed by a dude rhythm section.....doing covers.....old groovy covers!!!! Being that I'm a huge HOLLIES fan, I really got a first class boner for the A–side!!! DELMONAS eat your motherfucking hearts out!!!!! Everything about this record is *solid*!!!! I love a band that does their rock'n'roll homework, because the end result it shit like this!!!!! If you're a fan of new bands leaning heavy on that late 50s early 60s sound, but you can't stomach that weak ass, lame brain Estrus/Dionysus dick cheese that all those Lady Luck chain–wallet Gearhead bozos flock to; you might wanna give PURPLE WIZARD a spin.....there's not many retro outfits these days that can give a rock 'n' roll blow job this good.....that's for sure!!!!!!! My prostate is *on fire*!!!!!! (SW)
(Show And Tell, 7720 North Ashland Ave, Chicago, Il 60626, www.showandtellrecs.com)

RAMONES – "Birmingham Bop" LP

So–so quality boot (I'd say board tape) from a 1980 UK show. Think *End of the Century* tour. Not too many boots from that LP, and I can't accuse this of being from a Rhino reissue. Boots still suck though, and I'm sure this wouldn't make the top 50 RAMONES boots list. Which all suck too. (RL)
(no address)

RF7 – "Addictions and Heartache" CD

The artwork and design of this CD full–length could have used a second opinion or something. I mean, who thinks it's a good idea to have the pictures in your CD be reproduced from low–resolution video stills? And the font sucks. As for the music, RF7 brings some meat and potatoes punk rock to the table (har har). Nothing too fancy, just lots of rhyming couplets and simple guitar rhythms. It's pretty slow, too, barely breaking over "rock" tempos at all. The whole thing gets kinda boring by song three, and totally boring by the end of the disc. The singer might've saved it by sounding more enthused, but it sounds like he's not really into it either. (GN)
(Punk N Vomit, PO Box 3435, Fulerton, CA 92834)

ROUTINEERS – CD

A new punk record on Dischord?! The ROUTINEERS are a band of longtime DC scene stalwarts, and the level of songwriting, performance, and production is a testament to their combined experience. There's a male/female vocal trade off going on, and the female vocals have a slight SLEATER–KINNEY inflection that wasn't apparent in the DESIDERATA days. This is much more direct and to the point than most of the stuff that's been coming out of DC for the past few years—just basic, up tempo guitar rock. Cool. (AM)
(Dischord, 3819 Beecher St NW, Washington, DC 20007)

ROZPOR – "Organizovany Punk" CD

You don't hear punk from Bratislava every day of the week, so it's an interesting release geographically. Musically it's pretty uninspiring; gruff oi with a punk backbone. Perhaps interesting to those folks digging out punks from obscure parts of the globe. (TB)
(rozpor@pobox.sk)

RUTS – "Stepping Bondage Demos 1978–1980" LP

The RUTS were the only band that successfully tapped into English punks' fascination with Jamaican reggae, fusing sharp snappy punk rippers with dubbed–out reggae. Both their *Grin & Bear It* and *The Crack* LPs are mandatory, but this really is a fine addition. I usually don't have time for the recent craze of releasing every old band's fart in a bathtub, but this collection of demo and live tracks is tremendous. It appears to me that a lot of the tracks were never released and those are here are in a much rawer form. It always pains me that this band never got the recognition they deserved—maybe this collection will help to rectify that...fantastic. (TB)
(Last Years Youth)

SAME DIRECTION – "Fotografia Di Un' Etá" CD

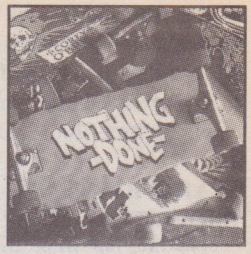
This sounds like political melodic hardcore. I say "sounds like" because though the lyrics are all in Italian, they have pretty lengthy explanations after them in the lyric booklet, and usually bands don't go to great pains to explain their breakup songs. If you're looking for an Italian version of, say, PROPAGANDHI or RISE AGAINST, SAME DIRECTION could be right up your alley. (AM)
(Unabomber, www.unarec.altervista.org)

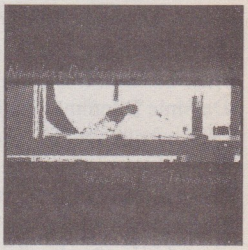
SIN MEN – "The Sin Men Are Dead" LP

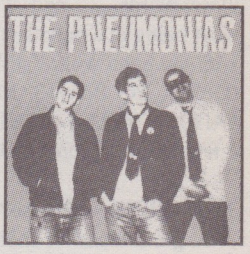
This ain't punk, this is just bad rock. I have no idea how this got into the review bin. (JF)
(Rendervill)

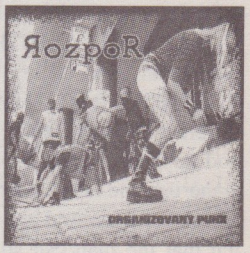
SKEEMIN' NOGOODS – CD

Hailing from Detroit (with the bass player from the NECROS and the LAUGHING HYENAS), the SKEEMIN' NOGOODS kick your ass with some good old–fashioned punk rock (with the emphasis on *rock*) which kick along at a nice pace...say....like a slower MOTÖRHEAD, NASVILLE PUSSY, or a faster ANTI-









SEEN. The singer's got a good voice for this kind of stuff and the music's really well played. It's not saying a whole lot, but this is the best thing I reviewed this month. (AD)
(Idol, PO Box 720043, Dallas, TX 75372)

SLARTYBARTFAST / HIGH SCHOOL DROPOUTS – split EP

The A–side from this Swiss band has a SAINTS quality. The Italian band on the flip side band almost sounds like an early 80s Cali band. Maybe SOCIAL D or AGENT ORANGE, only not as good. The Swiss band wins, but both bands are decent. (RL)
(Daytime Dilemma, Via Barontoli 327/a, 53010 San Rocco A Pilli SI, ITALY)

SMALL WORLD – "Seaside Town in the Rain / Don't Make Me Feel" 45

.....this is what I call a perfect pop record!!!!! Fab production, solid playing, great vocal harmonies (which is important when doing pop....most people over look this because it requires some skill.....BEATLES skill, not Fat Mike skill!!!!), energy and top–notch song writing ability!!!!!! I'm a sucker for these British power–pop combos that are stuck in the Mod trip.....especially if it's got the Detour tag on the sleeve!!!! That's a sign of quality for me.....like a big wet juicy pussy waiting to be eaten whole!!!! I'm sure SMALL WORLD is getting their fill of *quality pussy* even as I write these words.....and why not???? Isn't that what being in a band is all about????? Carry on with the good work, lads!!!! (SW)
(Detour, PO Box 18, Midhurst, West Sussex, GU29 9YU, UNITED KINGDOM, www.detour–records.co.uk)

THE TILES – "Please" CD

A great blend of indie and post punky pop that bring to mind THE PIXIES, PAVEMENT, and ATOM AND HIS PACKAGE. This trio has the groove and the spirit with simple melodies and vocals to make this stick right of the bat. Recorded by Steve Albini, I'm sure this only the beginning. (RL)
(www.thetiles.com)

TV SMITH – "X-Mas Bloody X-Mas" CDEP

TV SMITH was the main man (songwriter and singer) behind the ADVERTS. Remember them? Fortunately, ever since the late 70s, he's continued to write, sing, and perform, under various names—TV SMITH's EXPLORERS, CHEAP, and TV SMITH. All of his records are wonderful, and follow on from where the ADVERTS left off. This, er, festive effort is no different. The title track is a wonderful guitar and keyboard–laden biting attack on the consumerism and false cheer of that most cherished of celebrations. And just in case you've forgotten that the man can still give it the bollocks with the best of them, he and his current band also treat us to three "old" tracks, belted out live in Germany: "Gary Gilmore's Eyes" and "Bored Teenagers" from the first ADVERTS album, and the lost TV SMITH classic, "Lord's Prayer" (first recorded in 1985 by the LORDS OF THE NEW CHURCH, but don't let that put you off). I already said that all his records are wonderful. You should get 'em all. Including this one. (RK)
(Damaged Goods, www.damagedgoods.co.uk)

SOLID DECLINE – "Back in Line" EP

Apparently, SOLID DECLINE is an offshoot of the awesome German band Y. The steer away of the blast–beat pace that Y kept and go for more of a fast–paced Scandinavian punk assault. Though this is pretty straightforward, they do throw in the occasional melodic guitar riff to make things a little more interesting. Most of the lyrics are in German, but lyric sheet includes song descriptions in English for each song. The songs deal with subject matter like narrow–minded people, the armed forces, and marriage. A solid release from SOLID DECLINE. (RC)
(Heart First, www.heartfirst.net)

SOPHOMORE YEAR – "You Are Here...She is There" CD

Georgia pop punkers' debut LP. They have that whole SoCal melodic pop/punk thing down. Think major label UNWRITTEN LAW, or BLINK 182 minus the million dollar production values. Sounds good to me. If you haven't overdosed on that genre, then you'll certainly suck up this latest sugarcoated offering. Not that I suspect many folks reading this will be over–excited about this one, but there you go. (RK)
(Search And Rescue, www.searchandrescuerecords.com)

STAMMTISCHPROLLS – "Ausgereizt!" CD

The only problem we aged veterans—with our failing eyesight and rapidly decaying minds—have, is that we can't read the old–English lettering too good. So I may have gotten the name of this German skinhead band (with the obligatory long–hair lead guitarist) a bit wrong. If so, forgive me. The vocals are all in German, as are the lyrics, but they do seem to be jolly fellows, with a neat line in self–deprecating humor, even if it all does seem to revolve around drinking, pissing yourself, cooking, and the odd hint of violence. Musically, they dish out ten tracks of straightforward stand oi type stuff. Mid–tempo, gruff vocals, basic stuff. Like dozens of the second–rate bands that used to clog up the two No Future compilations. Not bad. Hardly inspired. The urine–stained sweatpants are a genuinely hilarious touch though. (RK)
(Asphalt, www.asphalt–records.de)

STAR STRANGLED BASTARDS – "Red, White, and Dead!" CD

This is the kind of apocalyptic crusty hardcore that you love totally if you love, or you hate totally if you hate. It doesn't matter how many 40 oz. I drink…I can't take this stuff seriously. I can't stand it. But I dunno, if you like TOXIC NARCOTIC, this disc might make for a great soundtrack to pissing yourself on a Tuesday night. (VH)
(Rodent Popsicle, PO Box 1143, Allston, MA 02134)

THE STEPBROTHERS – "Baby it's Over" CD

The STEPBROTHERS kick down some clean, energetic rhythm & blues in the vein of early ROLLING STONES. They maintain their composure while they show off their immaculate skills and incredible sense of rhythm. Their only noticeable weakness is the backing vocals. Good stuffs. (HM)
(Licorice Tree, PO Box 92783, Austin, TX 78709, www.licoricetree.com)

THE STOOGES – "Down on the Street / I Feel Alright"

Do we have enough STOOGES bootlegs? Well I guess not. Two tracks, quality cover, the High Prince of Lewd being held aloft by adoring crowd, maybe just before he whipped the tackle out and GG–ed all over them, great pressing, slight crackle as detected by Mr. Ryan Wells, or is that just the crock of shit sound system of *MRR*. Made all the more gettable by containing the tune that give us the legendary RADIO BIRDMAN, history man, ya just can't knock it. (SD)
(no address)

STOOGES – "1969" EP

It's a perfect reproduction of the French sleeve for the STOOGES 45 release of this album–version tracks. So. It'll run from $10 to $13 in your local shoppe to buy what amounts to a reproduction of a sleeve. Yer call. (RW)
(no address)

STREET BRATS – "You'll Never Walk Alone" EP

More SLADE than the STITCHES, these glammed–up punkers kick out some tremendous power pop. Like a faster EXPLODING HEARTS or even the BOYS with a slight street punk edge, this is catchier than a dose of the clap. (TB)
(www.fullbreach77.com)

SUPERCHRIST – "Heavy Metal Tonight" CD

Yep. What it says... live metal in the MOTÖRHEAD vein. Obviously, they aren't as hard, mean, and fast as MOTÖRHEAD live, but they hold their own. SUPERCHRIST get convincible arena production, but it sounds like the crowd's about 15 enthusiastic people including an annoying whistler. A solid performance with excellent sound quality for a live show. Heshers oughtta check it out. (HM)
(Bestial Onslaught, PO Box 543, Watertown, MA 02471, www.bestialonslaught.com, www.superchrist.net)

TELENOVELA – "The Broken Heart is New" CD

TELENOVELA play some eclectic stuff that makes me think of XTC, WIRE, and ELASTICA. The heavily reverbed dual female vocals add to their uniquely ordinary alternative sound. The bass drives the songs with the drums toying around with beats and syncopation, and the guitar adds the topping and nuance. Pretty good. (HM)
(Vinahyde, www.telenovelaband.com)

TROUBLEMAN – "The Last Show" CD

These dudes know how to work their hard rock formula. They get a solid riff and long noodly guitar solo...but these dudes do it quite well. They try to mix in a little punk, but it sounds forced. TROUBLEMAN sounds best just rockin' out mid–tempo with solid, soulful vocals that sound as natural as Vince Neil. Blazingly delicious. (HM)
(Offbeat Productions, www.troublemanmusic.com)

TYRADES – "On Your Video" EP

Wow…that was unexpected. The title cut is a long, somewhat art–damaged dirge that got left off their excellent debut album. The flip boasts more of what we've come to expect—two short, breathless bursts of electric punk angst. The TYRADES' wave of mutilation continues. (AM)
(SmartGuy, 3288 21 st St #32, San Francisco, CA 94110; www.smartguyrecords.com)

UNCURBED – "A Nightmare in the Daylight" CD

Evidently, this CD is a reissue of a mid–90s full–length originally released by Finn records, and has been made available for the first time since then by Crimes Against Humanity records. UNCURBED has been around for damn near forever, though they are relatively unsung in relation to their Swedish peers TOTALITÄR, MEANWHILE, WOLFBRIGADE, and SKITSYSTEM. Being a second–tier Swedish hardcore band, however, still leaves them clearly ahead of most of the pack, and on this disc UNCURBED blazes through 14 tracks of crusty Scandi–beat hardcore that, while not terribly innovative, is still pretty fun to listen to. This is the best CD release I reviewed this month, for sure. (GN)
(Crimes Against Humanity, PO Box 1431, Eau Claire WI, 56702)

VAN DAMAGE – "My Place in this World" EP

This record doesn't make any sense to me. It's got to be a joke, but I don't get it. The artwork had me convinced VAN DAMAGE were going to be a cheesy indie–pop band, but instead they let loose with youth crew hardcore packed with cheesy sing–alongs and cheesy breakdowns. It's kind of cool that when he screams, "I'm not jaded, you suck," the singer sounds exactly like Ray of Today, but that's the only thing this record has going for it. They're *really* into their awful name and reference it with song titles like "Lets do some van damage" and "Assess the van damage." Ugh. It's bad. The yellow and pink splattered clear vinyl might make for a nice ashtray… (VH)
(Gratitude, 75 Ladnor Ln., Carlisle, PA 17013)

VOGELFREI – "Zwischen Sehnsucht Und Rebellion" CD

I have to say, I really dig it when bands sing in their native tongue. The Germans do it particularly well. The only drawback is, of course, when they fail to provide translations for us monolingual fools. Especially when they come as good as this one. I wouldn't even hazard an (ill) educated guess as to what they're warbling on about, but they do it real good. Reminds me a lot of JAWBREAKER, or DIE WALTER ELF, in their ability to combine driving power with melody and just that right hint of pure pop. Get this one for sure. (RK)
(Bandworm, www.bandwormrecords.de)

WAKE UP ON FIRE – LP

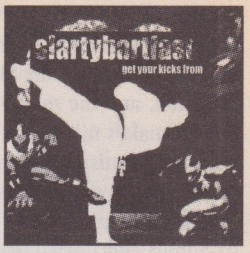
Side A of this record is pretty heavy melodic crust with some easily detectable elements of metal, especially the very polished sound of the drums and guitar. Kind of reminiscent of COUNTERBLAST at times, or maybe CONTRAPOTERE and their more tribal parts musically. I like some of the vocals, and some are way too death metal growled for me to where there is no point in even trying to figure out what is being said. The B–side of this record has an eerie sludge-core element to it, which does showcase the cello, but drags at times. Two songs at 33 RPM, if you get what I mean. If this sounds like something you like, the sound quality of this record is very good and the musicianship is excellent. (WK)
(Torture Garden Picture Co., 2039 River Downs Ct., Forest Hills, MD 21050)

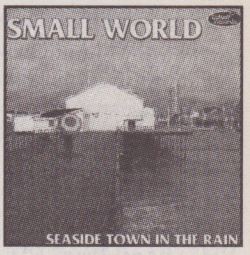
WHISKEY SUNDAY – "Maldecido" CD

San Jose's WHISKEY SUNDAY delivers a solid follow–up to their self–titled album of 2003. I loved that album, and was excited to hear how they would follow it up. The band, comprised of veterans of San Jose punk bands, including KRUPTED PEASENT FARMERS and APEFACE, has its own sound, which is most easily comparable to a band like LEATHERFACE. They show hints of everything from POGUES (especially on the boy–girl duet "The Laughing Academies" which recalls Shane MacGowan's "Fairytale of New York") to RKL and BAD RELIGION, and singer Dover's vocals sound like a gruff Mike Ness. The songwriting on this album is up to par with that on their previous effort. By now, they have established their style and on this album they try some different kinds of songs, some of which are less straightforward than before, and some which are a little more drawn out. Still, their commitment to punk songs with catchy melodic guitar leads holds steady. (WL)
(1–2–3–4 Go!, www.1234gorecords.com)

YOUTH BRIGADE – "Sound and Fury" LP

Let me start off by saying the song "Sink With





California" is overrated. Matter of fact, the entire latter version of the *Sound and Fury* LP that contains said song blows. The production is too slick, and the re–done version of "Fight to Unite" makes me want to fight the engineer. Its mediocrity misrepresents an otherwise classic band, and overshadows one of California's greatest ever punk LPs. This original recording of *Sound and Fury*—which was scrapped after a one–time pressing of 800—is infinitely better. While the B–side of this repress includes bonus tracks not listed on the cover, I recommend just listening to the A–side over and over again until you forget about the rap breakdown in "Boys in Blue." Essential to anyone who calls themselves a California punk. (CC)
(BYO, PO Box 67A64, Los Angeles, CA 90067)

V/A – "Anti War" CD

Possibly the best retrospective on the UK Anarcho scene that I have ever seen. Covering some of the big hitters of the day (LOST CHEREES, ANTI SYSTEM, ZOUNDS, etc.), but avoiding the bands that every fucker knows about (CRASS, CONFLICT. etc.) and focusing on some of the more obscure outfits (FLOWERS IN THE DUSTBIN, BLOOD ROBOTS, NAKED, PSYCHO FACTION. etc.) including a nice historical blurb about each band. It was this stuff that really changed my ideals and ultimately my life when I was a nipper and it's great to hear some of the old favorites and discover some new ones. Now of course in the spirit of the DIY anarcho scene, some of the tracks are a little simplistic, and yet they all have a certain charm, It's nice to see a comp championing a time when punks really sang about something, and really believed their actions were going to change the horrid dirty world out there. Now where's volume 2? (TB)
(Overground, PO Box INW, Newcastle Upon Tyne, NE99 INW, UNITED KINGDOM)

V/A – "JACK PALANCE BAND / ADDC / QUEER WOLF" EP

A three-way split from Chattanooga's finest. JACK PALANCE BAND gives us two songs of their THUMBS-like punk. While their songs are good, they still seem to lack something to me. ADDC also comes in with two songs of great fuzzy punk rock; this band continues to impress me. As for the QUEER WULF song, it ain't as good as their 7"s, but it still kicks ass. If you see this I say pick it up. (JF)
(This Here, PO Box 481, Chattanooga, TN 37401)

V/A – "Oakland: The Secret is Out" CD

I thought I had a pretty good idea about Oakland bands, but I didn't recognize over half of the 16 bands on this comp. Well, this compilation is as diverse as Oakland itself. It features a lot of different styles, from electronica to rock, punk, and shit. I like fewer than half of the songs. The only new bands of interest are the MILITANT CHILDREN'S HOUR and DEATH OF A PARTY. Other mentionable songs are from the FLESHIES, DRUNK HORSE, GRAVY TRAIN and PANTY RAID. Unfortunately, this comp will probably help Oakland remain a secret. (HM)
(Warm and Fuzzy)

V/A – "Punk Chartbusters Vol. 5" CD

The latest covers collection from this German label. This time around the highlights include SNUFF doing "A Lovers Concerto," DIE TOTEN HOSEN doing "Babylon's Burning," and NOFX doing "Champ Elysee," as well as countless lesser-known bands doing hits of the last four decades on this two disc set. (RL)
(Wolverine, www.wolverine-records.de)

DEMOS

Send all demos to: Erin Yanke, PO Box 1113, Portland,OR 97207. Please provide a postage paid price and a mailing address with your demo! Reviews by Erin Yanke & Peter Avery.

ATOMGEVITTER is classic thrash, only slowing down long enough to mosh it up in a couple places, although a few of the "mosh parts" are more like a headbanging break-it-down. Classic screaming vocals with a throatier guy doing backups. Solid. And it takes me back to hear an anti-backpack-at-the-show song. ($1 US or 1 Euro ppd. 4-song CD, lyrics included. 0/2, 146 Darnley St. Pollockshields, Glasgow, Scotland, G41 2SX.) (Erin)

BLACK HOWLER is too slow for grindcore, but has too much going on to easily fit into the new metallic hardcore world. Non-stop, thick and dark, guitar-driven, and tough. The vocals are screaming pain, and deep low down by two different guys. The music changes up a fair amount, and is brutal in the best possible way. ($2 ppd. 4-song CD, lyrics included. 367 South 5th St., Apt C, Brooklyn, NY 11211.) (Erin)

BRICKBURNER post-punks it up in an electronic way, with drum machines (or effects) and droning guitars. The vocalist is a shouter, but in a cold and distant way that works. They say they're into no-wave, and I believe them, although I don't know enough about those bands to give you a comparison. Refreshing. ($3 ppd. 7-song CD, no lyrics included. 6240 Hardy Ave #2C4, East Lansing MI 48823.) (Erin)

CLOCKWORK COCKROCK plays lo-fi, fast and simple three-chord punk rock, emphasis on rockin'. The vocals are yelled, sung, and striking. They're also in a reverb cave. It sounds like it was recorded live, with lots of unintelligible banter. Just like live shows! ($2 ppd. US, $4 ppd. World. 5-song cassette, no lyrics. 3615 W. Woodlawn, San Antonio, TX 78228.) (Erin)

DEAD DEMOCRAT works in as much talking on this demo as actual music. New ground here in the demo column, and that's saying something. Musically, this sounds like four drunk bored friends telling each other bad jokes, daring each other to write songs around it, and then daring the guy in the corner to press record on the four-track. Sparse music, and lots and lots of vocals. Really, though, it was recorded on a karaoke machine, and they're 14 and 15-year-old kids, so that explains the drunk and bored. ($3 ppd. 4-song cassette, no lyrics included. 206 Grantham Lane, Jacksonville, NC 28546.) (Erin)

FASTCRASH is a pop punk band in the vein of those bands that are now all over MTV. Melodic hardcore? Melodic, sure, hardcore, not at all. Sung vocals mix with up tempo songs that have a bit of a drive. All together it sounds like a mix between BLINK and something from the early Fat Wreck Chords days. Not bad, but then again not that good. (7 song CD, with lyrics, www.fastcrash.tk) (Pete)

THE FITT are a rock and roll hardcore band. Their songs have drive and a solid, full sound while maintaining a catchy feel. The recording sounds good and the songs are tight. The vocalist has a throaty screaming voice, the guitars have a bit of a dark sound and the rhythm section is solid. The only real problem is that the songs sound a little thin during guitar solos. On the whole, the music is nothing new but it's done pretty well. (15 song CD, with lyrics, www.the-fitt.com) (Pete)

THE GIZZARDS remember there's rock in punk rock! Basic and catchy, mean and funny, they carry the torch for CAPTAIN 9'S AND THE KNICKERBOCKER TRIO and bands of that ilk. It's got a jump-around tempo, and the vocals are more singing than speaking, but you can make out the words clearly. ($1 ppd. 7-song CD, no lyrics included. PO Box 7121, San Diego, CA 92167.) (Erin)

GLUBBE LULLUH is a punk band with heart and variety. The pace is fast, with good balance between the vocals and music, and simple familiarity, without making me feel like "I've heard it all before." The "Nazi Fucks" song is the only one that really changes it up, and is mostly a ska-punk song. Quality! (6-song CD, no lyrics included. Pelschans 24, 2728 GX Zoetermeer, Netherlands. glubbelulluh@hotmail.com) (Erin)

GROGAN combines pop and punk and ska like THE TONE, somehow making it their own within all those rules! It's mostly mid-paced and guitar-driven, simple, with a heartfelt singing style and lots of harmonies. This is toe-tapping, for sure. (£2, $3 ppd. 5-song CD, no lyrics included. 5 Holly Lane, Belstead, Ipswitch, IP8 3LZ, England.) (Erin)

THE HYMENS play mean hardcore, fast with no frills. Mean, like they take the time to insult people like the ladies they hope to hang out with. Guitar-driven without that fancy stuff getting in the way; solid. The vocals are kind of slurred and yelled. They do a DAYGLO ABORTIONS cover and have a theme song like all good punk bands. (10-song CD, lyrics included. 1640 B Peace Portal Way, Blane, WA 98230) (Erin)

THE JURY continues the fine tradition of Albany, NY hardcore. This is mid-tempo and straightforward, with the screamer vocalist keeping it moving along. With this band you can tell the hardcore came from the punk. (6-song CD, $2 ppd. Lyrics included. 37 Morris, Albany, NY 12208.) (Erin)

EL JUSTICIERO plays sloppy songs that are straight out punk. Mid to up tempo drunk punk tunes mix three chords with guitar wanking. The vocals are sung with a slight slur and a bit of a growl. It sounds like something that Too Many Records would have put out when they were in Spokane or Vegas. They do attempt to move away from the plain punk sound with a couple of drawn out songs at the end, but it doesn't really work. (5 song CD, no lyrics included, helljusticiero@hotmail.com) (Pete)

LEMURIA plays soft-spoken pop punk, slow but moving, and kind of conversational in tone. Pretty emo, too. The songs are split between one singer and dual vocals, but they're sung clearly and harmoniously. ($3 ppd. 5-song CD, lyrics included. 3234 Main St. Upper, Buffalo, NY 14214.) (Erin)

MZRCDXVL plays distorted, dark stoner punk. There's a layer of fuzz on top of the whole thing, sounding overblown and kind of evil. The vocals are from way back in the cave, and are kind of slurred yelling style. ($2 ppd. 13-song CD, no lyrics included. 1004 S. 4th St., Dekalb, IL 60115.) (Erin)

NANCY REAGAN DEATH SQUAD's demo has a couple songs at the end by TZ GLITTER. First, though, NRDS is great, playing traditional fast part-mosh part-thrash for the modern era, but with the classic themes coming through. The mosh parts are a little dude-breakdown-ish, but not too out of control. Driving, fun, good. 1-2-3-4-go! And TZG likes samples and has more of a traditional rock song structure, but brings on board a punk sensibility. How? By refusing to be cookie cutter, by yelling the vocals, and having the pop be more pop punk than just sweet. Good work, especially NRDS. ($3 ppd. 12-song CD (combined bands), lyrics included. 20 Oakridge Rd. Bristol, CT 06010.) (Erin)

RUINER is a traditional emo hardcore band, really, without mixing it up at all. The shouting,

the gang of backups, the guitar sound, it's all there. You already know if you love it. (3-song CD, lyrics included. 2981 Falls Rd., Baltimore, MD 21211.) (Erin)

SLAUGHTER HOUSE FOUR makes me look like a chump by thanking all the bands that I was going to compare them too! There's a funny thing going on in New York with a solid pop strain that's finally made itself apparent to those of us all the way across the country. This is on the political side of pop punk, but think of a more mid-paced and less vocal variety than DILLINGER FOUR more than of what you're thinking now. Earnest and good. (21-36 43rd St., Third Floor, Astoria, NY 11105.) (Erin)

STATUTAUR plays complex, instrumental songs. I guess you would call them a hardcore band but there are so many elements in play here that it is hard to leave it at that. One song might contain surf guitar parts right next to metal breakdowns and 80s pop keyboards. Some of the stuff is discordant and the songs trail off at times but they tend to be structured enough so as not to annoy those who are tired of artsy crap. All the songs are well played and the recording is very good. On the whole, they play complex songs that you can still listen to. This is well worth checking out. (8 song CD, no lyrics included, obviously, $10, lazerseizure@earthlink.net) (Pete)

TERMINATION STATION plays as fast as they possibly can then throw in some break downs. The songs are short (not a song over two minutes) and pretty simple hardcore tunes with a metal influence. The vocalist really throws it out there with deep, throaty screams. The guitar is high on the treble and in fact the whole recording is. The lack of bass in the mix really hurts the whole thing. The songs are sloppy but they don't lack energy. (7 song CD, lyrics included, $2 ppd, terminationstation666@yahoo.com) (Pete)

THUMBS UP! plays high speed hardcore with a bit of a sloppy feel. The songs are short, the tempo is up and the sloppy play gives it an energetic feel. The vocalist screams all out, the guitar plays basic power chords and the rest just pound away. Another band that plays pretty good hardcore songs but fails to do anything new. (8 song CD, with lyrics, P.O. Box 22614, Philadelphia, PA 19110, www.thumbsuphardcore.com) (Pete)

THE TOLEYS play mid tempo punk songs with offensive lyrics (I don't need to listen to punk songs to here guys talk about their dicks). The songs are basic three chord tunes with a highly distorted guitar that is heavy on the treble. The vocals are sung and terribly out of tune. On the whole, the sound is dull and monotonous and it all tends to sound the same after a couple songs. (10 song CD, no lyrics, thank God, toleytown@comcast.net) (Pete)

THE TRAKES are a catchy and fun more-rock-than-punk band, with 3-minute song structures. There's a lot going on here: harmonies, guitar solos, and even some slow moments, but they never take their eye of the glory of the good rockin' song. They also have a futuristic time travel robotic thing going on, but I'm not going to take away all the surprise ($7 ppd. 7-song CD, no lyrics included. 250 Suydam Ave., Apt 4, Jersey City, NJ 07304.) (Erin)

WARZONE WOMYN play broad-stroke simple hardcore. The songs are over before you know it, with lilting, power-strumming guitars and crashing drum work. They get down to business, sure — then the shouting deep vocals kick in and take it to the end. The vocals are loud, but it doesn't detract too much from the music. ($3 ppd. 12-song cassette, lyrics included. PO Box 9241, Pittsburgh, PA 15224-0241.) (Erin)

WARZONE WOMYN has a split demo with **FLAK** this month. WW is described above, although they have faster moments on this tape, and more feedback! The vocals have more variety, and they sound more "feelin' it" on this. Yeehaw! They also do a CROSSED OUT cover. FLAK plays classic thrash hardcore, intro-fast-faster-fast. The vocals are slurred and yelled, and mix in well to the music. They do an ANTI-CIMEX cover. The sides work well together, without being mirror images. I like it! ($3 ppd., or $5 for both this and the WARZONE WOMYN solo demo. 9-song cassette: 4 by Flak, 5 by WW, lyrics included. PO Box 9241, Pittsburgh, PA 15224-0241.) (Erin)

THAI PUNX

ZINES

Reviews by: (AR) Aragorn, (JB) Julia Booz Ullrey, (MD) Mikel Delgado, (MF) Maree Faygo, (CH) Cassie Harwood, (HH) Harald Hartmann, (JM) Jeff Mason, (GN) Golnar Nikpour, (CR) Casey Ress, (CQ) Cooper Quintin, (AV) Andy Van Buren Shoup, (DS) Dionne Stevens, Ben Ditch (BD), Layla Gibbon (LG) .

Please send your zine in for review. Write down any information you want included in the review; method of printing, number of pages, issue number and post paid price. If you want us to include a foreign post paid price, tell us. If you accept trades, tell us. The only information we will include is what you provide us.

APATHETIC MASS #1 / $1
8.5 x 5.5 - copied - 20 pgs
This is the debut issue of this zine, and its actually pretty good for a first issue. A great layout, some solid interviews, and some OK articles. Actually, this is not the best writing I've seen, but with some practice *Apathetic Mass* could actually be a pretty good, well-rounded zine. (CQ)
15358 Midcrest Dr / Whittier, CA / 90604

BADLY DRAWN COMIC JOURNAL June-July 2004 / $5
5.5 x 8.5 - copied - 44 pgs
This was pretty hard to get through, to be honest. Pages and pages of the mundane details of this boy's summer in comic format, from making kiddie rape jokes at summer camp in Berkeley to seeing Ian Svenonius in DC on a cell phone. If you like reading people's live journals then this will blow your mind. I think he does these strips on a daily basis, even when he just goes out to get falafel, very post modern I am sure. Added bonus: Will Wheaton and Corey Feldman at ComicCon. (LG)
Ben Claassen the Third / 7209 25th Ave / Hyattsville, MD 20783
bendependent@yahoo.com

BETTER NOT BORN #1 / free in person, stamp or trade
5.5 x 8.5 - copied - 16 pgs
This features the usual zine fare of reviews and interviews and a lot of ads for such a skinny zine. The interviews are generally interesting if vague, and are with Hirax, Envenomed, Wasteland DC, and Chris Williams of Witching Hour records. There is a bizarre centerfold, with a printout of titles from her local internet message board, which seemed kind of pointless, but it's free and if you want to read about Hirax's opinions of women in punk, this would be the place to do it. (LG)
21 W 16th St #10 / Indianapolis, IN / 46202
Nuclearbarbeque@yahoo.com

BLACK MAPS #3 / $2
5.5 x 8.5 - copied - 52 pgs
Issue #3 of *Black Maps* is written around the theme of vertigo, as an existential idea, as opposed to that which is strictly caused by high places From reading the zine (which is mostly auto biographical), I am guessing that Blackmaps is in his early twenties, which is pretty awesome, as his writing doesn't appear to reflect it. Said writing is a little uneven, but it is good, and I have a feeling that it will get better. When English teachers were blathering on about tone and "the writer's voice," it appears that Blackmaps was paying attention. When those things come out in zine writing it is a fantastic and rare thing to behold. I'm looking forward to the next issue, and that's something I don't often say. (AS)
PO Box 34584 / Philadelphia, PA 19101

BLURT # 2 / $2
4 x 5.5 - copied - 82pgs
This a very thick little zine, and not a wholly unentertaining read. It follows Lew through the trials and tribulations of going to school in Kutztown, PA, a small college town that he has an obvious soft spot for. This is a zine about girls and crushes mostly. I can relate, but I've read better zines with the same subject matter. There are a lot of them out there. This one seems a little too self indulgent. There is no underlying message, no real story. There is no attempt made by Lew to have his personal stories have any larger context, to say anything about humanity or people in general. Maybe that's a good thing, I don't know. *Blurt* is very well layed out, and seems like a labor of love. My advice to Lew is to keep on writing—you're good, but there is room for improvement. Remember, prepositions are your friends. There seemed to be a distinct lack of them in this issue. (BD)
Lew Houston / 135 Wapwallopen Rd / Nescopeck, PA 18635

BLVD #1 / letters or trade
4.25 x 5.5 - copied - 40 pgs
This is a cute, handwritten zine full of comics and stories. Some of the stuff in here is pretty funny, some is pointlessly silly, and some of it is more thoughtful, such as the writer's responses to editorials on the recent Abu Ghraib prison scandal. Overall, the zine was engaging enough that I read it straight through. Woo-hoo! (CH)
530 Caroline St / Rochester NY / 14620
rockwellrenaissance@hotmail.com

CHANSONS D'AMOUR DE FANORAMA #27.5 / **LEFT BACK** #4.5 / $10, stamps, or trade, free to prisoners
8.5 x 11 - copied - 66 pgs
Love and hostility, that's what Reb's offering in his part of this split. He's got "mad love" (as the kids say) for all prisoners, especially the ones cranking out fanzines for his publishing empire. Hostility is reserved for pigs (GWB & guards) and allies whom he judges insufficiently down with prisoner support. Sometimes the same person gets both. Plenty of hot (?) punk guys are offered up as eye candy (including Uncurbed), and Neil Wiener gets a full-color centerfold (mostly writing) describing his recent slashing. Of course, Reb comes out strong against "political correctness"—I think he is full of shit on this issue. Prisoners write whatever they want, but when reviewers write what they think in

response (e.g. "that's sexist") they're "uptight conservative[s]." Chadd's contribution is the story of him getting shipped to the hole (solitary confinement) for starting anti-racist organizing, which the pigs call "gang activity." Anyone would go crazy in prison, cuz the state is so aggressively mean and stupid (though quite good at achieving its goals), and solitary is almost the worst of their clubs. The zine is so expensive due to the color cover, nice paper, etc. (JM)
109 Arnold Ave / Cranston, RI 02905
http://fanorama.tk

CHARGED HAIR DISTORTED RIFFS BULLET BELTS & CIRCLE PITS # 2.5 / $2 / trade or a mix tape
5.5 x 8.5 - copied - 44 pgs
Fuckin damn. I heard about this zine and I thought it would be exquisite, but I guess nothing can really live up to the distant fantasy land that exists only in my expectations. What exactly compels people to make "punk flyer" zines? I know they are part of our culture, and I realize that they sometimes get overlooked as one of the best and most artful examples of the punk aesthetic, but c'mon man. A whole zine? Luckily, this at least has a break down of a show review or a confession for all the flyers, which I admit, are chronologically better and better. I can get a sense of what a regular *CHDRBB&CP* is like, and I know it would amuse and satiate my need for enthusiasm, hilarity, and general punk-aliciousness. (JB)
Jeff / PO Box 21530 / 1424 Commercial Dr / Vancouver, BC / V5L - 5G2

CHINMUSIC #7 / $4
8.5 x 11 - printed - 60 pgs
Without a doubt my very favorite zine to review is *Chinmusic*. And while I suspect that most of *Maximum*'s readers are not diehard baseball fans like myself, those of you that like a little bit of the life between the lines to balance out life in the pit, have found their reason for being. Even the staid Baseball Hall of Fame has found merit in their work, requesting their full slate of issues to include in their archives. Not bad for a zine that also details the finer points of The Minutemen. Besides Kevin Chanel's piece on the seminal SST band, this issue includes an article on Doc Ellis, famous for pitching a no-hitter on LSD, and two other unknown heroes of baseball's past, Hank Thompson and Eddie Joost. With the record reviews and other little bits, *Chinmusic* (insert tired hackneyed cliché here such as; "hits a home run," "represents a full line-up," or "delivers champion caliber reading." Ugh!) is a pretty fine read. (CR)
PO Box 225029 / San Francisco, CA 94122
www.chinmusic.net

CITIZINE # 7/ $3.25
8.2 x 11 - printed - 44pgs
As can be read in the press release that accompanies this over-priced glossy, this issue contains "exclusive interviews with John Denny of LAs' Weirdos, Joey "Shithead" Keithley of DOA and Kira Roessler, former bassist for Black Flag." I got shit in the letters section last time I reviewed *Citizine* for not paying enough respect to the punk pioneers interviewed within its pages. Maybe I was too harsh, but I still refuse to accept that the Dead Kennedys are still "awesome and punk," even after touring without Jello and suing him. But I digress. This issue is a lot more bearable than the last one. I was totally stoked to read the Kira interview because I think she's awesome, but when I actually read it, it was pretty disappointing. It focused almost entirely on Black Flag, and barely touched on other projects she's been involved with over the years. I guess my bone of contention with *Citizine* is that all the interviews are conducted over the telephone, and I think that's really obnoxious. Especially when the interviewer cuts off and interrupts the interviewee constantly. Also, some editing is sorely needed. As it is I find myself reading through whole pages of "hello....can you hear me?" Hello....?" "Let me try the other line..."etc. Is that really necessary? Anyway, other than idiotic interviews you can find "irreverent looks at characters that dominate American politics and popular culture". and of course plenty of record and DVD reviews. Don't say I didn't warn you. (BD)
T Dubbs Enterprises / 2513 W 4th St / Los Angeles, CA / 90057

A DUMB LITTLE BOOK ABOUT HEAVY METAL / $1
2 x 2.5 - copied - 32 pgs
As someone who lived and loved through bad metal the first time around, it's hard to see why it is suddenly cool again. Hell, maybe I'm just getting old. Or, maybe it's just shitty, uninspiring music coming out of a misogynist and racist culture. Oh well, this is the ABCs of heavy metal, with cute graphics, and seven of the letters feature derogatory references to women. If you really care about Cinderella and Poison (or maybe you just like wearing cool retro t-shirts you hipster you) maybe you'll enjoy this. (MD)
Ben Claassen / 7209 25th Ave / Hyattsville, MD 20783
bendependent@yahoo.com

EARQUAKE #86 / $2
8 x 6 - copied - 24 pgs - French
This small fanzine has an article on the ska band Less Kro, and an article on Attack Books. The rest of this fanzine is both record and fanzine reviews. If one is interested in the French scene, *Earquake* is a must. (HH)
Frederic Leca / 55 Rue St Jean / 88300 Neufchateau / France
Email: earquake@hotmail.com

FACIAL DISOBEDIENCE #3 **/ YOU'VE COME TO TAKE MY TOYS AWAY** #1 **/** $1 or trade
5.5 x 8.5 - copied - 48 pgs
OK, so if I am ever in Southampton, Shirley, or a neighboring English town (city?)...and I happen to meet any of the blokes responsible for this split or *Go Large, Remains Of A Caveman* or perhaps another recent publication by what I assume to be associates of this pack, our initial encounter may be a bit awkward, for me. I mean, their zines divulge so much personal information (endearing too). I read it. I store it away in my little brain; and I'd feel like I have all this insight and dirt on these dudes in advance. They don't know a thing about me, and here we'd be meeting in like England or abroad somewhere, and I may not be 100% comfortable coming at them like some emerging Peeping Tom. They strike me as such sweet, smart people that we'd undoubtedly have more to talk about…but I'm not trying to get all hung up on that possibility. So, let us move on to my next concern. I think it's a tad peculiar how so many pissed (drunk) punks- always out fuckin' shit up are so damned eloquent in recapping their yarns, as demonstrated by both sides of this split.

That classic contradiction is yet another beautiful reason why the punks cannot and will not be stopped! (DS)
Phil c/o Suspect Device / PO Box 295 / Southampton / SO17 1LW / UK

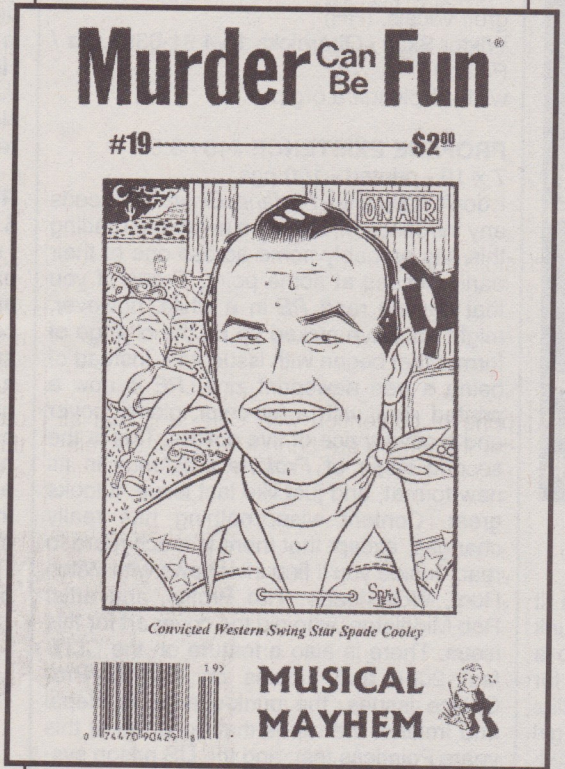
FEARS FAILURE; SABOTAGES SUCCESS / $1
5.5 x 4.25 - copied - 48 pages
OK, this is one of those zines that has a bit of everything with the exception of coherence; included are photos, thoughts, ramblings, and some weird letters. I'm sure that the creation of this zine was quite a cathartic experience (it includes a reference to the *Bell Jar*, for chrissakes) for the editor, but it is a pretty forgettable read. My copy came with some pins. You want 'em? (GN)
639 E Locust St / Apartment 2 / Scranton, PA 18505

A FIERCE WAR IN MINIATURE #2 / $3
8 x 6 - copied - 100 pgs
This small, anti-war fanzine is all photos and headlines from newspapers and magazines. It is a cut and paste effort that juxtaposes images and words that clearly demonstrate how fucking wrong Bush's invasion of Iraq really is. Personally, I think it best to buy the first and second one together for five bucks. Soon one will be able to get the third issue, hopefully chronicling the liberation of Iraq from American occupation. One can only hope this fanzine series ends at issue three. But then again, maybe by then the editor will be able to start in on those wars the warmongers have yet to think up. (HH)
AFW / 818 SW 3rd Avenue / PMB 1237 / Portland, OR 97204
afiercewar@fastmail.fm

THE FUTURE BELONGS TO GHOSTS #1 / $1
8.5 x 5.5 - copied - 16 pgs
This is a pure art zine, almost no words at all. All the art is drawings of photos from *Heart Attack*. This is really fucking great art. Seriously, I took this zine apart and put it on my walls. If you like good art, get a copy immediately. (CQ)
PO Box 220651 / Chicago, IL 60622

HARBINGER #5 / free (donations accepted)
11 x 17 - printed - 12 pgs
This has been out forever, but it's still a good read. I mean, it is a lot of the same from this crew—quit your job, won't it be great when society is destroyed, etc.—but the writing is mostly real sharp. It's well done graphically as well. Some of this stuff has appeared in *MRR* and elsewhere. I'm typing these reviews from a cripple's house, so I can't in good conscience get excited about a disaster bringing able-bodied communities together, cuz the infirm rely on industrial society more than most. Still, I'm always excited to see this tabloid. (JM)
PO Box 1963 / Decline To State, WA 98507

IMPACT PRESS #54 / $2 / free in person
8.5 x 11 - printed - 64 pgs
A friend and I were discussing how many times the typical conversation of whether honey is or is not vegan has happened in the entire history of eating, and we concluded it could be somewhere in the hundreds of thousands. Line by line, someone should do a poll on how many times someone has belligerently uttered "bees aren't even animals!" I've decided that the spread of the knowledge on animal torture and the propaganda of the left isn't necessarily what compel a person to choose personal boycott. Sure, it has to have started becoming more common because of the work of PETA and other organizations, but I know for myself I was never so stirred by a photograph of a skinned cow as by personal encounters with people I knew who abstained from consuming animal products. I think what really stirs people is personal confrontations of the radical evangelist ilk. All of this said, *Impact* is way too full of information about the inhumane treatment of animals. And the other half is just about the damn election. Almost every article is written by a professor, which makes for an intelligent and carefully argued assault on the Bush administration (which really, there can never be enough of). Yet, academic ardor and vote-or-die-spewage doesn't exactly satisfy my hunger for the punk writer-ly tradition of positioning oneself outside "the system" and analyzing the status quo from the perspective that acknowledges we will not change things just by voting. Usually I don't go off this much, it's just that I think this is a good magazine with a broad focus, but alacrity for repetition that does not flatter its potential. (JB)
Impact Press / PMB 361, 10151 University Blvd / Orlando, FL 32817



LAZY BONES #3 / $1
8 x 5.5 - copied - 28 pgs
A nice, fast read in the journal-as-novel genre. You might know this zine under its former title of *Kimosabe*. If you've read that one, you will probably enjoy this better. Marc claims that he's cut down on the unnecessary rambling that makes these types of zines a bit boring, and while I've not read his previous issues, I can say that the writing and editing is better than a hell of a lot of zines. Most of the stories are about finding and ultimately not getting crappy jobs. Definitely an enjoyable read. (CR)
2000 NE 42 Ave #221 / Portland, OR 97231

MURDER CAN BE FUN #19 / $2
5.5 X 8.5 - copied- 48 pgs
Murder Can Be Fun, for the uninitiated, is the product of John Marr of San Francisco. Marr is particularly fascinated by murder (duh), disasters, disease, and all manner of blights upon humanity. He is a student of obscure history, and puts a shitload of time and effort into researching and writing every issue. The primary appeal, however, is that his tone is whimsical and clever (hence the name of the zine). The theme of long-awaited issue #19 is "Musical Mayhem," and focuses on murders, suicides, and, my personal favorite, murder-suicides. All involve celebrities from the world of music. Of course, Marr skips right past Jimi and Janice as well as Sid and Nancy, choosing instead to report on lesser-known celebrities such as Frank Rosolino, Spade Cooley, and Jackie Wilson. *Murder Can Be Fun* is a rarity in the zine world: every single issue kicks fucking ass. A shoe-in for the zine hall of fame. (AS)
PO Box 640111 / San Francisco, CA 94164

THE NEW SCHEME #11 / free
8.5 x 11 - printed - 60 pgs
A music zine with interviews with Q and Not U, Joan of Arc, Breather Resist, and Traindodge. This is the kind of zine that I find hard to get into unless the questions asked of the bands go beyond "What does the immediate future hold for the band?" I'm not really into any of these bands, and the questions asked of them seemed mostly impersonal and standard so it was hard for me to get into this zine. The Q and Not U interview read like the only one that that was an actual conversation that wasn't con-

ducted over the internet, so maybe that is the problem here. (LG)
PO Box 7542 / Boulder, CO / 80306-7542
www.thenewscheme.com

OLLYOLLYOXENFREE #1 / $1 or trade
5.5 x 4.25 - copied - 28 pgs
It's been raining for what feels like forever, so having a little zine full of fun games might just keep me from going crazy. If you feel the need to let loose with some youthful exuberance, than you should greatly enjoy Bear Hug, Evil Eyes, Mafia, or Red Butt (OK, maybe you won't enjoy that one too much). It's a pretty great zine and needs contributions, so order, read, and contribute!!! (CR)
127 Pope St. / Louisville, KY 40206

PASSING WATER #1 / postage
5.5 x 8.5 - copied - 26 pgs
The cover of this is piss-yellow, and it includes a story about peeing on a drunk boyfriend's face, as well as peeing into a bottle and selling it in the mall parking lot for clean drug test results, or, something like that. There are many allusions to a girl named Susan who I think the writer has fallen for but am led to believe has either imagined or never actually been met. But anyway, there are more than just pee stories in here and they were good and I liked them. (CH)
105 Char Oak Dr / Columbia, SC / 29212

PLUS ULTRA #2 / $4
11 x 8 - printed - 40 pgs - Polish
Wow, this fanzine has some really great graphics, and the layout is way cool. The fanzine mostly consists of band interviews including God, Godflesh, Prong, Neurosis, Consolidated, Battalion Of Saints, and Destruction Time Again. There are a couple of ads, and a couple of fanzine reviews. But mostly this fanzine, for those of us who do not understand Polish too well, is about the really cool lay out. (HH)
Wiktor Skok / Obornicka 15/4 / 91-039 Lodz / Poland
wiktor@plusultra.org.pl

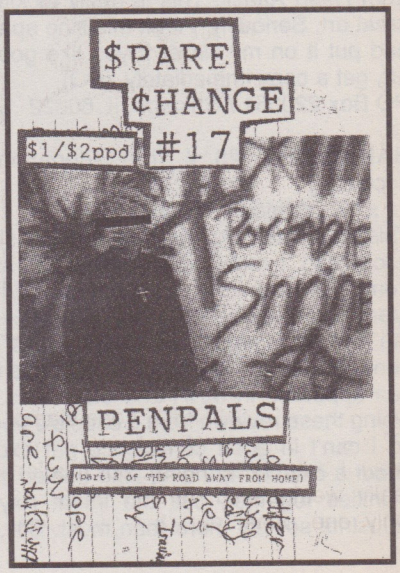
PLUS ULTRA #3 / $3
11 x 8 - printed - 40 pgs - Polish
Whoa dude, more intense graphics from this visually appealing fanzine from Poland. This edition has articles, and interviews with such bands as Missing Foundation (a group from the eighties whose record was so out of control I could never listen to the whole thing in one sitting), X-Ray Spex, Killing Joke, Discharge, Dead Boys, Eye Hate God, and Eraserhead. There are no record reviews, or fanzine reviews, but there is one ad. Again it's the visuals for those of us who are behind the eight ball with Polish. Finally, I should mention, Wiktor who puts out this fanzine also has a band called Jude. His ten-song CD is pretty rad. The music is mostly experimental, industrial punk with gruff vocals. (HH)
Wiktor Skok / Obornicka 15/4 91-039 Lodz / Poland
wiktor@plusultra.org.pl

PROFANE EXISTENCE #46 / $ 5
7 x 10 - printed - 100 pgs
I don't think that *Profane Existence* needs any introduction, because everyone reading this has probably come across one of their earlier issues at some point. Those of you that haven't read *PE* in a while, however, might not have picked up on the change of format that began with issue #45. Instead of being a free newsprint zine, *PE* is now a printed zine, with a full-color, glossy cover and a cover price of five dollars. This is the second issue of *Profane Existence* in its new format, and just like last issue, it looks great. Content wise, nothing has really changed, except that there is much more to read. Inside you'll find interviews with Witch Hunt, Wolfbrigade, The Profits, and artist Rob Middleton, who did the cover art for this issue. There is also a feature on the CLIT-fest 2004 and articles on Abortion/Pro-Choice issues, the punk-scenes in Nepal and Ireland, the rapes that occurred at this years Pointless fest, and the US prison system. Also, there are the usual columns and reviews. This issue of *Profane Existence* is so chock-full of information that I highly recommend picking it up and reading it for yourself. Essential if you're into crust punk, politics, or both, and well worth your money (JD)
PO Box 8722 / Minneapolis, MN 55408

RAZORCAKE 23 / $4 / free to prisoners
8.5 x 11 - printed - 112 pages
Another issue of *Razorcake*. This one features interviews with the Ergs, Balzac, Ken from Dirtnap records, Modern Machines, the Loud Pipes, Wednesday, and the Night Heroes. The interviews are pretty goofy, there are three thousand reviews for various records and zines, columns from the usual suspects, including half of the Rev. NΔrb's top 100 Ramones songs complete with personal anecdotes. A small piece on Eugene Debs by Maddy Tightpants was especially depressing in the light of the present (eternal?) burned out American political landscape. (LG)
PO Box 42129 / Los Angeles, CA 90042

RE/FUSE #3 / 1.50 Euros
11.5 x 17.5 - printed - 36 pgs
RE/fuse, which is based in Holland, hasn't been around for long but has firmly established itself of one of the better newsprint zines in hardcore punk. The cover, which is really lovely, makes me wish that *MRR*'s cover had spot color, and the editorials and interviews are all interesting and well thought out. The design is fairly minimalist, which works on most pages, though it could be mixed up a bit with a more classic punk aesthetic. Happily, there are pages of flyers and photos that make up for this slight drawback. Altogether an excellent zine that is clearly a labor of love and well done. Highest recommendation. (GN)
JJ Cremerstraat 5-1 / 1054 TC Amsterdam / Netherlands /
refuse_fanzine@hotmail.com

RESIDUE #7 - $2
5.5 x 8.5 - copied - 28 pgs
I wish I knew more about comics in order to properly place this beauty within the legendary hallways of an imaginary museum of comparative works. But I know shit. I can say without shame that most comics create a distracted tendency in me to scratch my ass and look for something to eat. But this collection of impeccable drawings incites a hankering within me to actually read and enjoy them. I have broken my habit of apathy over the crest of this charming and deeply raunchy volume. (JB)
Residue Comics c/o Lootine / PO Box 580848 / Minneapolis, MN 55458



THE RIGHT BRIGADE #5 / $3 + IRC
8.5 x 11 - copied - 63 pgs
The Right Brigade features skateboarding, 80s HC, battling nazis, terrible translation cardboard, and a good compilation tape featuring Dr. Know. RKL, HHH, and 33 other great 80s and 90s bands. It is a comic zine that actually has a decent plot and art. This is the type of shit that the American HC scene used to put out before hardcore became a synonym for baggy pants jocks that think they are Bruce Lee. Also, they say Dio rules. If you give a shit about punk rock at all I suggest you buy this zine immediately. This is the best zine I've have ever read. It's way better than *MRR*. (CQ)
Jollenbeckerstrasse 7 / 33613 Bielefelo / Germany

RUNNIN' FEART #11 / $4
5.75 x 8.25 - printed - 69 pgs
They claim to be Scotland's 'Top Punk Fanzine' although I suspect this claim to be somewhat similar to when my mom claims me as her favorite daughter and then I realize that I am her only daughter. But actually I don't know much about the Scottish punk scene so maybe this is actually the *MRR* of Scotland or something. Anyway this issue has an interview with the Cropnox, who are from the East Bay, as well as interviews with The Briefs, Critikll, Anarchix, Havoc, and many more. This is a high quality zine with a fancy colored cover and a free CD with the first 500 copies. (CH)
12 Crusader / Crescent / Stewarton / Ayshire, Scotland / Ka3 3bl
cmasson@tinyworld.co.uk

SCREW JEFF OWNENS / one stamp
5.5 x 8.5 - copied - 12 pgs
Wow, I hate to be harsh, but this is like a really weak-assed version of *Snake Pit*. Only one panel per day (is making the drawings in a circle somehow an attempt to make it different from *Snake Pit*?) and frankly, just a boring story with fairly cheesy graphics. (MD)
Jeff Owens / 8055 E Thomas Road Apt A-202 / Scottsdale, AZ 85251
shivankali@aol.com

SEVEN ELEVEN #15 / $1
5.5 x 8.5 - copied - 28 pgs
Coming out of Lakewood, Ohio, *Seven Eleven* is the work Danny Noonan. There are two sections: a hand-written part that reads like a series of diary entries, and a multi-frame comic. In the written section, Noonan bitches at some length about various shitty jobs he has held. This is the kind of material that better have something seriously special (near-death experience, sex in the bathroom, grand-scale sabotage), or else it just doesn't fly. Unfortunately for Noonan, there is very little going on here. The comic, on the other hand, is pretty amusing and well done. I'd like to think that this one stands a chance of improvement in future issues, but dude is up to number fifteen already. (AS)
PO Box 771402 / Lakewood, OH 44107

$PARE CHANGE #17 / 2$ or trade
5.5 x 8.5 - 24 pages - copied
Well, I've got to start by saying something, so let it be this. The little note attached to this issue was a teeny bit snotty, but rather than take offense at the tone, I tried to empathize. After all, I was not assigned to review *$pare Change* #15 or 16. Therefore the note could not have been directed at me personally. To my recollection, I have never read this zine before. I wish that I had because the "Penpals" issue spoke to me rather sweetly. So to anyone who has ever felt rejected and lonely, only to have your ass saved by another compassionate weirdo and some fast, angry music the new friend (or friends) hipped you to, or something like that, this particular issue may be of interest to you too. (DS)
PO Box 6023 / Chattanooga, TN / 37401

STRAINT #9 / $1
5.5 x 8.5 - copied - 28pgs
Straint is one in the slim canon of zines focused entirely on sex. In its favor, it doesn't manage to shock or offend, but the thing that sucked about it is that well, *it didn't shock or offend*. It was sort of fun and good-natured, but for fuck's sake, it was boring. The first half of the zine was taken up by people's responses to the query, "How do you define getting to 'first base, second base,' etc.?" A semi-interesting sidebar, perhaps, but half the issue? Toward the end of the issue, there was a worthwhile piece about sex, love, fantasy, and the issue of attainment, but one good piece does not a great zine make. (AS)
1141 E Adams #6 / Tucson, AZ 85719

STRAP YERSELF IN #5 / no price listed
5.5 x 8 - copied - 24 pgs
"Queer anarchist mess," it says on the cover, and that's a fair description. There are short articles and comics on marriage, therapy, South African activist Simon Koli, police repression, and reproductive choice. The "mess" comes from the "finished-in-five-minutes" look to some of the comics. You could read this in five minutes while loitering in an infoshop or something. (JM)
PO Box 954 / Bloomington, IN 47402

TAKE ON YOUR HEROES #5 / free
8.5 x 11 – copied - 28 pgs
First of all, I'd like to thank the generous worker bee at *Take On Your Heroes* for including with this issue, a sheet with the size, page count, features, and contact info all plainly typed, so I don't have to struggle with all that extra work. It can get confusing. Well, so far only the page count really "confuses" me, but I'm getting it wired the more practice I get. No sarcasm intended, just gratitude. Moving right along...this is a music zine, mostly interviews and some reviews. The folks at No Idea Records are featured in this issue, as well as the bands Knife Fight, The Muffs, and a few others that I am not interested in personally. (DS)
PO Box 98395 / Atlanta, GA 3035

THERE'S NOTHING TO DO HERE #5 and 6 reprints / $3
5.5 x 8.5 - copied - 92 pgs
A local zine that covers the Appalachian scene. It reads like a local paper in that it covers everything indiscriminately in the local "alternative" community. It's very general, and kind of bland. I got stuck on this quote "What better way to share Christ with these people than to have them walk into Church for a pick up game?" To be fair, there are a lot of different contributors to this zine. That particular quote comes from a piece debating the benefits of corporate mega churches from a Christian perspective, and the zine covers everything from the Appalachian GG Allin equivalent, to a local bluegrass night. But for me personally, that quote was enough to make a boring zine distasteful and creepy. (LG)
409 Allison Ave SW / Roanoke, VA 24016
theresnothingtodohere@yahoo.com

THERE'S NOTHING TO DO HERE #8 / $1
5.5 x 8.5 - copied - 40 pages
Another installment of this local zine for local people. I think maybe if you live in the Appalachian area this would be more interesting/relevant? There are some photos of areas and people affected by the hurricanes of last year, very boring interviews with local bands, show reviews, etc. Maybe if you are a 13-year old kid who lives in this area and has no idea what is going on, this would be a good way to discover something about your local underground? (LG)
409 Allison Ave SW / Roanoke, VA 24016

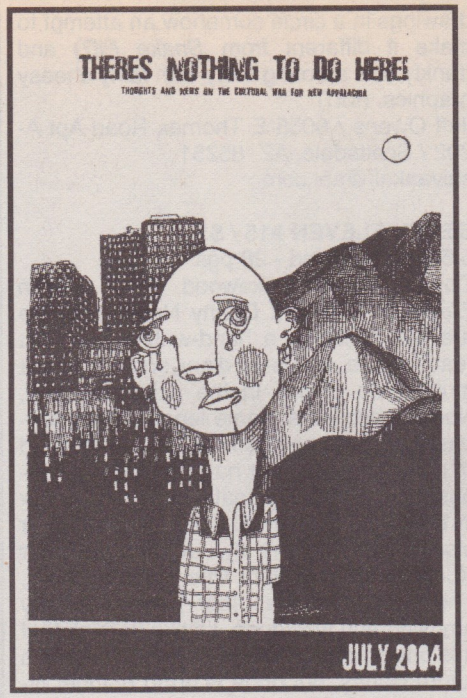
THESE DAYS #2 / $2
5.5 x 8.5 - copied - 32 pages
Named after a Nico song, it looks like the editor listens to a lot of Le Shok. This is mostly about love and drunken regrets, photo booths and last shows, all typewritten CAPS LOCK for emphasis. Art school student listens to screamo and gets his heart broken. (LG)
Mike Ott / PO Box 55783 / Valencia, CA 91385

TOINEN VAIHTOEHO #179 / trade
8.5 x 11.5 - printed - 24 pgs - Finnish
I wish I could say more about this zine besides the basics, but I don't speak Finnish, so unfortunately, there were only a couple of small news pieces and few reviews that I could understand. If you know Finnish, you might want to check this out. In here are tour reports of the Lo Cast Style/Officer Down/Positive Bastards tour and the Mean Idols tour in Russia. Also, there is an interview with Sur-Rur, show, zine, and record reviews, as well as a news-section. (JD)
PL 1 / 65200 Vaasa / Finland
jantsa@yahoo.com

TOINEN VAIHTOEHTO #180 / trade
8 x 6 - printed - 28 pgs - Finnish
There is nothing but lots of cool punk rock in this small fanzine from Finland. Included in this issue are some columns, record reviews, gig reviews, an article on the band Forca Macabra and their tour in America, some ads, and a gig listing. This fanzine has been around a long time in one of the most interesting punk scenes in the world so check it out! (HH)
PL 1 65200 Vaasa / Finland
jantsa@yahoo.com

TURNING THE TIDE #17-4 / $2
11 x 17 - printed - 8 pgs
This is the quarterly journal of the LA chapter of the ARA. There are lots of well thought out political articles, which is what you would expect from an ARA zine. In particular, I really like the article about the protest warriors. Only two problems with this zine. There isn't enough about beating up Nazis, and it's from LA. Fuck LA. But seriously, *Turning the Tide* is good. (CQ)
PO Box 1055 / Culver City, CA / 90232

UNLESS INDICATED #4 / $1 + 2 stamps or trade
5.5 x 8.5 - copied - 29 pgs
Be this the undervalued small town crier, without whom some of us over in the big cities might utterly disregard the existence of punkers outside the coasts? I hope not. It would only cement my snobbish tendencies. With the exception of a short article aptly titled "How I Annoy Myself," which reifies the desperation some women seem to fall into so they will not be alone, this entire zine is among the most incoherent and irrelevant I've ever read. Get rid of the reprinted



band interviews (which read more like drunken stream of unconsciousness) and poorly copied photos, and tell us some stories about bein' a punk mom. If you've got so much unreleased creativity itchin' to share, why dick around with half-assed generic and totally unintelligible interviews/recipes/HBO confessions when you could be creating something new just by being yourself? (JB)
PO Box 30117 / Bakersfield, CA 93385

UP MAGAZINE #18 / 5 Euro + postage
16.5 x 23.5 - printed - 60 pgs - Dutch
The subtitle of this zine is "Underground

Rock & Roll Magazine," and that's basically what it is, even though I'm still a bit confused about the "underground" part when there are major rock bands like Green Day, New Found Glory, Therapy?, and Sum 41 interviewed inside. Granted, there are also smaller bands in here like Converge, Nasum, Pig Destroyer, and The Ex, but mostly it's the big names in "punk"-land. Besides all the aforementioned bands, you will also find interviews in here with Sick of It All, Jimmy Eat World, Strung Out, Danzig, Social Distortion, and tons of others. There's a big review section, a news section and a CD that comes with the zine, on which you'll find 17 of the bands that are featured in here. If you're into the bigger bands in the scene and don't mind short and superficial interviews, this might be for you. I couldn't help but feel really bored while reading this. (JD)
Postbus 4269 / 5604 EG Eindhoven / Netherlands
www.upmagazine.nl

VERBICIDE #12 / $3.95
8.5 x 11 - printed - 64 pgs
Verbicide reminds me a lot of the magazine from Canada, *Broken Pencil*—a broad cross-section of indie rock/punk, art, fiction, and political writing. Hey, variety is the spice of life, right? The interviews (Greg Ginn, Mike Park, Dave Crider) are thorough and well done, and are focused on independent record labels, and there are loads of book and record reviews. There is a lot of fiction (some decent) and (sigh) some poetry. There is so much in here, it's hard to go wrong. (MD)
Scissor Press / 32 Alfred Street / New Haven, CT 06512
www.scissorpress.com

ZONKED! #8 / $4 world
8.5 x 11 - copied - 36 pgs
The editor has been around for a while, and this lends some depth to this music and travel-based zine. The interviews with Belgium's Sunpower and the infamous J. Shithead (about his book) are all right, though Sunpower suffers from having a moron Krishna (is there any other kind?) drummer. Some of the travelogues are kind of dull, but even a dull report of the Seein' Red three-date English tour is a good read for me. Plenty of reviews and photos appear, and there are a few ads. Steve Scanner writes on New Zealand's Remembrance Day, which commemorates a particularly useless slaughter. Overall I liked it, though I probably wouldn't spend four dollars. (JM)
Pete Craven / 46 Ashford Rd / Brighton, BN1 6LJ / United Kingdom

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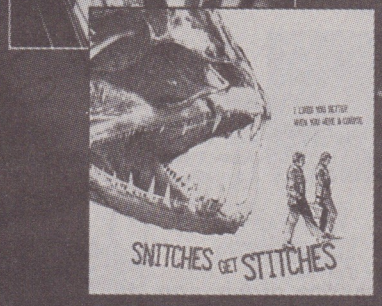

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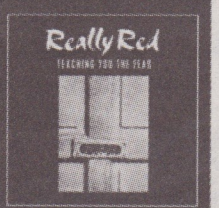

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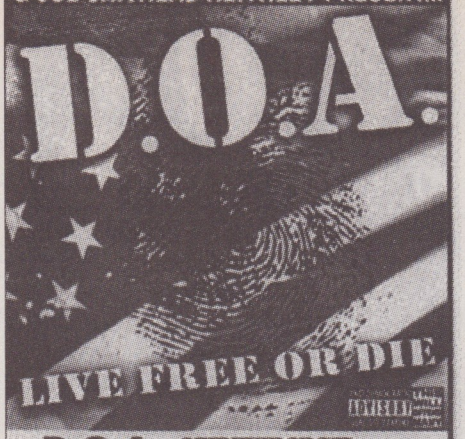

D.O.A. LIVE FREE OR DIE

New 20 track studio album by D.O.A.
"It has a great anti-war theme and is probably D.O.A.'s best album in 20 years!" Chicarra/Profile Publications.
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D.O.A. tour this fall / dates TBA

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Real McKenzies
Clash of the Tartans

Incredible studio album from these kilt wearing warriors.
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Hardcore '81

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"When I get depressed, I listen to Hardcore 81" Flea.

JOE KEITHLEY
I Shithead

NEW BOOK! A sharp look at the spread of counterculture throughout Western society.
Joe details D.O.A.'s most vital times in a hilarious and tumultuous way. Riveting, political and upbeat.

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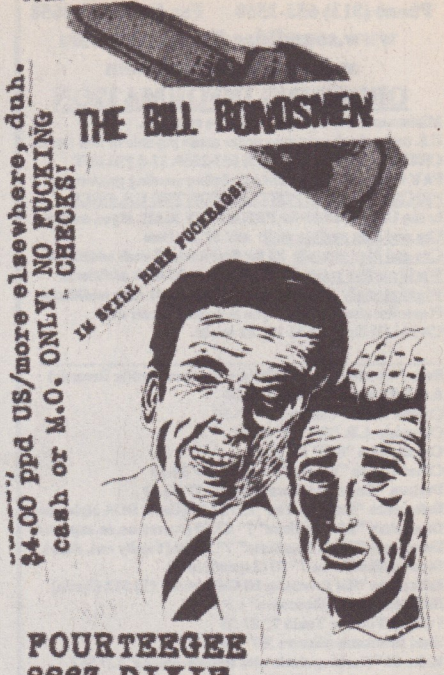

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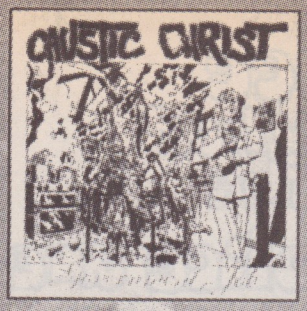

Caustic Christ "Government Job" 7"

Wolfbrigade "D-Beat Odyssey" 12"EP

Vitamin X "Bad Trip" LP/CD

Victims "Victims ... In Blood" LP/CD

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CODE 13 They Made a Wasteland...
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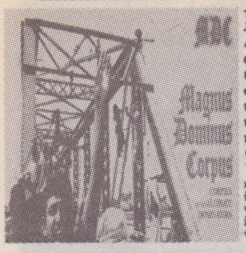

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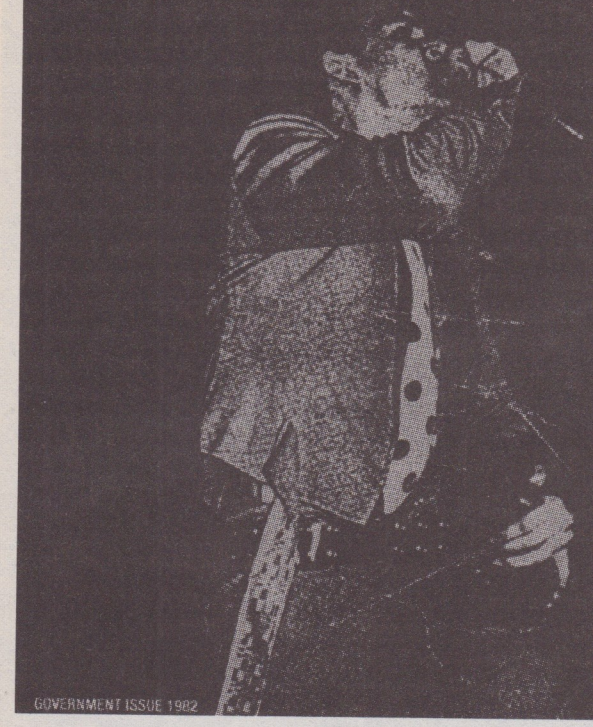

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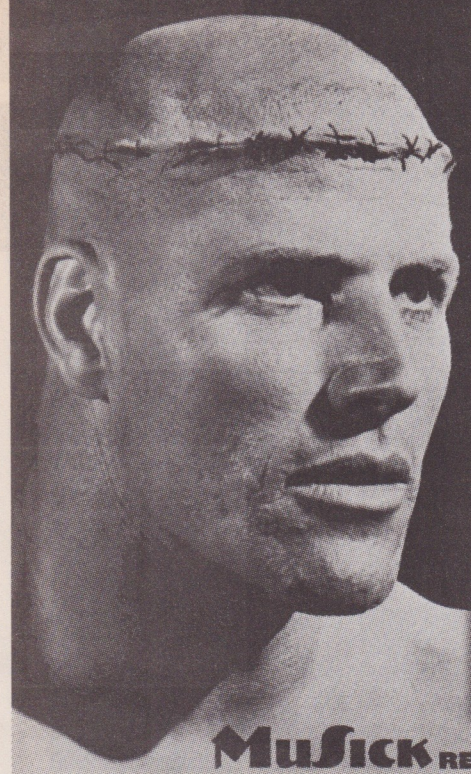

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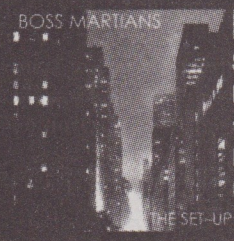

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